May · 1929

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

Margaret Culkin Banning's Extraordinary Novel of Today

"Excitement"

A Great Gang Story

"Racketeer" by William Slavens McNutt

Sam Hellman

Claire Carvalho and Boyden Sparkes

Vilhjalmur Stefansson

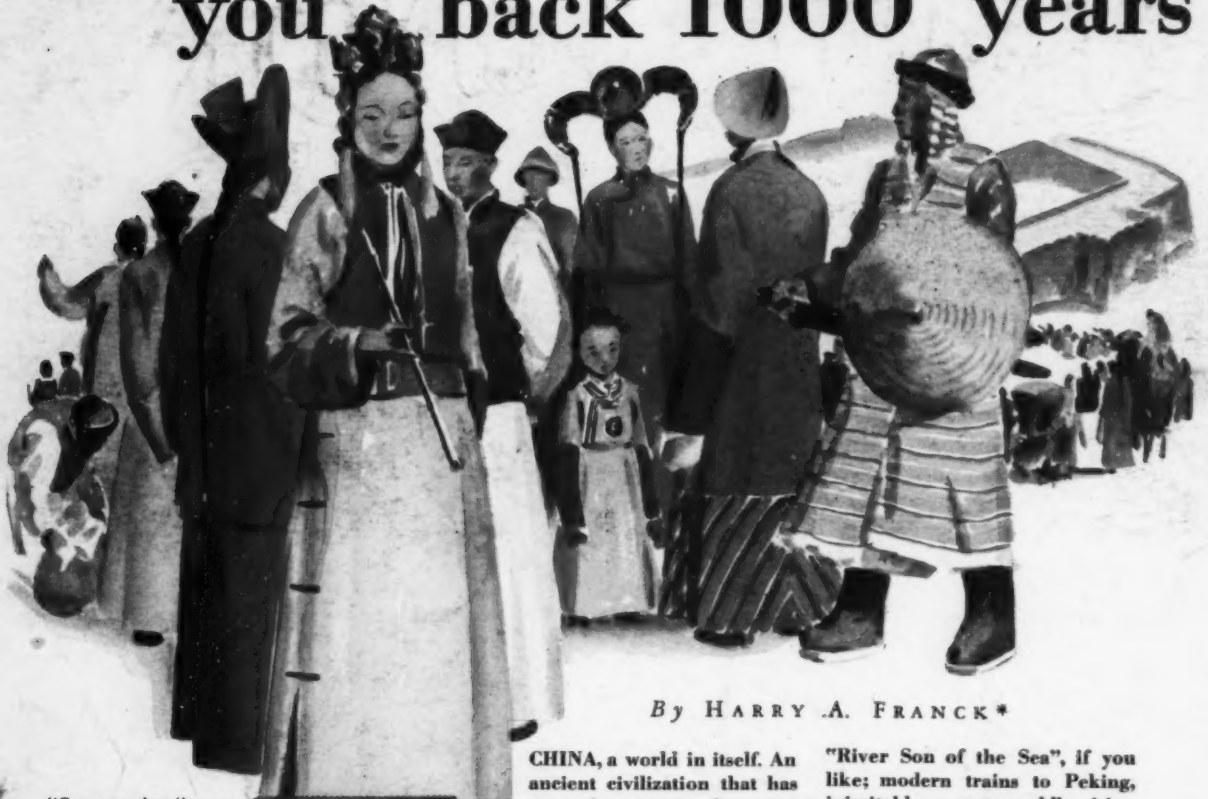
Mary Hastings Bradley

Milt Gross

Frank R. Adams

Rupert Hughes

Your stop in China takes you back 1000 years



By HARRY A. FRANCK*

*WORLD TRAVELER AND AUTHOR OF "A VAGABOND JOURNEY AROUND THE WORLD," "WANDERING IN NORTHERN CHINA," "EAST OF SIAM."

CHINA, a world in itself. An ancient civilization that has come down to us almost intact. It is as if the social life of the pre-Christian era had been shifted into neutral and placed in a museum, not as a dead world's junk but still teeming with life, that we might see how our remote ancestors lived. For with all its recent furor to overtake the procession of what we perhaps mistakenly call modern progress, the great land of half a billion people is still essentially in the hand-making and barter stage...

You cannot, of course, even if you try, miss Shanghai, where to cross the street separating the foreign concessions from the native city will instantly carry you back a thousand years. Thence great foreign steamers will take you up the Yang Tze Kiang, the "River Son of the Sea", if you like; modern trains to Peking, inimitable among world's cities. There is only one Peking. Charm of ancient ways, a culture and social deportment quite as advanced as ours, yet so different that it has won for the West the term "barbarian". Street-straddling arches like the materialization in permanent form of some extravaganza, hundreds of thousands of men and boys trotting between the shafts of vehicles bearing hundreds of thousands of others on many a strange errand... pages would not suffice merely to catalogue the incredibly quaint, the thrilling, the wonder producing sights—and sounds—to be found within those triple gigantic walls that surround what was long the Forbidden City...

Harry A. Franck

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MRS. JOHN BORDEN ever since her debutante days has been a moving spirit in the smart worlds of Lake Forest and Chicago. When she gives a small dinner for a group of intimate friends, Mrs. Borden herself pours Maxwell House Coffee in the study—a fascinating room crowded with mementos of the Arctic explorations which Mrs. Borden has made with her husband and recorded in her book "The Cruise of the Northern Light." On formal occasions, after-dinner coffee is served in the drawing room. The service is silver, in Queen Anne design, and the charming little cups Mrs. Borden brought from France.

"The success of a dinner is won or lost, I think, in those few minutes when the coffee is being served. If the coffee is just right—clear and fragrant and very good—the mood of the group becomes genial; conversation sparkles; one knows the evening will be happy. In my own home I always use Maxwell House Coffee. I think it is the very best."

Courtney Letts Borden

A WOMAN of Mrs. Borden's social finesse invariably pays close attention to the coffee that is offered to her guests. She insists that it be made with the utmost care; she has it served with distinction. She finds that the flavor of Maxwell House Coffee makes it a general favorite wherever tastes in food are cultivated.

This flavor has a special shade of richness, a depth of mellowness, that no single coffee grown can approach. For Maxwell House is not a single coffee flavor, but a blend, combining the diverse fragrant flavors of selected coffees from many tropic lands.

A coffee expert of the Old South perfected the matchless mellow blend of Maxwell House Coffee

Only after long and patient experimenting was this skillful blend achieved. An expert in coffees, who grew to manhood in the Old South, where living well was an art, persistently pursued an ideal until he accomplished the special shade of coffee flavor which delighted even his critical palate.

At the old Maxwell House in Nashville, where so many travelers of distinction, so many beaux and belles of the Old South, were entertained, this coffee won its first renown and earned its famous name. Now, from coast to coast, it has become the coffee served in America's foremost homes, preferred by America's celebrated hostesses.

Wherever you live, you can enjoy this delicious coffee at your own table. It is pleasing more people today than any other coffee ever offered for sale.

Your grocer has Maxwell House Coffee nicely packaged in tin to preserve its matchless fragrance and flavor.

BROADCAST EVERY THURSDAY
Weekly radio program of delightful music by the famous Maxwell House Coffee Concert Orchestra, is broadcast from WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, KYW, WTMJ, WHO, WOW, KOA, KSTP, KSD, WDAF, WBAP, KPRC, WSB, WSM, WMC, WHAS, WLW, WBAL, WBT, WJAX, WEBC, WRVA. Tune in every Thursday evening for the Maxwell House Program.

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An Important Announcement

THE present hour sees a great change taking place in business. Small businesses are being gathered together into great institutions. The position of Vice-President in charge of Production, or Sales or Finance, in one of these great institutions is a larger responsibility than the presidency of a small business used to be. There has come an increasing demand for an expansion of the Alexander Hamilton Institute's program to meet these changed conditions.

We now offer to business executives a four-fold service, incorporating the results of two years of work with leaders of business management and business education. From this four-fold service, executives may now choose any one of the following Courses, depending on their own particular business requirements:

1. The Complete Course and Service for General Executives
2. A Special Course and Service in Marketing Management
3. A Special Course and Service in Production Management
4. A Special Course and Service in Finance Management

THIS enlarged program is too important and far-reaching to be set forth in an advertisement. Its value to executives is admirably summed up in the words of Percy H. Johnston, President of the Chemical National Bank of New York, who considers it "the most significant step taken in business education in the past ten years."

We have prepared a special booklet describing the entire program, with particular reference to the new features. We should like to circulate this widely and to the following groups of men:

—*The heads of businesses* who recognize that the training of competent associates is their major problem.

—*Executives* interested especially in Marketing, Production and Finance, who want to concentrate their efforts along one of these branches of business.

—*Younger men* who desire definite training in the management of the particular departments of business in which they are now engaged.

For convenience, a coupon is provided. We invite you to inform yourself on this great forward step in business education by mailing it at once.

FOR MEN

who want to become independent in the NEXT TEN YEARS

IN the Spring of 1939 two men will be sitting in a down-town restaurant.

"I wonder what's going to happen next year," one of them will say. "Business is fine now—but the next few years are going to be hard ones, and we may as well face the facts."

The man across the table will laugh.

"That's just what they said back in 1929," he will answer. "Remember? People were looking ahead apprehensively—and see what happened! Since then there has been the greatest growth in our history—more business done, more fortunes made, than ever before. They've certainly been good years for *me*..."

"Since then there has been the greatest growth in our history—more business done, more fortunes made, than ever before."

He will lean back in his chair with the easy confidence and poise that are the hallmark of real prosperity.

The older man will sit quiet a moment and then in a tone of infinite pathos:

"I wish I had those ten years back," he will say.

* * *

TODAY the interview quoted above is purely imaginary. But be assured of this—it will come true. Right now, at this very hour, the business men of the United States and Canada are dividing themselves into two groups, represented by the two individuals whose words are quoted. A few years from now there will be ten thousand such luncheons and one of the men will say:

"I have got what I wanted."

And the other will answer:

"I wish I had those years back."

In which class are you putting yourself? The real difference between the two classes is this—one class of men hope vaguely to be independent *sometime;* the other class have convinced themselves that they can do it within the next few years. Do you believe this? Do you care enough about independence to give us a chance to prove it? Will you invest one single evening in reading a book that has put 358,000 men on the road to more rapid progress?

This book costs you nothing—and for a good reason. It is worth only what you make it worth. It explains how for more than twenty years it has been the privilege of the Alexander Hamilton Institute to help men shorten the path to success; to increase their earning power; to make them masters of the larger opportunities in business.

"FORGING AHEAD IN BUSINESS" is an interesting helpful book. It is yours for the asking. Send for it. Measure yourself by it. Look clearly, for a few moments, into *your* next few years. Whether or not you will follow the path it points is a matter that you alone must decide.

To the Alexander Hamilton Institute, 822 Astor Place, New York City. (In Canada address Alexander Hamilton Institute, Ltd., C. P. R. Building, Toronto.)

Send me the latest edition of "Forging Ahead in Business" which includes a description of the new Management Courses.

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HOUBIGANT
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The Red Book Magazine

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VOL. LIII, NO. 1 Published monthly. On sale the 12th of each month preceding date of issue. MAY, 1929

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FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN

Being under thirty, Mr. Brennan has been a boy recently enough to remember it vividly and yet long enough ago to have the most amusing perspective upon boys and girls. Not since Booth Tarkington's "Penrod" have we seen a boy-story to compare with

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Notification regarding change of subscriber's address must reach us four weeks in advance of the next day of issue.

ADVERTISING FORMS close on the 3rd of the second preceding month (July forms close May 3rd). Advertising rates on application.

THE CONSOLIDATED MAGAZINES CORPORATION, Publisher, The Red Book Magazine, 36 So. State Street, Chicago, Ill.

CHARLES M. RICHTER, *Vice-President* — LOUIS ECKSTEIN, *President* — RALPH K. STRASSMAN, *Vice-President*

Office of the Director of Advertising, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City, N. Y.
LONDON OFFICES, 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C.
Entered as second-class matter April 25, 1905, at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.
Copyright, 1929, by THE CONSOLIDATED MAGAZINES CORPORATION (The Red Book Magazine)
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Parents and After-Camp Values

By M. MERCER KENDIG
Director, Department of Education,
THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

PARENTS who have sent their sons and daughters to summer camps are practically unanimous in their testimony to the value derived from the experience. Eight weeks in the woods have brought Johnnie and Mary back, glowing with health, and with new habits of courtesy, promptness, and self-reliance.

Whether these values are temporary or permanent will usually depend upon the parents' understanding why it was possible for the camp to bring about so vast an improvement in Johnnie and Mary in so short a time.

It is well known that one of the best ways to change habits, attitudes, and even bodily ailments, is to change the environment. When the child arrives at camp, he finds himself in an environment that is different from that of his home, both physically and socially. He can adjust to his new surroundings easily, because of the social organization. Getting up early, dressing promptly, reaching meals on time, and engaging in the different camp activities are all made easy because everyone else does precisely these same things at the same time. Any unsocial traits he may have are soon subordinated to the natural, wholesome group standards which prevail.

The habits that the camp initiates are social habits. Johnnie gets up *with* the other boys, he takes exercises *with* them, and so on throughout the day. If he remains in camp for eight weeks, each of these habits gets at least fifty-six repetitions, sufficient, according to educational psychology, to give most habits a good start, especially when they are attended with pleasure.

When Johnnie arrives at home again, the camp responses persist for a time; the momentum gained carries him along, just as the momentum of a moving car carries it a certain distance even after the power has been shut off. But frequently these habits thrive only under difficulty in many homes. Such habits are responses to total social situations; getting up *with* the other boys and the leader, on time, is quite different psychologically from getting up *alone*. Obeying the camp leader when all the other boys are expected to do the same seems quite different from giving the same obedience to Father, when no one else is involved.

To conserve the values of camping, then, the co-operation of parents is essential. This can be done by duplicating as much as possible the spirit of the camp in the home. This does not mean that the physical features should be duplicated; rather that the social atmosphere of the home be more nearly modeled after that of the camp.

For example, the camp has only a few rules, which are rigidly observed by all; the home can also be organized on this basis. Camp leaders give all their time to the children. Parents can arrange their other obligations to allow definite hours for sharing their children's activities and interest at home. The camp program provides a wholesome balance of profitable activities; parents can devise and hold to a workable schedule of duties and play which will carry on its advantages during the whole year.

Parents who wish to help in conserving the desirable habits initiated during the camping season can do nothing wiser than to visit the camp and observe carefully the significant social elements of the whole situation. They can then embody in the home life the essential social elements of the camp environment. Thus they will be in a position to do efficient follow up work in continuing and strengthening the constructive habits which the camp has begun to build.

Editor's Note—For the idea on which this editorial is based we are indebted to Mark A. May, one of the distinguished educators on the Committee of Award for The Red Book Magazine's Camp Literature Prize Contest.

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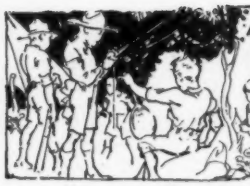

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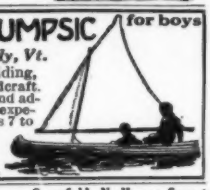

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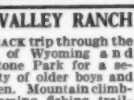

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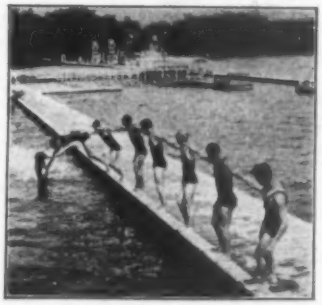

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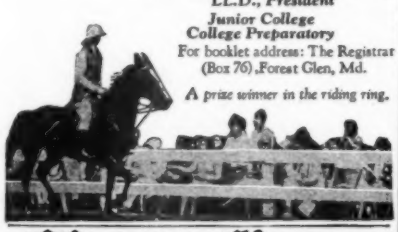
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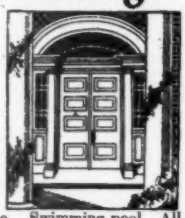

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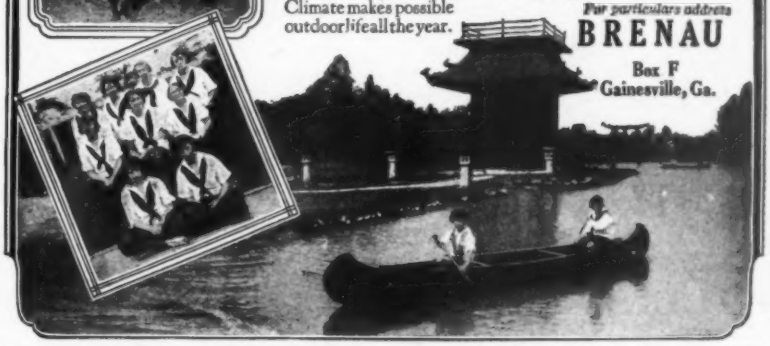

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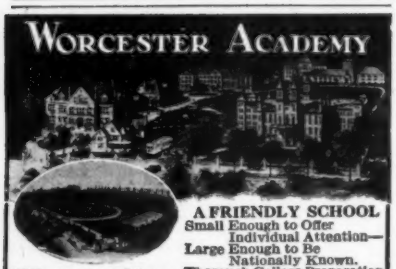

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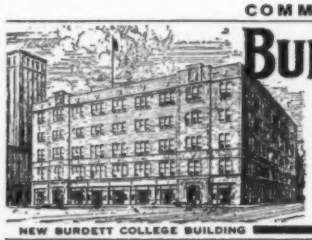

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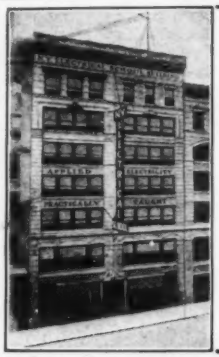

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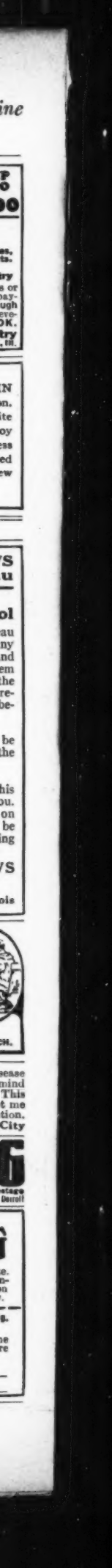

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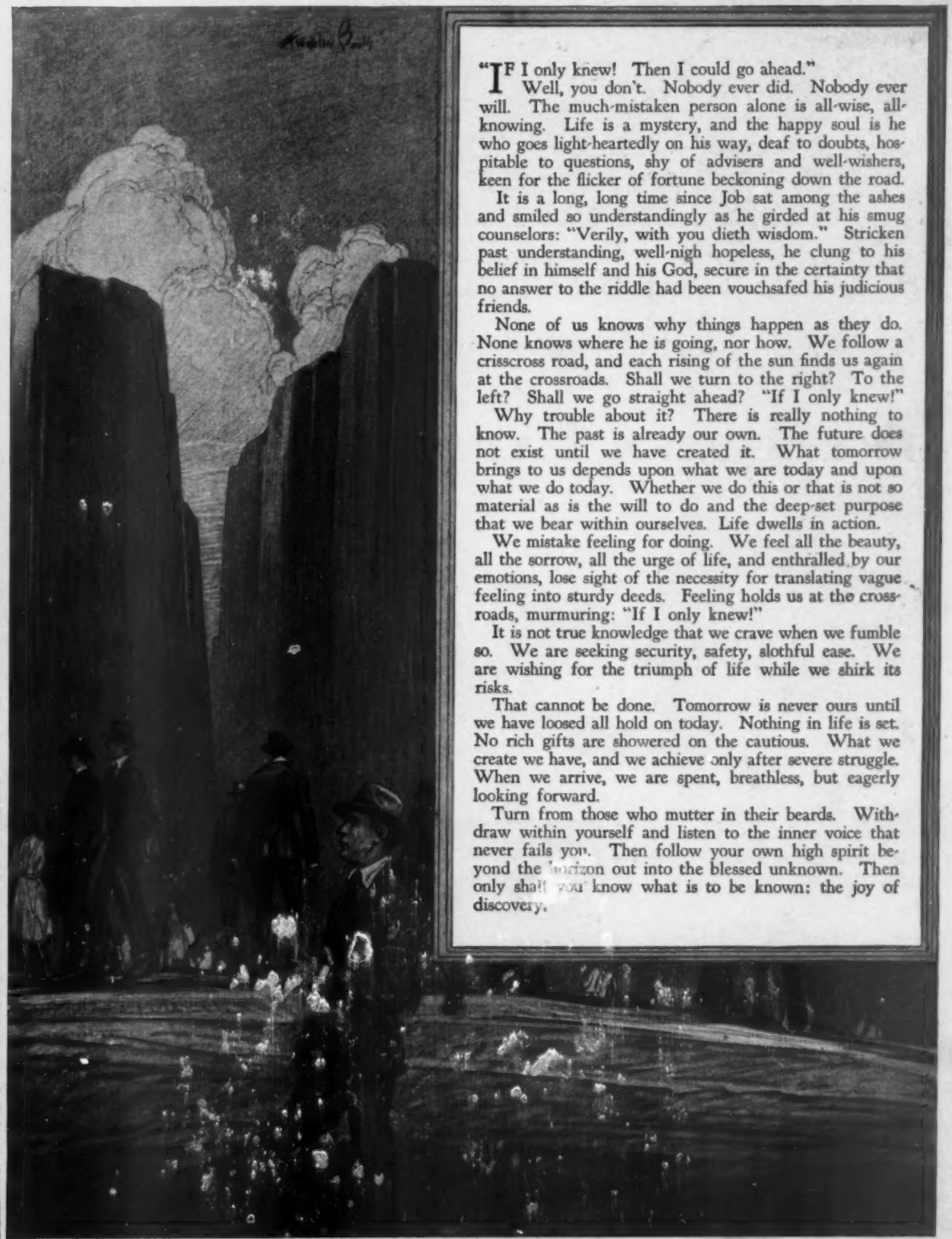


"IF I only knew! Then I could go ahead."

Well, you don't. Nobody ever did. Nobody ever will. The much-mistaken person alone is all-wise, all-knowing. Life is a mystery, and the happy soul is he who goes light-heartedly on his way, deaf to doubts, hospitable to questions, shy of advisers and well-wishers, keen for the flicker of fortune beckoning down the road.

It is a long, long time since Job sat among the ashes and smiled so understandingly as he girded at his smug counselors: "Verily, with you dieth wisdom." Stricken past understanding, well-nigh hopeless, he clung to his belief in himself and his God, secure in the certainty that no answer to the riddle had been vouchsafed his judicious friends.

None of us knows why things happen as they do. None knows where he is going, nor how. We follow a crisscross road, and each rising of the sun finds us again at the crossroads. Shall we turn to the right? To the left? Shall we go straight ahead? "If I only knew!"

Why trouble about it? There is really nothing to know. The past is already our own. The future does not exist until we have created it. What tomorrow brings to us depends upon what we are today and upon what we do today. Whether we do this or that is not so material as is the will to do and the deep-set purpose that we bear within ourselves. Life dwells in action.

We mistake feeling for doing. We feel all the beauty, all the sorrow, all the urge of life, and enthralled by our emotions, lose sight of the necessity for translating vague feeling into sturdy deeds. Feeling holds us at the crossroads, murmuring: "If I only knew!"

It is not true knowledge that we crave when we fumble so. We are seeking security, safety, slothful ease. We are wishing for the triumph of life while we shirk its risks.

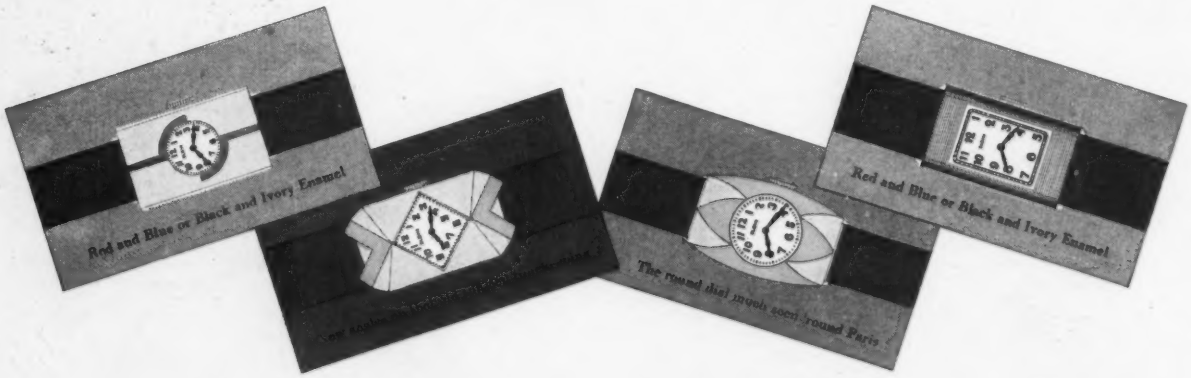
That cannot be done. Tomorrow is never ours until we have loosed all hold on today. Nothing in life is set. No rich gifts are showered on the cautious. What we create we have, and we achieve only after severe struggle. When we arrive, we are spent, breathless, but eagerly looking forward.

Turn from those who mutter in their beards. Withdraw within yourself and listen to the inner voice that never fails you. Then follow your own high spirit beyond the horizon out into the blessed unknown. Then only shall you know what is to be known: the joy of discovery.

MONSIEUR · LUCIEN · LELONG

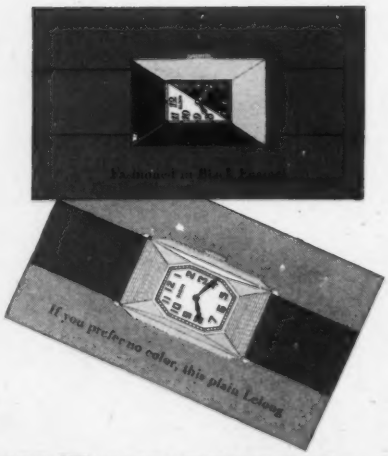
Internationally famed Paris creator
now designs six cases for

THE ELGIN PARISIENNE...$35.00



Now Lelong puts into watches that same chic you find in a frock that bears his noted label. The same flair for style, the same air of worldly charm. And the vast efficient ELGIN factory makes a stylist's dream a reality to gleam upon your wrist.

And such versatile watches, these Lelong models. Harmoniously in the picture, whether the golf course, or the tea table is your background. Then, too . . . it's so simple to have extra ribbons to match the colors of your evening gowns and your Parisienne watch will give a true Parisian flair to your formal hours.



Three are plain; three are inlaid with lustrous hard enamel. And all are brilliantly smart. Ask any jeweler to show you his sparkling tray of ELGIN Parisiennes. And not only Lucien Lelong, but Agnes, Jenny, Premet, and a group of equally prominent leaders of the Paris Grande Couture are represented.

A Parisienne costs but $35, there is no duty on *designs*. Style genius pays no fees at the customs house. Paris style . . . at a truly American price!

©ELGIN, 1929. ALL PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA
ELGIN WATCHES ARE AMERICAN MADE
WATCHES SHOWN ¾ ACTUAL SIZE

Sayings of a Sheba

By BERTON BRALEY

Decoration by John Held, Jr.

I don't know your First Love, and you don't know
mine;
And who'll be our Last Loves we cannot divine.

—

"Forever," you swear, "I will love you true."
—Others have told me the same thing too.
How long do forevers last with you?

—

Perhaps the girls that neck and pet
Are just the Girls That Men Forget;
But if you're chilly as December,
They'll neither know you or remember.

—

However "pally" be her carriage,
The single girl is seeking marriage;
And if with married girls you course,
Look out! They're thinking of divorce!

—

A woman weds a certain gent
Because he is "so different,"
And tries to make him over, then,
To be just like all other men.

—

There never was, is, or will be
Another girl—you say—like me!
I've heard that line from lots of men—
But tell it to me, dear, again!

—

I'll "Live with you and be your love,"
With an affection far above
The vulgar thought of Money.
If you're a pauper, I'll be too;
But I sha'n't love you less if you
Do well in business, honey!

Photo by Maurice Goldberg

CATHARINE COZZENS

She was playing in a New York production. One night Mr. Heitland was in the audience and recognized in Miss Cozzens a type he had long sought. He later met her socially, and found her so interested in art that he asked her to pose. The idea of being a model was new to her. She knew it would be an instructive experience, and gladly consented. What was thus begun in rather the spirit of an adventure, became a fascinating avocation; she finds Mr. Heitland's work entrancing and continues to be his model exclusively. But her first and great love is the theater, to which she came when little more than a child. She is an ardent student of dramatics, and is especially concerned with the "Little Theater" movement. She lives in her native Connecticut.

W. EMERTON HEITLAND

Very, very young indeed was Mr. Heitland when first he engaged in the practice of painting. Among the good folk in his home town, Superior, Wisconsin, he had attained some fame as a limner of ships, when at Christmas following his eighth birthday, Santa Claus brought him a toy theater. Straightway the young artist became aware of a new field of activity, and he diverted his talents to the painting of stage scenery. Time flew. It was a memorable day when he arrived in Milwaukee to attend high school, for here he came upon his first job—a huge decoration for the art room of that institution. Time went on apace. There came to him three years in the Pennsylvania Academy, with a reward of a year's travel and study in Europe. Having returned to America, he gave his attention to illustrating. In time came the war. Mr. Heitland became a gob, and found it the life. Water color is his forte. Many medals and other prizes have been awarded him, and many museums hold examples of his work. He is also a playwright, and the author of a number of successful Broadway productions. His permanent abiding place is in Noroton Heights, Conn.

Photo by James Hargis Connelly, Chicago

HELEN NAFE: Possessed of sparkling vivacity and grace, sense of rhythm and extraordinary comeliness—well, how could Miss Helen be other than a dancer? Born in Chicago, she began her terpsichorean studies when seven years old, danced to the Pacific, then to the Atlantic, via vaudeville; and danced her way straight into one of the most famous of Gotham's night clubs where she still holds forth. With all her popularity, she still finds time to pose for Mr. Patterson.

Photo by J. Roseman, Paris

ROBERT PATTERSON: From his tiniest totdom there never was a question as to what Robert would be when he grew up. Precociously early he divined that art would be his purpose in life, and directed all his energies toward accomplishing that. He is a native of Chicago, and aided by the excellent instruction he obtained at the Art Institute, he had worked himself into a position of considerable prominence in the field of commercial art when still a very young man. Then he met and married Constance Harley, the artist, which was indeed a great help in his rush to fame. The honeymoon trip, a journey to Paris, lengthened into one, two, three years. It resulted in the establishment of a splendid studio in the gay capital, which the Pattersons still maintain, although most of their time is now spent in New York. Mr. Patterson specializes in high-comedy and advertising illustrations.

Photo by Apeda, New York

OLIVE SHEA: Born in New York, of French and Irish parents, Miss Shea inherits the charm of two nationalities famed for their attractive women. Despite her youth, she has had a great and varied experience as a model, takes the work very seriously, and is most expert at it. Not only has she posed for artists, but she has been the chief attraction in many a New York fashion show. Working with Mr. Content gave her an understanding of the picturesque that proved valuable in obtaining for her the chance of a part in the film-play "News Parade." Endowed with a fine speaking voice, she soon may be heard in the "talkies." All sports enthrall her, but she dotes upon and devotes most of her leisure hours to the reading of philosophy.

DAN CONTENT: Except four years spent in study at Amsterdam, Holland, Mr. Content has lived his life in his native New York City. Going to the Netherlands for his training was an uncommon and a good idea, partly due to a desire to see the land whence his parents had come. He attended art school in New York, too, coming out a tennis and ping-pong player of sorts, he says. Could that be irony? When it came time to put his education to practical use, he found a good job as a line-man for the telephone company. Dan saw that this offered little artistic incentive; so he burned the bridge behind him, began illustrating, and succeeded remarkably thereat. Inspired by his son Dirk, a lusty youth of one, he is just now much interested in picturing books for boys. His residence is in Larchmont, N. Y.

Photo by Apeda, New York

HAZEL GOODWIN: A native of New York State, a Syracusian, Miss Goodwin came to the metropolis via the coveted although no longer unusual route of a beauty contest. The Fraternal Moose organization crowned Miss Goodwin "International Beauty Queen." This excellent judgment was subsequently substantiated when the National Candy and Ice Cream Association, without a wavering vote, gave her the title of "Sweetest Girl in New York." She has posed for many of New York's artists but, having lately signed a contract with a picture corporation, a lot of her time goes to study for the screen. She still, however, finds leisure to pose for Mr. Duncan.

WALTER JACK DUNCAN: Indiana, a State famous for its crops and crops of poets, writers and artists, contributed Mr. Duncan to the nation. Strangely, when his time came to leave Indianapolis, his home-town, he went directly to New York. No stop-over at all in Chicago, which possibly accounts for the fact that during his years at the Art Students League he became a real attic-dwelling student, living heaven knows how, in the manner of an earlier, more romantic time. But the attraction held for him by Manhattan, Mecca of the show business, was a quite legitimate yen; for many of the Duncan family have been and are famous actors. Roland Reed, father of the renowned Florence, was a near relative; and Mr. Duncan's mother played with Booth, McCullough and Forrest. After the near-hardships of his student days, he soon proved himself an illustrator of merit. Christopher Morley's "Pipefuls," "Plum Pudding," etc., would be less rich but for Mr. Duncan's pictures. He was one of the eight men chosen as America's official artists during the world war.

Wait to Buy

Make this FREE 7-day test first to prove to yourself the supremacy of this unique shaving cream. Mail coupon

GENTLEMEN: Our success has been based on a unique selling policy—that of *proving* our case at our expense, rather than by trying at once for a sale.

We have urged "Don't buy yet—first let us prove to you the merits of our case, *without risk.*" And our confidence, and the superiorities of our product have won 86% of the men who have made our test.

The coupon is for your convenience. It brings a liberal tube —at our expense. Use it seven days. Then, if convinced of what we claim, you will want to buy. Many men who never clipped an advertising coupon before in their lives, are now the greatest boosters of Palmolive Shaving Cream.

5 unique advantages

1000 men were asked what they sought in a shaving preparation. With their specifications, our huge laboratories began. After 129 experiments, success came. These are the five things we achieved, all in one noteworthy shaving cream:

1: Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2: Softens the beard in one minute.
3: Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4: Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5: Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Please make the test

You may be happy with your present shaving preparation, still find this one better. You risk nothing in trying. *We* take the chance. So won't you mail the coupon, please?

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR — Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p.m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific time—over station WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Co.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. 4325

7 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-3032, Palmolive, 595 Fifth Ave., New York City.

_____

_____

_____

(Please print your name and address)

May 1929

The RED BOOK Magazine

Volume LIII Number 1

EDWIN BALMER, *Editor*

ASSOCIATE EDITORS: ARTHUR MCKEOGH, New York; DONALD KENNICOTT, Chicago. ART DIRECTOR: HENRY A. THIEDE

A COMMON-SENSE EDITORIAL

The Other 75 Per Cent

By BRUCE BARTON

A YOUNG man came to ask advice about changing from business to advertising. He said he had been in a bank for two years and found it very tiresome.

My answer was that advertising also has its full quota of routine and disappointment.

"Have you ever heard of Mr. X?" I asked, naming a famous corporation president.

He nodded.

"You know that he succeeded his father in that position," I continued. "When his father was president, X was advertising manager. He went to his father one day and complained that he was getting nowhere. 'A high-priced clerk could do most of my work,' he said. 'I am getting nowhere.'

"The father was a wise old man. 'How much of your work do you really enjoy?' he asked.

"'About twenty-five per cent.'

"'Go back to your desk, then, and be grateful,' said the father. 'Twenty-five per cent of enjoyment is very high. Your job is far above the average.'"

When I started work in Chicago on some obscure magazines, which subsequently died, I used to look enviously at the big publishing houses. "What a thrill to be associated with one of them!" I thought. "They have no troubles; plenty of money, plenty of subscribers, plenty of advertising."

Later, when I went to New York and worked with these big publishers, I discovered that they had precisely the same problems which had worried us in our little shop.

I know the head of a company whose profits run into scores of millions. One day when I was looking enviously at him he surprised me by saying that he envied me. The pressure of his job was terrific, he said, and he was sure that a writer has a much better life.

I know a great surgeon, and when I asked him about surgery, he answered: "It's only twenty-five per cent cutting. The other seventy-five per cent is sewing and tying knots."

So I have come to the not very novel conclusion that the really important things in life are a man's home, his wife and his children; that where and how he happens to make the income which provides for them is more or less an accident.

Whatever line he adopts, he will find that the work is exciting for about twenty-five per cent of the time.

The stuff he is made of will show up in the other seventy-five per cent.

The Greatest Mystery in America

Illustrated by Frederic J. Garner

THE seal on the door of the past, in our half of the world, has been broken; and the door itself opened a crack to permit, at last, a glance in upon the most fascinating and mysterious people who ever lived in America.

The Spaniards who followed Columbus came upon two powerful and highly organized empires of Indians: the Aztec state which Cortez conquered, and the even greater and more cultured empire of the Incas in South America which Pizarro overthrew.

But the great civilization of America, the Spaniards never saw in being.

Three thousand years ago—as early as 1000 B. C.—there appeared in Central America a people who became highly skilled in agriculture. Before them, an older race had begun the domestication of wild food plants; and the Mayas carried on this work so skillfully that they brought their food plants to a degree of excellence farther from their wild state than the domesticated plants of the Old World were brought by our ancestors.

These Indians built cities—great, beautifully planned white stone temples, public offices and dwellings; developed an original architecture and a science of their own which, in some ways, surpassed contemporary sciences of Europe. Especially they were fascinated by mathematics and astronomy; they made elaborate and correct calculations of the movements of the earth, moon and planets, had a calendar which involved a method of correct and convenient numeration "one thousand years before this important arithmetical device was known to the Old World."

They built up city states which developed an elaborate religious and governmental ritual and, amazingly—almost uniquely among men—lived in peace with each other. The brilliant period of the First Empire was about 400 A. D. and was marked by such events as an astronomical congress called at Copan, one of their chief cities.

Suddenly, mysteriously, shortly after a year which we reckon as 600 A. D., Copan, Tikal, Palenque and all their great cities seem to have been abandoned simultaneously and given over to the enveloping forest.

But three hundred years later these astonishing people are building great cities again: Chichen Itza, Uxmal, Izamal, Kabah and Labna, some of them with hundreds of thousands of inhabitants. Then again, about a hundred years before the coming of the Spaniards, they abandoned all their cities again. Why, no one knows. That is the great mystery of America.

what a whale of a difference
just a few *drops* make

Yes . . .
and what a whale of a difference
just a few cents *make*

. . . a definite extra price for a
definite extra tobacco-goodness

fatima

CIGARETTES

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

A Loving Thought for Mother

Back of the gift is the giver.

It's the loving thought that mother craves, whether it be expressed in a diamond or a box of chocolates.

If you choose chocolates, select the same assortment you give the debutante—Whitman's Sampler. Mother will appreciate your thought.

The symbolism of the package expresses the beauty of Mother's Day. Starting with a quaint and quiet sentiment, the Sampler has acquired a particular and special niche in the regard of candy-lovers.

It is not merely "a box of candy," it is a message, a token, a fit symbol of "a loving thought for mother."

Order it early from the Whitman agent near you—usually the leading drug store. He gets his supplies *direct* from Whitman's.

An added touch of sentiment is the special wrap for Mother's Day illustrating—*"A Loving Thought for Mother."*

Mother's Day
May 12, 1929

HAL Started in 1842 WSB

© S.F.W. & Son, Inc.

Racketeer

There was a flash of flame, and a very slight report. Two more slight reports. Then silence, save for the hum of the motor.

By
William Slavens McNutt

Here a story enacts before you the all but incredible deeds which are reported to you, in part, by the daily newspapers.

Illustrated by
Rico Tomaso

IT was a few minutes past noon when Mink Davis entered the living-room of Connie Lamont's suite on the eighth floor of the Cruger Hotel. He turned the key in the lock carefully and manipulated the door with caution, making no noise. He tiptoed across the living-room and peeked through the bedroom door. He could see the top of Connie Lamont's black head on the pillow, hear the sound of his breathing. He raised the shades in the living-room then, slipped off his overcoat, eased a shoulder holster that held an automatic snug under his left armpit, drew a newspaper from his pocket, and sat down.

The telephone rang. Mink heard Connie Lamont answer it sleepily on the bedroom extension. Then Connie called: "Mink?"

"Yeh," Mink Davis answered.

"Telegram coming up," announced Connie.

"Right," said Mink.

"Breakfast," said Connie.

"Right," Mink replied. He picked up the living-room phone and called Room Service.

"Eight-seven-six calling," he said shortly. "Double orange-juice, three-minute eggs, toast Melba, and coffee. Connie Lamont's order, so don't miss on it." He hung up the telephone and picked up his paper once more.

The splash of a shower, and a sharp exclamation as Connie stepped under it. A knock on the door.

"Yes!" Mink called.

"Telegram, suh," said a voice from the hall.

Mink crossed the room and opened the door. A colored bellboy stood outside bearing a telegram on a tray. Mink picked up the telegram and dropped a quarter on the tray.

"Please, suh," said the bellboy, pleading. "Could Ah come in an' give it to Mr. Connie mahself?"

Mink shrugged, stepped back and motioned him in.

"You spades always lookin' for that old info," he said scornfully.

"Yes suh," the bellboy admitted, chuckling. "Yes indeedy, suh. An' Mr. Connie, he's suhtinly the man that's got it."

Connie stepped out from the bedroom, drawing a dressing-gown about him. Slender, a pale aquiline face, dark eyes, crow-black

hair, short of thirty. He nodded to Mink Davis, and smiled at the bellboy.

"Well, Crow," he said, "what are you doing in my cornfield?"

"Jes' peckin' around foh a little seed-cohn," the bellboy said, chuckling.

Mink Davis handed Connie the telegram. Connie opened and read it.

"From New Orleans," he said.

"Ah smelled it," the bellboy declared, chortling. "That paper's jes' wet with ol' Miss'ippi fog. Couldn't fool me."

"I'm going to let you right in on the inside this morning, boy," Connie said generously. "Here. Just read it for yourself and let your conscience be your guide."

The bellboy took the telegram eagerly. What he read was this:

WJI STOP WTAJW STOP XJHTSI STOP
SIGNED BEN

"Put every dime you've got in the world on that and sleep sweet!" Connie advised.

"Foolishment, Mr. Connie!" the bellboy said, puzzled.

"No foolishment if you know the language, Sam," Connie declared. "That's the name of a ready lizard and the race he's going in."

"What's his name in mah language, Mr. Connie?" the bellboy asked.

Connie shook his head. "No, you don't, Sam. If I told you, every spade in the city would be at a handbook s- etime in the next half-hour. You'd g so much money sent back to the track that the goat would pay off odds on, when his price ought to be an uptown telephone-number. How much could you spread on this beetle if I did tell you his name?"

"Ah got ten dollars, Mr. Connie," the bellboy said eagerly. "If you jes' give me about five minutes, I could—"

"No five minutes," Connie interrupted. "Give me the ten you got. I'll see that it gets down."

The bellboy handed him a ten-dollar bill. "What race he goin' in, Mr. Connie?" he asked wistfully.

"Outside!" said Connie. "You'll get your gravy if he clicks, and his name with the bad news if he don't."

The bellboy backed out, bowing and chuckling. Davis shut the door.

"Wha: is it?" he asked.

"Red Rover in the second," Connie translated the telegram slowly, reading it thus by substituting the fifth letter of the alphabet ahead of that typed in the message.

Mink nodded. "They've been foolin' with him for a long time," he said. "I'd like fifty of that."

"Phone Gregg," Connie said. "Tell him to get down a grand for me, fifty for you, and a sawbuck for the dinge. One grand sixty in all. Tell him to scatter it around over town. Don't want to get 'em started wiring anything back to the track if we can help it."

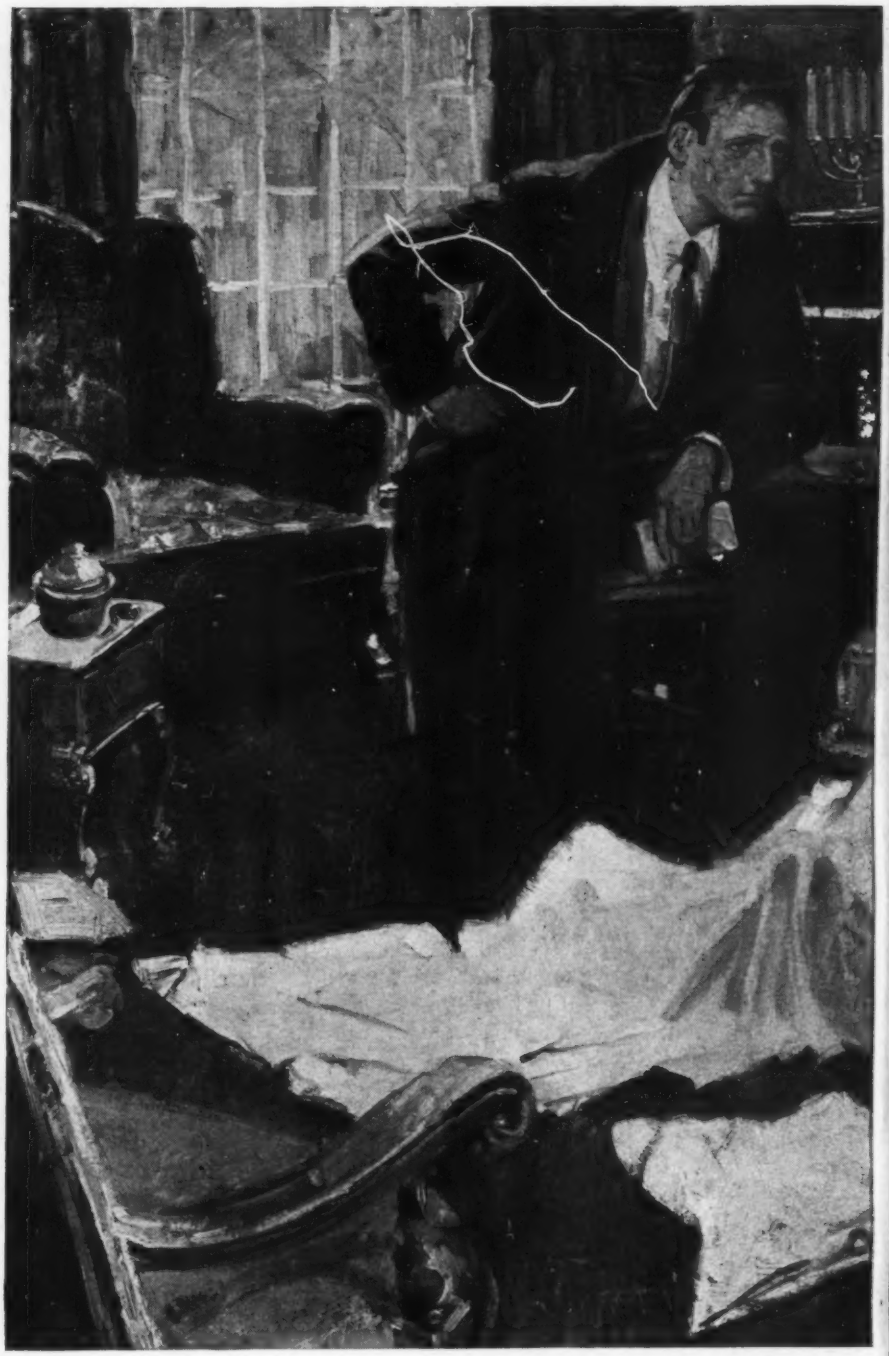
Mink Davis got Gregg, one of Connie Lamont's betting commissioners, on the telephone and rattled off instructions. The waiter arrived with Connie's breakfast. He was a white-haired, gentle-faced, pottering old fellow.

Connie sipped his orange-juice while the old waiter opened the eggs. Mink Davis sat in the corner reading his paper once more. The waiter served the eggs and poured the coffee. Connie signed the check and indicated a confusion of silver and small bills lying with a key-ring and a watch on the mantelpiece.

"Pick a buck out of that mess for yourself."

"Yes sir. Thank you, sir. Yes sir," said the waiter.

He took a dollar bill. "Everything all right, sir?" he asked.



"Will you come with me?" he pressed. "Have sense!"

Connie nodded. The waiter still stood by the table. Connie looked up.

"Well?" he said sharply.

"I wonder if you could help me, Mr. Lamont?" said the old waiter hurriedly. "If you—"

"What kind of help do you want?" Connie asked.

"If you could just help me to make some money, Mr. Lamont. Just tell me the name of a horse or—or—"

"No," said Connie. "Not only that, but I've got a damn' good mind to tell Tommy Craven you were up here trying to talk a tip out of me, and get you thrown out on your ear."

"Please, Mr. Lamont!" the old waiter begged. "Please don't do that. Just forget I said anything about it. I shouldn't have said anything, sir."

"The nerve!" Connie grumbled. "An old granddaddy platter-pusher like you! You do pretty well at this racket, don't you? What do you want to make some money for?"

she begged. "We can't both make a get-away on top of this."

"It's—you see, it's for my wife, sir," the old waiter explained shakily.

"Oh, yeah?" said Connie. "Let's hear this."

It was a common tale, a long illness, and the necessity for an operation. Connie listened to the finish. Then he rose, went to the bedroom, and returned with a thousand-dollar bill in his hand.

"Here," he said, handing it to the waiter, as he sat at the table once more. "Use that for what you need, and don't let me hear any more of this damn' nonsense about horses. That isn't your stuff. An' listen: Don't cry down my neck! Go on! Outside now. Stick that bill in your kick and beat it."

The waiter went out. Connie lit a cigarette and sipped his coffee. "The barber," he said to Mink.

Mink phoned. The barber came up.

"A shave and shut up," Connie greeted him.

The barber shaved him. No one spoke. Connie napped. When the barber was through, he woke, yawned and handed him a five-dollar bill. The phone rang. Mink answered.

"Guy by the name of Meredith," he said to Connie, his hand over the transmitter. "He's downstairs."

"Oh, yes—send him up," Connie said eagerly. "He's the architect."

"All right," Mink said into the phone. "He says come on up." He hung up the receiver and looked at Connie. "The architect?" he questioned.

"The fellow who's fixing my place for me out on the coast," Connie explained.

"Oh," said Mink. He sat down again and began reading his paper.

Meredith knocked — came in. Ten minutes' inspection of plans taken from a brief-case, talk of porches, floors, doors.

"You're to be married, Mr. Lamont?" the architect asked, as he prepared to leave.

Connie nodded. "Like to have the place ready when we get back from our—er—trip," he said, flushing slightly, conscious of Mink's derisive eyes on him over the newspaper.

"Honeymoon trip?" the architect said.

"Yes," said Connie, the color in his face heightening.

"We'll have it ready on time," the architect assured him. "Good morning, Mr. Lamont." He went out.

Mink Davis dropped his paper and looked at Connie.

"Blah!" he said.

"I know what you think," Connie said, vexed. "But you're wrong."

"Why didn't you get a place on Long Island," Mink asked, "where you could be in touch?"

"That's why California," Connie said. "I went to get out of touch."

"Blah!" Mink repeated. "Two weeks. You'll buy a plane and fly back to make time. Don't tell me!"

Connie shook his head. "When I go, I'm gone," he insisted. He returned to the bedroom, and dressed, whistling. The telephone again. Mink answered it.

"Hello," he said, and then with a quick change of manner to the confidential, and speaking softly: "Oh, hello, Mannie. Yes, he's here. Sure. Come on up." He hung up the phone, crossed to the bedroom door. "Mannie Gersch," he said to Connie. Connie came out, pulling his tie tight.

"What's he want?" he asked.

Mink shrugged. "Search me. I told him to come up."

Gersch came in. He was short, pale, fat—in his mid-twenties.

"I need a grand," he explained to Connie abruptly.

"You and a lot of people," said Connie.

"Two for one, and give it back to you day after tomorrow by noon."

"Sounds hot," Connie said. "What is it?"

"Did you hear Stud Carmac lost a heavy sack of snow last week?" Mannie asked.

Connie nodded. "Lifted off him in his hotel," he said.

"I'm plugged in on the boy that *(Please turn to page 104)*

EXCITEMENT

By

Margaret Culkin Banning

Here begins a really notable novel. It is a transcription of life in America today—the life of the luxurious, fashionable East as seen by a girl from a small Western city; and then the life of the small city of the West as seen by New Yorkers. "The tremendously living quality" which imbues Mrs. Banning's novels makes this startling story as interesting as it is important, as a picture of our day.

Illustrated by
C. D. Williams

LONG ISLAND, narrowing to its end, drowsed in the warm afternoon sun, with the relaxation of long-accustomed beauty, the aristocratic ease and lack of show natural to country which has grown used to wealth and luxury. A half-dozen little stations, bedded in honeysuckle and riotous climbing roses, stirred with interest as the train rushed up to them. On the wooden platforms women in gay summer clothes, sun-browned children in shorts or printed dresses, chauffeurs in dust-colored uniforms, sought out the people they had come to meet and took them to the cooler comfort of low open cars or polished limousines.

Janis Ware, in the second Pullman, watched it all with an eagerness that was rising to excitement, for there was only one more station before she was to leave the train. She had never been close to anything like this before, so close that it touched her own life. She had no knowledge of country life on the grand scale, with its mammoth expenditures and carefully preserved simplicities. She was used to suburban mansions whose smooth lawns edged cement streets, to the railway stations of cities, the hustle of porters and taxies, or the picturesqueness of foreign places which always remained part of the scenery of travel and seemed to have only one dimension.

This place already had more than one dimension. In a few minutes she would belong to the lazy, active summer life of which she saw signs all around her. She watched motors spinning along the roads, distancing the train and disappearing. She wondered where all the little side-roads led to, guessed at a beach, glimpsed a golf course which climbed over a brilliantly green slope in the distance.

Janis opened the case of her compact and glanced at the mirror in its cover for reassurance. All along the journey from St. Anthony to New York the pirate glances of men had told her how pretty she was, and the measuring eyes of women that she was dressed as they would like to be. It was only in the last few hours that her confidence had waned a little, begun to ask questions. She wanted Clem to be proud of her, to surprise him with her full-grown self. He had not seen her in nearly a year, and she knew she had changed.

Men had begun to make love to her now. Two men. She thought of that with a kind of proud, fond reminiscence, smoothing down the memories as they lay neatly in her mind without disturbing anything. Probably other men would love her. At home sometimes she could feel people, especially the relatives, waiting for her to marry, watching to see how she would come out. Janis believed that they were impatient for her to finish it up, eager to hurry her along, to get her settled. Clem would be different. He had always been the most interesting and amusing one of the family, so loosely linked to her by that first brief marriage of her father's that he seemed scarcely to belong to the nearer family group. He would realize that she did not want to take her future at a gulp, but to taste it, to hold it off and look at it. She knew that it had been Clem's thought, Clem's insistence which had made her one of his wedding-party. There had always been sentiment underneath everything else in Clem. He wanted some one of his own family at his wedding, and he had liked her best, always.

So she had come, lured more by that sentiment than by his prom-

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The cars started to move away; the huddle on the platform thinned. It was embarrassing to be alone in the midst of all this intimacy.

ise of a gay week—the promise which Angelica Baldwin, in her off-hand note of invitation, had carelessly accented. Janis never found it too easy to blend with a strange crowd. She only hoped that its ways would not be too strange. She knew New York, at least the New York of shops and theaters and hotels. Her clothes could be relied upon; there was nothing provincial about them. But already she felt ill at ease in the atmosphere of this noisy, rattling Long Island train which seemed to be made important by its passengers and luggage. So many people spoke to each other familiarly, and the porter of Janis' car was as affable and interested as a family servant.

Two young men, coming in from the smoking-car, paused halfway down the aisle by the chair of a girl whom Janis had been watching. They were lean and tall and well-dressed and seemed vaguely like each other without any resemblance in feature, as if their habits had molded them to a common design. They looked as if they were accustomed to spending days in the sun, as if their thinking were done authoritatively and without causing them any pain, and as if their muscles knew every form of sport.

The girl swung her chair around toward them and looked up indolently from under her huge black straw hat to give them a smile that had a background of mockery, taking more of their attention than she gave in return. She was not pretty. Her face was too long, too nearly sallow. But then, thought Janis, she did not need beauty with that assurance and the air of being costly and rare and the only one of her kind. Watching her, Janis began to feel unsure of herself and rather young and unlicked.

The train slowed again and jerked to a halt. A few people got off, but most of them seemed bound for the more important colony a few miles distant. In the comparative stillness the voice of the girl in the black hat, still talking to the men, carried to Janis' ears

"For Angel's wedding," was what she heard, and the rest was indistinct. They must mean Clem's bride. Everyone called her Angel, and there would hardly be two such weddings in progress.

One of the men was talking, his back to Janis.

"I made a bet that it would end in another flop, but I guess this is the time I lose money," answered the girl, and they all laughed.

The porter began collecting Janis' luggage. "Next stop, miss?" he asked; the train again became noisy, and she heard no more.

It was not going to be easy to talk to people like those down the aisle. They probably knew each other intimately, and she would be out of the picture all the time, and feeling awkward,

as she did now. And hurriedly rearranging her thoughts and stiffening her confidence at this first sight of people who knew the girl Clem was to marry, Janis found herself looking straight into the eyes of one of the two young men, both of whom had turned and were coming in her direction. She remembered, meeting that glance, that she had been told before that she was beautiful, and she wondered how she could have imagined that these two men looked alike. This one who glanced at her made her think of Clem. He had the same kind of gay mouth and deep-set friendly eyes. She could feel his satisfaction in looking at her, and yet she had a curious impression that he did not think about her at all as a person. He seemed preoccupied, and there was not a trace of insolence in his manner, or any of the cheap suggestiveness that she had been affronted with on transcontinental trains. He went on, and almost before Janis knew it, it was time to get off.

The station was a jumble. People were greeting each other with a hundred exaggerated expressions of pleasure, and to Janis it seemed as if everyone else had found cordial friends. She saw the girl in black hand a small square jewel-case to a chauffeur, and a minute later noticed her sitting in the back of an immensely long and low green touring-car, talking to several people gathered at the side of it. Janis tried to find Clem, but he was not there. The cars started to move away; the huddle on the platform thinned; and still nobody whom she had ever seen before appeared. It was embarrassing to be so alone in the midst of all this intimacy. She flushed as one of the men whom she had noticed on the train looked at her curiously as he passed.

Of course, she told herself, it was only a mistake in arrangements, and there was no sense in feeling like a slighted child. Clem had said he would meet her, had intended until the last-minute telegram to come up to New York and bring her back with him to the Baldwins' house, where she was to stay through the wedding.

Angel stared at the crowd. "I adore them," she said to Clem; "they're so real. We must get like that."

Ought she to wait, or telephone? She stood there, dubious about either solution, when a private station-bus came swiftly around the curve of the drive and stopped. The chauffeur who was driving it looked around the station and came immediately to Janis.

"Miss Ware?" he asked.

"Yes," said Janis.

"Miss Baldwin asked me to come for you. She is sorry she is detained."

The last sentence sounded automatic, thought Janis—he had put that in to make it sound well. But she followed him as he picked up her bags and moved across the station. She did not quite understand the kind of car he was driving, and the chauffeur, seeming also to feel some irregularity, offered an explanation.

"Miss Angelica has the roadster, and the other cars are in the city, so I hope you don't mind the wagon. It's not very far, and the roads are good."

He was a large, bland Swedish man in an olive-colored uniform, and he had the air of extra capability which comes to servants who have been in a family long enough to take responsibility. Janis said she did not mind the station-wagon at all. But she did feel queer sitting behind the driver on one of the straight little wooden seats and rattling down the road. She could tell from the packages on the seat behind her that the chauffeur had combined several errands and evidently stopped at the market, for the necks of some chickens stuck out of one package. There was a small roll of damp bathing-suit under her feet. It was a type of car which Janis did not know, but as she went down the village street, feeling curiously exposed, she saw others like it, with children and nurses in them, or chauffeurs loading them with packages. They were evidently utility cars for the estates. Of course it would get her to the Baldwins'. But why had Clem been so careless, so casual about her arrival, when he had made such a point of her coming? She was beginning to feel affronted. There was after all such a thing as civility. . . . .

The car turned a corner and left the great elms of the village street behind it. The road they were on now was narrower and curved away toward the sea. Small estates could be seen basking behind their hedges, and the sweetness of the honeysuckle along the roadway blended with a smell of salt water. It was all very beautiful, settled, tremendously self-sufficient, and Janis felt as if she did not belong at all.

"Is Mr. Ware down here?" she asked the driver. For after all, it was better to know. A memory of what the girl on the train had said about a flop came over her suddenly. What if there wasn't going to be any wedding? Perhaps there was calamity somewhere.

And she smiled at a thin boy who was passing, who turned and gave her a wise, familiar look.

"I think Mr. Ware is playing tennis this afternoon," said the chauffeur, and making another turn came into a private drive. Janis had not imagined that it would be as lovely a place or quite so splendid, with its long drive, the marble columns which must be far older than these mellowed lawns and trees, the vistas of flowers and the paths among the gardens leading out of sight into what was doubtless more beauty. The car drew up before a long portico with brick flagging, and as it stopped there was the sudden noise of another motor behind them, and Janis saw a cream-colored roadster with a girl driver, who threw on her brakes and was out of the car in an instant.

There was nothing contrite about her, and no possible doubt as to who she was.

"I hope you didn't mind not having anyone meet you but Otto," said Angel. "He does it much more competently than any of the rest of us." Then, looking at Janis as she took her hand, she added: "You *did* mind. Clem said you would. He's right again. He's a ghastly right person."

No one had ever pictured Angel Baldwin adequately. A novelist had tried it without success, and so had poets. Photographers were always attempting it, and men who loved her most of all, stumbling among words and phrases for the ones which would bring together the qualities and beauties she seemed to assemble in one swift gesture and blend by some magic of her own. People rarely lied to her, not twice at least, always finding that it wasn't any good. She never asked for anything, and took only part of what was offered her, only so much as would add fuel to her own flame and make life burn more brightly. She had the straightforward eyes of a child, and a glance as cool as a philosopher's, the body of young Diana, and a strangely passionate and impatient mouth. And it was like her that instead of wondering what Janis thought of her, her first interest was in considering Janis.

"No wonder Clem's been worked up about you," she went on, with the fragment of laugh that kept crowding into everything she said. "When they see you, all the men are going to go romantic!"

"Clem's already gone that way, hasn't he?" asked Janis.

She forgot the let-down at the station, forgot her own embarrassment. People bore no grudges when Angel Baldwin liked them.

"He's not the troubadour type. Or is he? Anyway, he'll be sour because I didn't meet that train. He kept making me promise that I would, and he should know by this time that I always break promises."

"Where is he?"

"He's playing tennis with Olive Dunn. She's chasing him all around the court over at Easthampton."

"The champion—*that* Olive Dunn?"

"Yes—she's down here for a tournament, and she wanted to whet her racket on some man. Clem promised last night at dinner that he'd play with her today, and this was the only hour they could get together. That was the reason for all the shattered promises that will probably ruin my marriage. If it does, we'll have the ice-cream anyway. Do you want to follow your things upstairs and see what room you have? And after that we'll do something. It's the zero hour more or less at this time of the afternoon. Would you like a highball or something?"

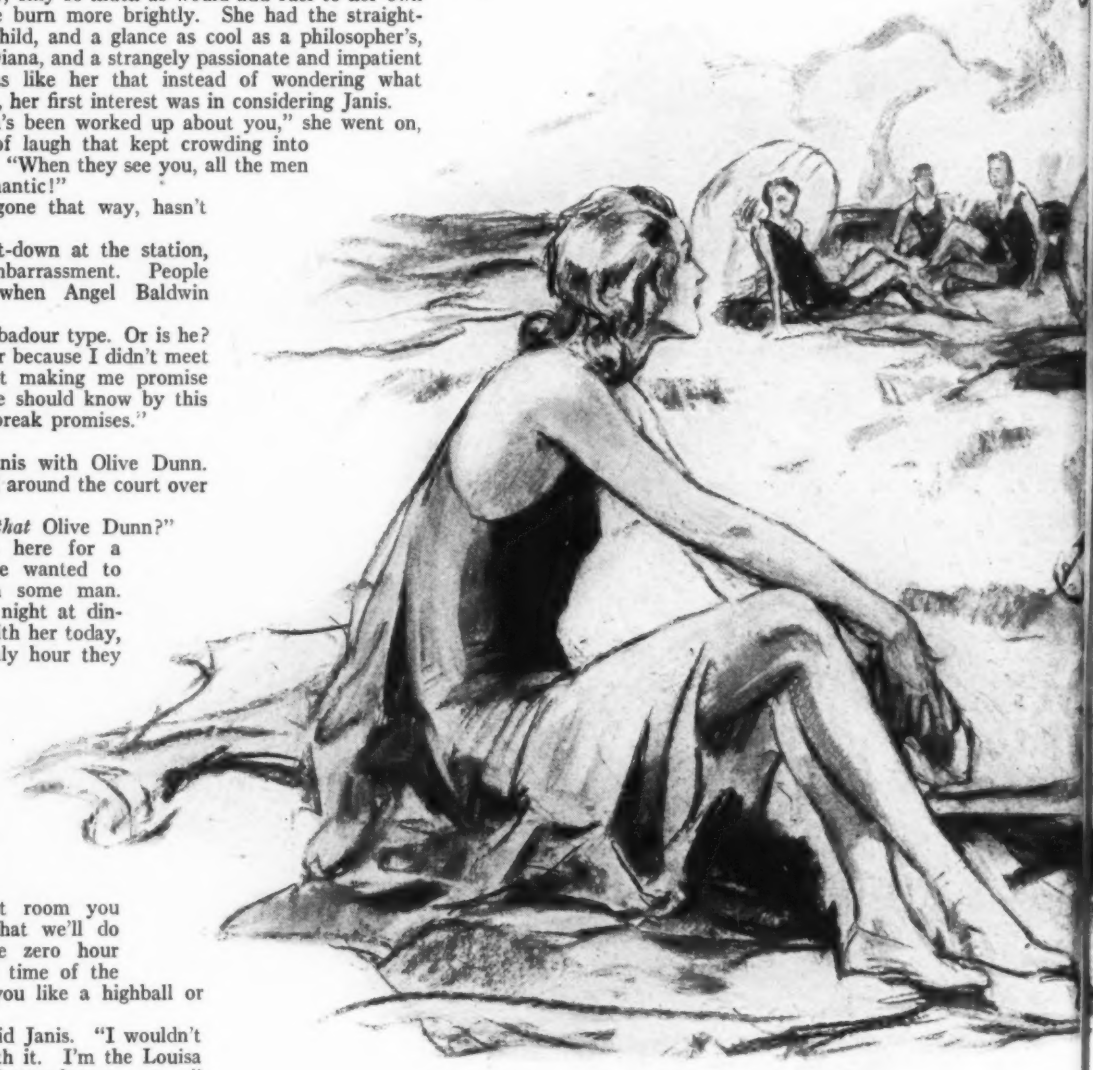
"Heavens, no!" said Janis. "I wouldn't know what to do with it. I'm the Louisa Alcott kind. You'd better know at once."

Angel laughed again.

"You're grand. You're just what we need for this party. If you like, we'll go over and collect your brother and my possible spouse. —Is that the telephone for me, Field? All right, I'll take it. —You'll find me somewhere around when you come down."

Angel answered the summons of the butler, and Janis followed a maid who had taken her luggage and was going toward a staircase at one end of the large hall which apparently went straight through the house. It was paneled in wood that was cream-colored but full of deep shadows, and the floor was dark and almost entirely bare, polished and dimly shining. Two great silver vases held giant stalks of blue delphiniums and yellow lilies. Upstairs they passed a number of rooms, and a row of sun-filled windows which looked over the ocean, and Janis found that the room she was taken into shared that view. It was a luxuriously simple room, pleasant with yellow maple furniture and cotton print hangings. The small dressing-room which adjoined it had a wardrobe with glass doors and padded hangers, and a row of curious French fashion-plates in yellow frames slanted down one of the walls.

Standing at a window while the maid unpacked and put away her clothes, Janis wondered just what it was she had expected. It was difficult already to get back the imaginary picture which reality had destroyed. She had not thought there would be so much luxury. Funny for Clem to have taken this on! There had been some confusing statement in his letter about the Baldwins being rather up against it, for the time being; from the look of this place, he could not have meant financially. She had expected to find a household somewhat in confusion, concentrated on the approaching wedding, to see a couple of eager lovers. It wasn't going to be like that. But it was going to be fun.



She turned, and coming upon her reflection in the mirrored back of a door, pulled off her tight felt traveling hat to see how she really did look to herself in this new setting. It was a face that had not yet found its key mood, and its faint, troubled wistfulness seemed to wonder what the mood should be. A spiritual face, an old cloistered nun in a French convent had thought once, watching Janis in the study hall. A sweet face, her mother had always said, and read in its expression docility and dutiful yielding to her own neurasthenia. A stubborn face, Aunt Catherine had once remarked secretly to Uncle Will. An unawakened face, Walter Adams had thought greedily. But sometimes to Janis

"You mean," asked Janis, "that you and Angel are going to take a house?" "Sure—and have a flock of kids—aren't we?" "Who doubts it?" said Angel, dropping beside him.

herself it only seemed a rather tiresome combination of features which were well enough in their way and even prettily arranged, but not stirring nor exciting. She had the fairness of her mother, clear white skin, wide gray eyes and hair like gold, with a curious bronzing tarnish on it. But it was not a diffused and languid beauty such as Mrs. Ware's had been. It was shy, and there was still something of the stiffness of a little girl about Janis at twenty-two, as well as some of the gravity and sobriety of her father, that Midwestern banker who had always been deep in responsibilities so heavy and so local that it had taken death itself to extend the city limits for him.

Janis had lived an almost solemn childhood in the unchanging house above the lake, always rich, always important, but hemmed in by the seriousness of her father and the growing invalidism of her mother, who had become both unfitted for gayety as well as indifferent to people. Clem had lightened that earlier period with his moods, his intractability, his rebellions. Then he had gone away to school and hardly ever come back, for when his father died there was little reason why he should.

He wanted other things, life with a less tight rein on it and more flexible people. Looking at herself in the mirror, and thinking of Angel Baldwin, Janis felt that he must have found what he wanted. She had seen him during these last years only at some hotel where she and her mother would be stopping between trips to cures of no avail.

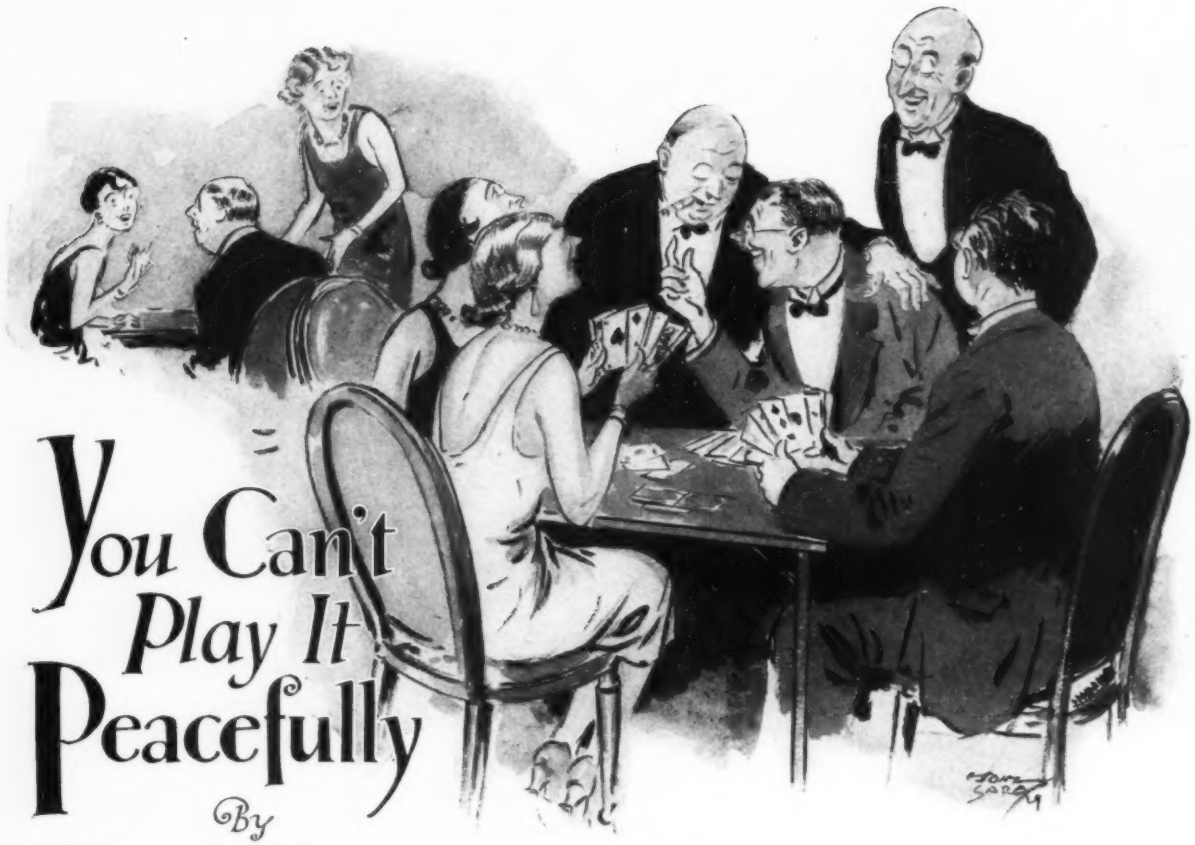
"Please leave out the lavender hat," she said to the maid, who was lifting the cover of a hat box. "I'm going to put that on, and the white knitted dress. No, thank you. That's all you can do for me. Shall I give you my trunk-checks?"

Fifteen minutes later, when she went downstairs, she found the house less empty and quiet. There were people in one of the drawing-rooms opening off the hall. She could hear the voices of men and women, and there were people on the terrace outside. She wondered if Angel had forgotten her by this time. No, there she was crossing the hall.

"Hello!" she said. "You're more seductive than ever. I've been telling Sally. Come and prove it."

She took Janis into the nearest room, a peach-colored one, with long, clear windows and thin silk hangings, where a wispy youth and a mature athletic-looking man were talking to two women. There was a tea-service on one fragile table, and a tray with several glasses stood on another. A brown-skinned middle-aged woman, with humorous eyes and no cosmetics, was pouring herself tea. The other woman was Sally, with lazy eyes and a disbelieving mouth and bizarre corn-colored hair that was brushed back of her ears and turned itself up in impudent curls at the back of her neck. She gave Janis her hand as if it were a favor.

"So you've come for the wedding," she said in one of the most gracious and yet most indifferent voices that Janis had ever heard. "I'm sure I hope there'll be one. I've *(Please turn to page 126)*



You Can't Play It Peacefully

By

Sam Hellman

Differing from all other experts and authorities upon the game, Mr. Hellman demands of you no knowledge of cards. If you've even a relative (by marriage) who plays, it is more than enough.

Illustrated by Tony Sarg

"I WAS so embarrassed this afternoon," remarks the Missus at the dinner-table.

"Too bad," says I, "but that's what you get for not spending fifteen minutes a day with the best authors."

"What'd you do," inquires Breeze Emerson sympathetically, "—eat soup with the wrong fork, or wont even your best friends tell you?"

"She probably gazed helplessly at the menu," I suggests, "and again ordered chicken salad."

"If you two comics'll oblige me by choking on the consommé," snaps Jennie, "I may get a chance to tell you."

"Come on," says I. "Give the little girl her great big chance."

"I was invited to bridge it at Sarah Goofnaw's," relates the Frau of mine. "Naturally, I thought we were to play auction—"

"Auction!" exclaims Emerson. "Is that still being indulged in?"

"Oh, yes," says I; "but nowadays the pastime is practically confined to notaries whose commissions have expired and left-handed flutists. . . . . What did you play, my dear?"

"Contract," returns the wife. "Either of you delicatessen-dealers ever hear of contract bridge?"

"Not yet," I comes back, "but I have a feeling. What does one do—contract to deliver so many cubic yards of dirt between hands?"

"It's what you get," explains Breeze, "when you hang around auction games. You contract bridge the way you contract an inflamed duodenum or an unfortunate marriage."

"What is the difference," inquires Emerson's French wife Chérie, "between the bridge the which you talk about and the bridge the which I play for *longtemps?*"

"Well," says Jennie, "in contract you get only what you bid. For example, suppose you make it one club—"

"In our set," I horns in, haughty, "we never bid less than three —four on Sundays and John Quincy Adams' wedding anniversary."

"That," points out Breeze, "is why it's your set."

"Perhaps," I admits; "but we of the upper strata hold that it is far, far better to be taken to the cleaners like a Cavendish than to lay up gravy like a Glimish. One bids may do very nicely for the divorced wives of drapers' assistants, and the stepdaughters of glue-workers, but—"

"You've bid one club," goes on Jennie, addressing herself strictly to Chérie, "and you make five odd. All you get below the line is six points. For the other four tricks you get credited in the honor column, fifty for each. It's a hundred if you're vulnerable."

"What do you get," asks Emerson, "if you're just anemic?"

"I hear," says I, "that liver is very good."

"How," queries Breeze's bride, "does one know when one is what you call—er—what you say?"

"It's a gift," I assures her. "You either have it or not, like thick ankles or a birthplace in Petaluma, Cal."

"Vulnerable," elucidates the Missus, with a glacial glare for the old husbandman, "is just an expression meaning you've already won one game in the rubber. If you're that way, everything doubles up on you. When you're not vulnerable, you're invulnerable, and you get only half of what you'd make if you were vulnerable."

"Ah, *oui,*" says Chérie, who'd be a great thinker except for one little thing, "but what does one get when one is neither not the one nor neither not the other?"

"That situation," returns the Frau with quiet dignity, "has, I believe, never as yet arisen."

"Talking about doubles," says I, "did I ever tell you about the dumb Dinah out in Hollywood who always takes a friend along to bridge-games to double for her? Somebody told her it was dangerous."

"May I be the first to congratulate you, old friend?" murmurs Breeze. "It's uncanny," I replies, "the way I catch onto these intricate games. —Oh, Jennie! Come over and kiss me!"

"The idea of contract," goes on Jennie, "is, of course, to prevent folks from winning rubbers on pure luck. In auction, as you know, a person will often bid a weak heart hand—"

"As in the case of Joe Zilch!" cuts in Breeze. "Joe dropped dead of angina during a bridge-game, and everybody said he did it just to show his partner his heart make was weak."

"And," continues the wife grimly, "finish up with a grand slam on account of dummy having everything. In contract you get grand slams only when you bid grand slams, but you get a bonus of fifteen hundred points if you bid one and make it when you're vulnerable."

"Ma foi!" exclaims Chérie. "It is *magnifique,* being *une* vulnerable, is it not?"

"You can be," I tells her. "It's merely a matter of diet and training. A cold shower every morning, followed by a brisk walk to the incinerator-plant and back, a balanced ration of proteins, cyanides and hearts of tripe *à la mode de Caën,* and *voilà!"*

"On the other hand," points out the Frau, giving me the complete disregard, "it's terrible being vulnerable if you fail to make your contract. Let's suppose you bid seven in spades, get doubled and go set five tricks. You'd be penalized two hundred each for the first three undertricks, four hundred for the fourth and eight hundred for the fifth, a total set of eighteen hundred points."

"Hell!" says Emerson. "That's not a set—that's a career."

"The scores do run high," admits Jennie. "There's seven hundred for winning the rubber if—"

"As I get it," I interrupts, "contract's just bridge in a bull market. Do you have to buy your bids outright, or can you cut in on a margin and a broker's loan?"

"There ought to be a stock split-up," suggests Breeze. "They'll never get the public in at those figures."

"Never," says I; "but there's one thing about the game that makes a tremendous appeal to me."

"What's that?" asks Emerson.

"The fact," I replies, "that there's nothing in the Arkansas navigation laws that compels me to play it. Ordinary auction's still good enough for this well-turned-out biological specimen."

"Much too good," snaps the wife. "But you're going to learn contract and like it, even if you don't. The whole world's taking it up, and I have no intention of dancing the lancers this winter while everybody else is doing the Yale drag. Tomorrow night Angus McGullible's coming to give us a lesson, and—"

"McGullible!" frowns Breeze. "Who's he?"

"The man who wrote the book and staged the dances," says I. "Surely, you've heard of McGullible on *'Deep-sea Finesses,'* McGullible on *'Aceless No Trumps,' 'McGullible on a Gunboat,' 'McGullible at Miss Minch's School,'* and so on—or recall him as author of the expression—'Bid on jack high and sleep in the streets.'"

"He's news to me," grunts Emerson. "What does he do—make a living at the game?"

"And a cushy one, too," I assures him. "Angus gets his rent and raiment out of revokes alone. Don't tell me you've never run into the McGullible Double?"

"I'm a stranger in Elyria, Ohio," claims Breeze. "How does the double go?"

"How's tricks?" I asks. "Terrible!" wails Angela. "The simplest hands to work out, and I make errors!" She snatches up the book, tears it from cover to cover.

"Well," says I, "your partner bids a diamond. The opponent next to her jumps to five no trumps. You look into your mitt and find four aces, three kings and other cards of the better sort. Do you go to six clubs? You do not. You stay home and double the no-trump."

"Mon Dieu!" gasps Chérie. "How goes one to the five no trumps without an ace?"

"They don't, any more," I comes back grimly. "The McGullible Double put a stop to that. Angus, by the way, is also identified with the Salamanca Squeeze. Pulled off at the right time, you hardly ever fail to make a trick with the ace of trumps."

"Is this the McGullible," asks Emerson, "who gives the lessons over the radio?"

"The same," says I. "He's on every Tuesday between the Paper-shell Pecan Hour and the Hickenlooper Mange and Stuttering Cure Hour. You really can't appreciate static until you hear him."

"Angus is wonderful," asserts Jennie. "He can—"

"He may be a wonder over the radio to his mother," I cuts in, "but he's just a bed-time tale to me. That card *gigolo* couldn't teach me anything."

"If I'm not mistaken," recalls the Missus sweetly, "a similar complaint was made about the public schools."

McGullible, to whom the wife is distantly related by marriage or some other tough break, drops in the following night right after dinner. He's a skinny Scot with watery eyes, a long, narrow pan, and as for hair, you're likely to find more in your soup than there is on his dome. There's nothing of the card slicker in his appearance. Offhand, you'd probably guess he sold asbestos roofing in northern Maryland and southern Virginia. As a matter of fact, however, he has the rep. for knowing more about the pasteboards than most farmers do about political promises.

Besides ourselves and the Emersons, there are present for the lessons Sarah Goofnaw and her meal-ticket, a young married couple named Graves whom we'd recently dug up in the neighborhood, and Angela Morfit, a belated maiden suffering from arrested birthdays.

"I assume, of course," begins Angus, with a brisk burr, "that you are all good auction players."

"Just a big-hearted Aberdonian," mutters Breeze.

"The haggis-hound is certainly free with his assumptions," I mutters back. "That one-way pocket'll get into trouble—"

"Did you say something?" inquires McGullible.

"Not a thing," I assures him. "I was just thinking in a stage whisper. An old Italian custom."

"Contract," orates Angus, "is bridge in a happily married state. It is the perfect mating of two hands—"

"Quel grand sentiment!" murmurs Chérie.

"Since you score for game only what you bid," he goes on, "it is vital that your final call represent the utmost value of the combined cards. That means perfect coöperation. In contract an initial bid of one club may become, through the trading of information and the proper reading of the opponents' holdings, a successful seven-heart make. For example, let us consider this hand played at the Canoursie tournament."

McGullible unrolls a large sheet of paper and pins it to the wall. On it's printed the following layout:

	C— D—K 9 6 5 4 H—A Q 6 3 S—K 4 3 2	
C—A K Q 10 8 7 D—10 2 H—K J 9 S—8 7	N W E S	C—J 9 6 3 D—8 H—10 7 4 2 S—Q 9 6 5
	C—5 4 2 D—A Q J 7 3 H—8 5 S—A J 10	

"South," says Angus, "dealt and bid one diamond."

"As an invitation for a no trump?" inquires Jennie prettily.

"No," I growls. "As an invitation to attend the Monday meeting of the Tuesday Browning Club next Friday."

"A little attention, please," begs McGullible.

"Give the big Caledonian as little as possible," I advises *sotto voce.*

"Just a minute," shouts Emerson. "Where's there a diamond make in that mess of cards? Nobody but a fat-head would bid a minor suit with only one outside trick."

"Very well," sighs Angus. "We'll assume that South is a fat-head and—"

"We'll do nothing of the sort," snaps Angela. "Even in jest I'll hear nothing against the South. The Georgia Morfits have always—"

"Oh, come on," I cuts in, impatient. "Let's proceed. It's getting so I can't go anywheres around here without running into the Battle of Spotsylvania Courthouse. One diamond is bid. Who'll offer two emeralds?"

"West," resumes McGullible, on a sympathetic nod from the wife, "goes to two clubs, North to two diamonds and East passes. So far the bidding is as it would be in ordinary auction. Now observe what occurs: South, on the strength of his partner's boost jumps to four diamonds. West byes, and North goes to five in the clubs."

"You mean diamonds, of course," remarks Breeze pityingly.

"Five in the clubs," repeats Angus.

"Clubs!" I yelps. "Without a clover-leaf in his hand, and his opponent's suit! Who is this North baby—the last of the mad Rosenbaums?"

"The overbid," explains Scotland's gain and our loss, "is the conventional method in contract for conveying the information to your partner that he's in no danger of losing any tricks in West's suit—that North probably has either the top singleton of it or is utterly blank."

"I see," says I, "but wouldn't it be swell if South happened to be looking out of the window at a parade just about that time and left North in the club make?"

"Contract," returns Angus dryly, "is not the sort of game that encourages gazing out of the window at parades. North, having disposed of the club menace, South ventures six diamonds; but North, smelling a grand slam in the offing, now switches over and names six hearts."

"What a lad!" murmurs Goofnaw. "Here today, there tomorrow. A jack of all suits and the ace of none."

"Tell me," says I, "are these friends of yours in the Compass Club playing for money or just killing time until the next big wind in Ireland? Of all the wild and woofy—"

"Where," demands Emerson, "does North get his license for a six-heart make? The boy ought to have his brains audited."

"The bid," asserts McGullible, "is perfectly sound. By it North conveys the information—"

"This certainly is a great game for conveying info," cuts in Breeze, sarcastic. "Would it be possible to tip off your partner through a suit declaration that his wife's out in the conservatory flirting with a Harvard graduate in the hide and tallow business?"

"Two without, doubled, might get the idea over," says I, "but that, after all, might apply as well to a Princeton man in the kelp trade."

"I'm sorry," apologizes Jennie, "that Mr. Emerson and my husband were detained and couldn't be here tonight, but will you please go on with the lesson, Angus?"

"North's bid," picks up McGullible, "definitely places the top of the heart suit in his hand. As for the king the chances are two to one it'll be where he wants it to be—either with South or with West, where it's harmless with the ace-queen over it."

"How about the spades?" I asks. "Or don't you have to figure the shovels in contract?"

"With the king in his own hand," returns Angus, "North is bound to assume that the ace of spades is the quick trick of his partner's original diamond call since he can have neither the high clubs nor the high hearts .... South, of course, bids seven in the diamonds and makes the contract without the slightest trouble."

"Sure," says I. "They always do in these cold-deck games. I've never yet seen one of these setups where every finesse didn't work, where you didn't get just the discards you wanted from the other side and where the three of clubs or some such pauper pasteboard didn't take the final trick for a brilliant finish. Nothing ever goes wrong in—"

"Nothing ever should go wrong in contract," interrupts McGullible, "if the declarations are made correctly and the proper deductions drawn. Once the bidding's at an end you should know precisely the location of each vital card."

"Where," I inquires, "does the sport come in if the play of the hands is just a show-down?"

"Sport, mon!" exclaims Angus. "What greater sport is there than winning a bit of siller?"

"I think you play the hand so wonderful," gushes Chérie. "Is it permitted that one make a copy of it?"

"What for?" grumbles Emerson.

"It might be," comes back the impediment, "that I sometime maybe get the same cards and I play him good."

McGullible shows us a few more mitts, after which he suggests that we form a couple of tables, while he kibitzes around and points out our mistakes. While the gambling hell is being thrown together, I converses privately with Breeze.

"Something tells me," says I, "that I'm not going to like contract."

"Why not?" shrugs Emerson. "It's just bridge in a happily married state—the perfect mating of two hands that are beat as one—the—"

"In your coon-skin cap!" I cuts in. "There's no such thing as bridge and a happily married state. They don't work the same side of the street. Ordinary auction's bad enough, but this here contract! *Dio mio!* Think of the chances it gives your partner to do you dirty!"

"The opportunities are indeed dense," admits Breeze, "but, on the other hand—"

"So far," I goes on, "I've been able to square myself after an evening at cards with a pair of stockings or a beaker of smell-water. With the added complications of contract, it'll probably take an armload of grand pianos or a scuttle full of square-cuts to restore the warmth to the family hearth."

"Well," remarks Emerson, "you don't have to battle with your Frau, do you? Or is it in your lease?"

"Sure, I have to," I comes back. "Otherwise how would I find out what tramps my folks were? How would I discover that I was descended from a long line of low-lifes and gutter-grangers?"

"That's easy," returns Breeze. "Any truthful genealogist'd give you the information for five dollars. For ten he'd furnish you with a certified copy of their fingerprints and two Bertillon views."

"I have a vague idea," says I, "that I'm being insulted. Am I?"

"I don't know," replies Emerson frankly. "You ought to keep an angermometer on you. That little instrument shows if your gorge is rising, how high your dudgeon is and also if you're turning on your heel."

BEFORE I can go any further into this phase of codfishing I'm motioned over to one of the tables. At it, already seated, are Angela Morfit and young Graves. An attempt is being made to shoo his bride over to another part of the room but she'll have less than none of it.

"I'm going to be Harold's partner," she insists. "We've never been separated before, and—"

"Far be it from me and mine, girlie," says I, "to wind crape around your orange blossoms, but keep playing bridge with your conventional black and it wont be long before you're calling him up from your mother's in a cold, distant voice and asking him to mail you your other shirt-waist."

"How silly!" sniffs Mrs. Graves. "Harold and I will never quarrel over cards, will we, hon?"

"There aren't enough of 'em in a deck," he comes back, gallant. "I'm sure we'll get something better to quarrel over—I mean—"

"Thatta boy!" applauds Goofnaw. "Keep the quality up. What marriage needs today is fewer but better quarrels. Gracie's right. Why waste your energy on petty skirmishes when later on there'll be blonde stenogs and Philadelphia business trips to battle over?"

Finally I make the gesture supreme—with a cry of rage I heaves a deck of cards across the room and overturns the bridge table.

The table's finally made up with me and Angela as partners against the Graveses, while another foursome's formed of the Missus, Chérie and the Goofnaws. Emerson prefers to stay out.

"I'll watch your stuff," says he to me, "and thus probably get some excellent hints on basket-weaving and the manufacture of Panama hats."

I'm the dealer but the mitt I serves myself couldn't have been any more poisonous if it had been selected by a personal enemy out of a deck short of aces and pictures. A lone eight spot stands out like a silo in a stubble of deuces and treys.

"Listen," says I, as Angus wanders by, "how do you convey the information in contract that your hand's lousy?"

"If I were you and couldn't help it," *(Please turn to page 112)*

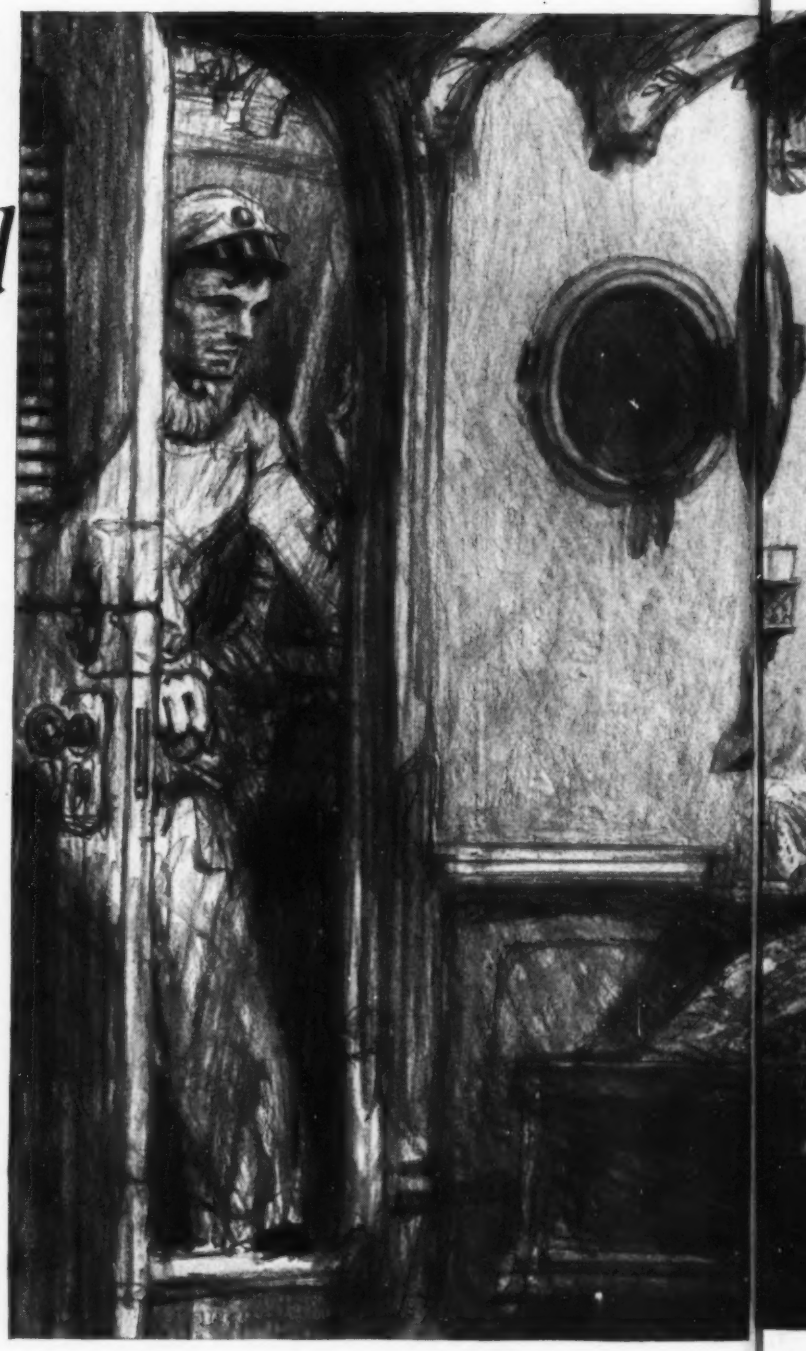
The Moon and Muffins

By

Frank R. Adams

Thirteen successes in a row marked Mr. Adams' work for the stage; and it took the World War to break the run—and also take the author to France, whence he returned only in better humor than before.

Illustrated by R. F. James



THIS is a story of something that never could have happened to you.

It couldn't reasonably have happened to Trevor Moulds. But one day he woke up, and it had happened; so there is no reason for keeping it from the public.

Trevor Moulds was by way of being one of the world's richest men. Everywhere he went, and he went everywhere, money obtruded itself on him. When he financed a proposition, it always paid a hundred per cent. Men to whom he loaned money repaid it. Stocks that he bought invariably went up. Gold-miners that he grub-staked always brought home at least the bacon. It is admitted right from the start that this is at variance with your experience and mine, but facts are facts even in fiction.

Thirty-five found him the master of all he surveyed, so to speak, including a small seagoing yacht. It was small because Trevor's tastes were not ostentatious; but it was as handy as a kitchen cabinet. Trevor made it his home. That was chiefly because he was restless and liked to anchor his bed near to the seat of whatever trouble there was.

In June he steamed into San Pedro, which is a part of Los Angeles—not that there was any trouble brewing there, but Trevor wanted to stop for fuel and also thought of calling on his old commanding officer, Colonel Hutchinson, retired, who lived in the county somewhere. The exigencies of life had kept Trevor from seeing his old C. O. since a not very active participation together in the World Wrangle which you have seen depicted in the movies so often recently.

Colonel Hutchinson, not being very famous for anything just at that time, was listed publicly in the Los Angeles telephone directory, and Trevor had no trouble whatever fishing an invitation to dinner for that evening.

"Meet me at the club, and I'll run you out to our summer place in Santa Monica."

At the club Colonel Hutchinson was the same old jovial fatherly companion that Trevor remembered him to be, a martinet with a twinkle in his eye; but as soon as he entered the portals of his rather elaborate bungalow, his personality wilted. Trevor was not long in discovering that the sun which dried him out was Mrs. Hutchinson. To Trevor, who remembered him fondly at the head of a regiment, the spectacle was disconcerting. It seems to be a strange anomaly that a man who can command men can seldom command women. Or can't anybody, nowadays?

Mrs. Hutchinson had only one topic of conversation which really interested her—their daughter Eunice. There were pictures of her in every room in the house, in nearly every conceivable pose and costume. She seemed to be a very pretty girl. Trevor had no means of passing first-hand judgment, because she did not show up, even for dinner.

"Eunice has a headache," her mother explained, "and doesn't like to meet new people. So she is having dinner in her room. There are so few things that she can eat anyway, that we have to have her meals especially prepared for her. It's the strangest

"I wont stay here any longer, not even if I am a prisoner. Shoot me if you want to, but I wont stay here with a big rat!"

thing, for instance, the way that anything cooked with milk poisons her. She breaks out in a rash all over. And eggs: the least bit of egg in anything makes her ill for a week."

There were no cocktails. Eunice, it seemed, did not like them or approve, so the dinner was entirely dusty. Trevor did not mind particularly, however, since they had had half a bottle of Scotch on the way out, one of a case that he had brought for a present to the Colonel.

During the meal Trevor learned other unique things about Eunice: that she couldn't sleep anywhere except in her own bed; that she could not ride in trains, elevators, busses or street-cars because of claustrophobia; that her heart was weak, so that she could never do anything strenuous; that seeing a cat drove her into a curious kind of a fit almost like a trance, and that doctors had practically given up any hope of restoring her to normal health. They didn't know exactly what was the matter with her. All had agreed that she was a special case, interesting but not amenable to any known treatment.

"So you see we have to humor her while she is with us," Mrs. Hutchinson naïvely concluded with a lugubrious sigh. "But she is a charming girl, and I wish you might meet her sometime casually when she wasn't expecting it and so would not be on a strain, which always puts her into a condition of nervous tension."

It developed later that there was one sport in which she excelled—namely swimming; and that, during the season, she spent hours in the ocean and on the beach.

"Which," Mrs. Hutchinson pointed out, "is very beneficial. That's the principal reason we live here at the seashore."

Before Trevor took his leave, the lady of the house excused herself to go up and amuse Eunice.

The Colonel immediately brightened up and surreptitiously opened a fresh bottle of his present.

"Do you think Eunice's trouble is really serious?"

The Colonel looked around cautiously and lowered his voice. "To tell the truth, boy, I don't know. Sometimes I think her mother humors her too much. I have hopes that if she marries the right sort of man, he can handle her differently and— Did you ever read 'The Taming of the Shrew'?"

Trevor laughed—discreetly, of course. "Yes. I've even seen Sothern and Marlowe play it. But I don't know that it would be a success in real life. Is there any man who interests her?"

The Colonel started to say something profane, stopped himself and then expressed the idea in peace-time language. "She thinks she's crazy about a Russian prince who is over here working as an extra in motion-pictures—you know, we get all kinds in this part of the country; but so far, I've been able to keep them from eloping. It's more or less a kind of female game, this trying to win this Prince Petroffski—mothers and daughters hereabouts are all playing it. It has narrowed down to two or three of them now, without any decided favorite. There are several middle-aged men around here who may wake up almost any morning to find royalty in the family. I hope it wont be me, but you can see how much chance I've got with her mother dead set on it. Eunice is really a pretty good sort underneath. You just ought to see her swim."

"Hm! That doesn't sound much as if she had very serious heart trouble," Trevor commented.

"I've always doubted that myself. Here's a picture of her in

her beach costume." The Colonel produced a snapshot from a table drawer. The features were not very distinct because she had her head down and was walking toward the camera, but it was obviously the same girl wearing a white jumper and sailor trousers. "Nearly all the youngsters are wearing those togs over their bathing suits when they loaf around in the sand. It keeps them from getting sunburned all over."

For a while they discussed the degeneracy of these days and the military glories of 1917-'18 while the bottle got more wistfully empty. Nobody got maudlin; vocal music was not resorted to; but naturally their old friendship ripened rapidly into brotherly affection.

"Ah, my boy," sighed the Colonel, "if only you were my son-in-law!"

"Nothing, sir," declared Trevor, "would be a greater source of pride to me."

They were very formal about it for a few moments.

"Why not?" finally proposed the Colonel.

"Why not?" echoed Trevor, not to be outdone.

"Her mother would never agree to it," warned the Colonel. "We must get around that."

"All right."

"And Eunice needs some training, too. We must attend to that, too."

"All right." Trevor would agree to anything. . . . .

Trevor never would have done it for anyone except his beloved Colonel, and even then it is doubtful if he would have agreed to the older man's harebrained scheme if he had not been at least semi-liquid. As it was, the two men sat down and plotted an adventure that discounted anything Alexander Dumas, *père,* ever thought up in his best moments.

"And here's her picture, so you'll be sure to recognize her on the beach," said Eunice's father, pressing upon his departing guest the sailor-suit photograph of Eunice.

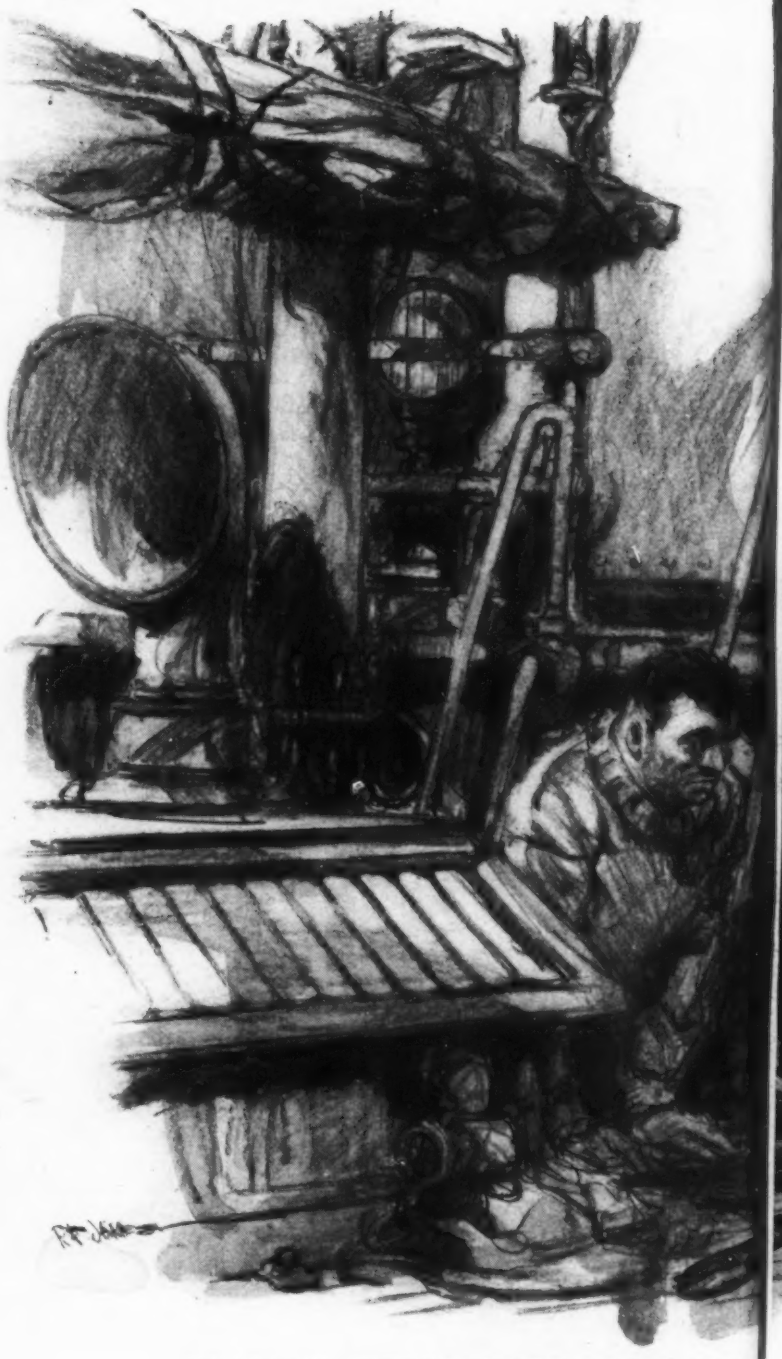
Next morning it all seemed like a dream to Trevor and he called up the Colonel about it.

"Dream, hell!" the latter rejoined. "Didn't we sit up nearly all night hatching this plan, and didn't I give you her picture?"

"Ye-es." Trevor had to admit that the photograph was an actual fact. He had looked at it several times that morning, and even to a man with a headache she had all the earmarks of an eye-tonic. "But I've been thinking about our plan. We can't go through with it without a chaperon."

"Why not? I'll trust her with you. And besides, you're going to marry her afterward."

The carrying out of the plot involved the temporary dismissal of more than half of the crew of the yacht. Trevor gave them ten days' pay and promised to pick them up again at the end of that time. He kept only the boiler-room staff and two deckhands—Bill, a white man with a very red nose, and Smear, a colored giant with a missing tooth. He himself had a master's certificate and could hold down the bridge.



Only Jack was left. "You're the ringleader," Trevor accused. "Just to

The next three days were spent in letting their whiskers grow—that, and dirtying up the decks and equipment of the *Sylph,* which up to that moment of its existence had led a practically spotless life. In the evenings Trevor taught the crew to sing several sea chanteys.

Then one morning they steamed around to Santa Monica and hove-to offshore while a motor-dinghy made a trip to the beach. Not being ab.. to leave the bridge himself, Trevor entrusted Eunice's photograph to his two villainous-looking deckhands, and awaited, with some misgivings, their return. Confound the Colonel, anyway!

They were back in less than an hour, although the period seemed much longer to Trevor. They brought with them a person in white sailor trousers and a jumper, just as advertised.

Bill, the whiskeriest deckhand, undid the rope with which their captive's hands were tied, and finally removed the improvised gag, not performing the latter act of mercy until he had reported:

"This is the only sailor we found, Cap. He aint very big, but he looks like the one we was after, and if he aint good for nothin' else, mebbe he can cook."

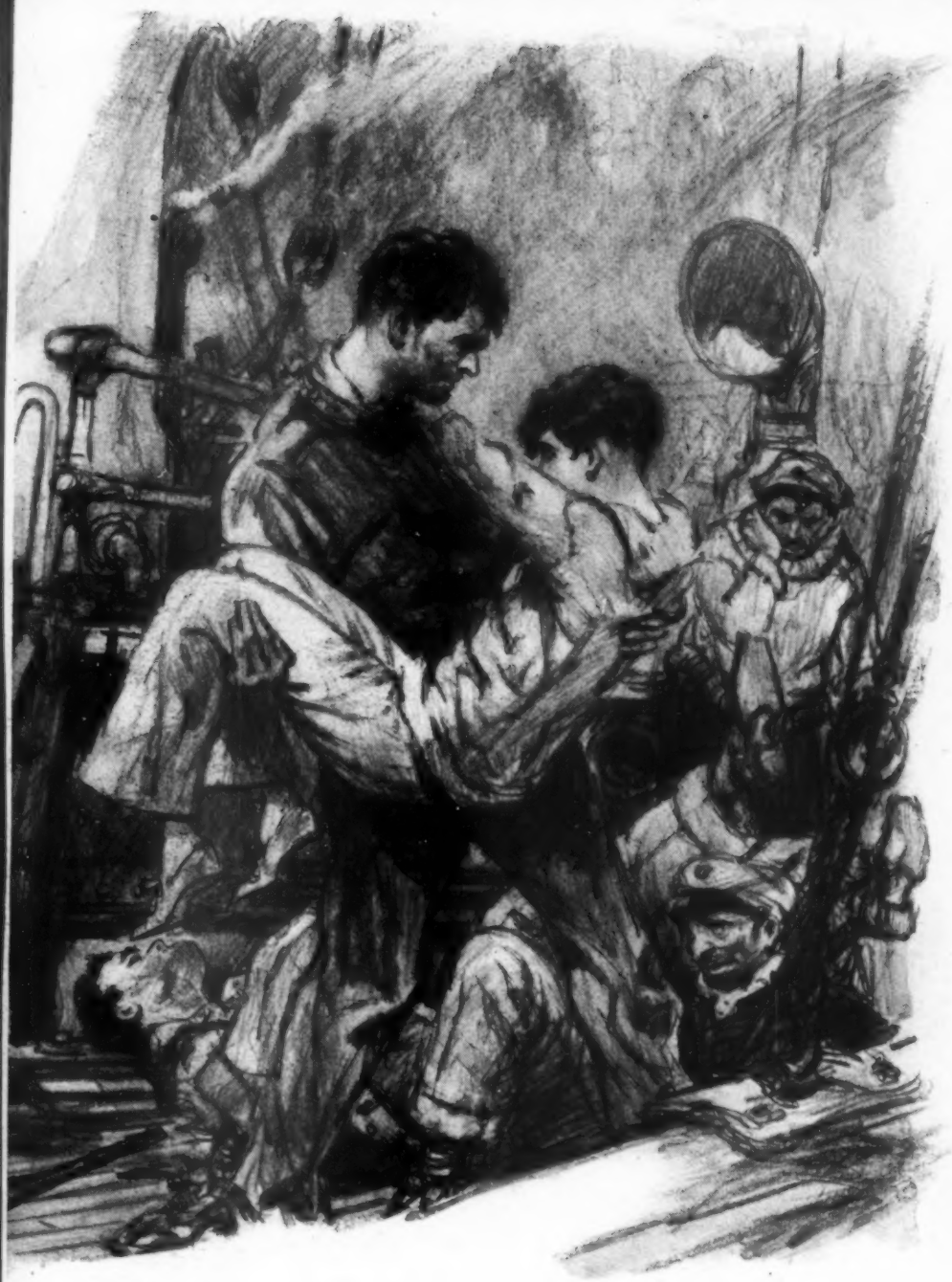
Trevor waved a hand carelessly.

"All right, show him his bunk in the—"

Trevor had not completed his sentence when the gag came off, and he had no further use for his organs of speech for some time thereafter.

The shanghaied new hand had a remarkable command of English and proceeded to tell Trevor a lot of things about himself, his crew and his ship that he had never heard stated so definitely or so vehemently before.

As it was not necessary to pay attention to the lecture, Trevor had a good opportunity to appraise the involuntary guest on his yacht. Yes, indeed, it is difficult to tell a boy from a girl these days. He doubted whether anyone would ever really be fooled in the case of this one, but circumstantial evidence made it quite pos-



make sure there'll be no repetition of this, I'll put you off the boat and you can swim to shore."

sible technically to justify the mistake which he and his rowdy employees had made.

Trim, slight figure, clothed in regulation sailor clothes and not bulging them anywhere, small but capable-looking hands, quite tanned, dark shingled hair that might have belonged to anybody, and a rather small face, also well tanned, which could have been that of a girl of nineteen or a boy of fourteen. A good-looking boy, though, and one who would probably not know all of the words which were recklessly cluttering up the air.

"And you can't keep me here on this dirty old pickle-boat anyway, because I'm a girl."

Probably there would have been more, but Trevor interrupted just there with a burst of laughter in which Bill and Smear, looking anxiously on for some cue for their behavior, joined boisterously.

Two or three of the engine-room crew, who had strolled up from below to see what was happening, laughed also.

"What's it all about?" one of them demanded.

"Go to work and leave this lad with me," ordered Trevor. "Smear, take the wheel and give Mac the full-steam-ahead signal."

"All right, Cap."

The little group of stubbled faces dissolved and left Trevor and his new employee alone.

"What's your name?" he demanded gruffly.

"You can call me Jack if you want to."

"Even if it aint your real name, huh? All right. We aint very particular about a man's past anyway on this old tub. You've quit that idea of trying to fool us into thinking you're a girl, have you?"

"Yes."

"Say, *sir*, to me."

"Yes sir."

"What sort of sailoring have you done before? What can you do?"

Jack, *soi-disant*, looked about a little helplessly. "I can't do much of anything, sir."

At this, Trevor sneered openly.

"Oh, sort of an invalid, I suppose? Can't sleep except in a special bed, and can't eat anything but special kinds of food and—Well, you're going to get over that in a hurry."

"Yes sir."

"Can you cook?" And then as his new recruit hesitated to answer, the Captain added grouchily: "The cook rates a small cabin to himself right off the galley."

"Yes sir, I can cook," Jack assured him eagerly.

Trevor concealed a smile. "All right. You're the cook, then."

Jack retired to hunt up the galley and the much-to-be-desired private sleeping quarters, with a docility which left Trevor with considerable language still unused. He had expected to have to employ a lot of argument and perhaps a small amount of force to get even this far in the training of the Colonel's offspring. What was the idea? Was there something up the middy sleeve which he wotted not of? It looked like it. He had best be on the lookout for resistance to break out in a new spot.

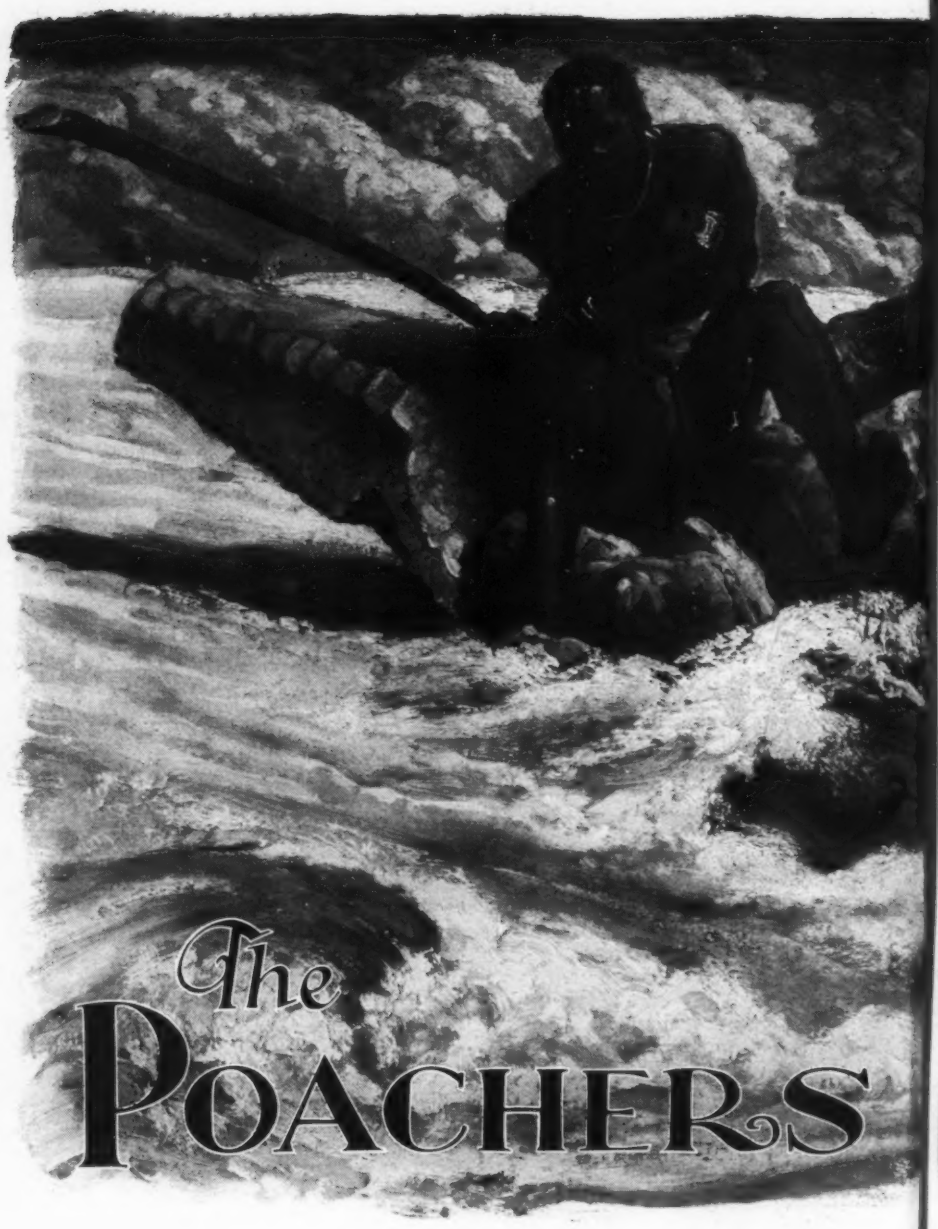
But nothing of the sort happened. Jack turned out to be a good cook, even better than the chef Trevor had left ashore. The chief engineer, who ate at the captain's mess, commented on the fact, and Jack blushed when the compliment was passed on.

"I've never had much experience, because there were always servants to do the work when I was at home, but I've always wanted to play around the kitchen, so maybe it comes natural to me."

The *Sylph*, having no place in particular to go, steamed in that general direction industriously all day.

Trevor began to feel a little sorry for his captive toward nightfall, and strolled near the galley and *(Please turn to page 140)*

The POACHERS



Some slight shifting in the balance of the hastily

By Mary Hastings Bradley

Illustrated by E. F. Ward

In her long journeys through savage Africa, Mrs. Bradley discovered more than merely new country; she came upon very strange happenings.

NICK whirled at the yelp of his dog. Somebody had caught Scrap unawares—somebody with boots on. The laughter of the porters was only half checked as he turned hotly on them; they knew well enough that it was Byfield who was master of the safari.

Hassan, Byfield's own black, stood grinning insolently as Nick approached. He was a big brute of a fellow, with muscles of a gorilla, a lowering, overhanging forehead and small, impudent eyes. There was the worst sort of Arab blood in him, heritage of some old slaver, giving a sinister arrogance to his truculent black face. He wore European clothes—Byfield's old khaki shorts and shirt—and as a special flourish, strips of ragged wool puttees and heavy English Oxfords. It was one of those Oxfords, Nick knew, that had caught his dog in the ribs.

"Damn you, what did you do to my dog?" said the young Englishman furiously.

"Softly, softly, Nicky." Byfield, ubiquitous as ever, had sauntered up and taken in the situation. He spoke with that touch of patronage which made Nick grind his teeth; every inflection of it was drunk in appreciatively by the grinning blacks on whom the words themselves were lost.

"Better keep your dog from annoying the men—nuisance, you know, that dog! Remember this chap of mine's a Mohammedan—dogs are unclean to him."

"He doesn't bother over native curs in the villages—it's *my* dog he wants to hurt!"

"Now why the devil should he want to hurt your dog?"

Byfield spoke with soothing reason as to a fractious child. He was a big, high-colored Englishman with military-looking gray mustaches that went with the title of major he had carried over from the war. In spite of the grilling march they had made that day under the heat of the African sun, he looked fairly immaculate in his sun-bleached khaki; there was a bland ease, physical and mental, about him; he had an unruffled air of good-humored authority.

A jolly fine fellow, deuced good company, the younger man had once thought him. Now every nerve in him jangled with aversion. There was a sly sort of smile in the corners of that mouth under the gray mustaches. Damn it, Byfield *enjoyed* seeing him mocked!

Sullenness settled on Nick's boyish face.

"Because he's a bully and knows you back him up in it," he answered shortly.

"Nonsense, Nick." Byfield spoke pleasantly, but with a touch of crispness as if, after all, patience had its limits. "You were to blame for taking a pet dog on a trip of this sort. However, it's nearly over. Let's get back to that loading."

"Right-o!" Nick forced a level-sounding agreement but resentment was still bright in his blue eyes. He strode past the watching Hassan, whose grin he could feel through his very back, and whistled to his dog.

Scrap came warily out of the bushes, still mistrustful of a world of such unpleasant surprises. Something in the anxious

piled bags—and the tricky log of a canoe rolled suddenly over.

eyes made Nick think of the day at Mombasa—his first in Africa—when he had found the half-starved pup, as lost and lonely as himself, worriedly searching through the crowd about the bustling godowns on the wharf, for a master who was evidently on the seas for home. He was just a scrap of a dog then, as much an undersized brindle bull terrier as he was anything, and Nicky Sanburn, with the exile's first homesickness, had promptly adopted him.

Scrap had been his first friend in Africa, and his closest through all the long five years. A stanch dog, his very shadow. Nick would no more have thought of leaving Scrap when he went on safari than he would have thought of omitting that weekly letter to the mother at home, that mother whose pitiful appeal for funds had sent him on this infernal expedition. From the first, however, Hassan had been bullying; and Byfield, his surface pleasantry wearing thin under the day-to-day strain of things, had backed him with a secret relish.

Or was he imagining that, Nick asked himself, in decent-minded fairness. You got to imagining things in Africa. You got into a sort of tension with people.

He had walked some distance away from the knot of men about the mound of goods, and choosing an isolated thicket he threw his raincoat there in its shade and told his dog to stay and watch it. Having something to watch would keep Scrap in one place. He spoke harshly to the dog, in his anger at the affair, and the dog looked anxiously after him, whining a little as he went away.

He couldn't take the dog with him across the river on that first load; the natives had got the canoe piled dangerously high already. He was going over with it to pick out a proper place to camp, while the men unloaded; then he would come back with the canoe and help Byfield get the rest under way.

There was only one canoe that the natives kept among the grass there on the Belgian side, a huge, hollowed-out log, narrow and deep, and with that they wanted to get all the stuff across the river before dark. It was close to sundown now.

Hassan was hurrying on the men in one of his accesses of authority; he was shouting and lashing out with his *kiboko* at the thin shanks of the nearest porters coming with the last loads—a violence that was another of the things Nick had not been able to prevent on the safari; and Byfield stood by, watching the scene with those pleased-looking gray eyes of his.

Nick turned; his hands rose above his head. Byfield waited only for one more taunt. "Had your look? Well, there's room there for one more."

For once Nick didn't mind seeing the *kibok* in action. Served them right, he thought; they had so much more respect for the man who lashed than the one who tried to prevent it. Strong-arm stuff—they appreciated that.

Byfield took a hand himself piling the last loads in the top-heavy canoe; he didn't shirk his end of it—Nick had to give him credit for that. He never worked when it wasn't necessary, but when he was needed he pitched in like a dozen men. He was strong, that fellow. His stiff finger didn't bother him in anything but shooting.

"Ready?" the Major was shouting at him, and Nick scrambled down the muddy bank and stepped gingerly into the place left for him, before the native in the stern. He crouched low between the high, narrow sides, for the canoe rolled like the log it was, and the least move would send it completely over. He held his gun carefully upright in front of him, its butt on his foot to keep out of the water that was slopping about the bottom.

There was a native in the bow and one in the stern, with poles so long that they seemed unmanageable, but the blacks used them with wonted skill, propelling the canoe for some time upstream close to the bank before sending it out into the powerful current that raced madly through the middle of the channel like a mill-stream.

An ugly river, the Semliki, Nick Sanburn thought, staring out at the swirling brown waters tearing past him, a hot, streaming, unlovely river, between its high mud banks overgrown with rank lushness of tall grass—but a decidedly important one, for all its smallness here, for it was the boundary between the Belgian and the British territories.

Once on that other shore, with all their stuff, they would be out of the Congo and free from the worrying fear that had been secretly nagging at them ever since the day Nick had brought down the big tusker.

Not that they would be wholly safe, even there. If they ran into the safari of some British official—an unlikely chance!—they would have a sweet time explaining the presence of those tusks. Tusks that were still green ivory, the hollow ends hardly dried inside from the skull—ivory utterly unstamped with the export mark of the Congo!

Nick didn't know what the penalty was for bringing in smuggled ivory from over the border, though probably it was not as great as the penalty for poaching, if caught on the Belgian side. But anything would be disaster.

However, by nightfall they would have those tusks safely buried. Then they'd camp, while Byfield got word to the Hindu trader up there at Fort Portal, five days away—three, as the native goes; and once they had made their bargain they would move out and leave him to possession.

Nick felt he wouldn't draw a free breath till it was over. All the glamour of the adventure was gone. He'd never go in for this sort of stunt again.

But he'd been desperate. The ranch hadn't paid, the ranch he had bought with the little inheritance his widowed mother had made over to him. His father had been a country doctor, killed at the close of the war. Ultimately the mother had gone to live with her sister till Nicky could send out for her—fortunes were so soon made in that golden Africa of opportunity.

That had been five years ago, when Nick was twenty-one. He had bought a little place in Toro, jolly, rolling acres in a country that was a very Eden of smiling fertility. Anything, everything,

would grow there! It would and did. Cotton was the thing,—the Empire was encouraging cotton-planting,—and Nick's acres bloomed like snowfields.

But there were no pickers. No compulsory labor—the grand sentiment of the Protectorate! He'd admired it once. But the Protectorate saw that its own work was kept up! Natives worked for the Government, brushing off the roads and shearing the golf-courses, and they worked for their chiefs, because the old tribal authority still held; but they wouldn't work for the planters. Why should they? They had everything they wanted, and money was still nothing in their lives.

A few came, but they were too few. The chiefs made the money; they grew cotton and got it picked, all right, and grew rich selling it to India and Japan. They could buy motorcars and European clothes. Of course one always hoped that by the next crop things would be different, but there was always something.

Nick had tried tobacco; cigars dropped to two pounds the thousand. Cheese; tsetse killed his cows. This year his coffee was bearing, and he had fields of sweet potatoes almost ready for harvesting, when the elephants had broken in, gorging themselves upon his potatoes and tramping riotously across his coffee plants; and the Government forbade him to fire a gun!

Send for the Government elephant-killer. Then tell him about it, and over your ruined fields gesture him to the mountains where the rogue herd had gone!

The bitterness of that, the rankling smart of what he felt to be injustice was the thing that had made him listen so readily to Byfield, his neighbor.

"Gad, the country *owes* us an elephant, Nicky—what say we go get us one?"

That was the beginning of it. Nick had laughed it off, at first, but after his mother's last letter with its revelations of cramped dependence and its sorry little appeal—perhaps dear Nicky didn't *realize*?—he had been more than ready to go.

Stony broke, and no hope from the ranch for months now. Byfield said he could do with a bit more of the ready, too. No sense wasting money on costly licenses on the chance they would have luck—that was for visiting hunters. They belonged to the country, putting their lives into it, and the country owed them a living.

Encouraged, Byfield produced some well-thought-out plans.

The Congo—that was the place. Just over the Semliki, a few marches away. Plenty of elephants in the foothills on the edge of the forest. And no bothersome officials—only one white man holding the border north there at Mboga.

Slip over the border, get a pair of fine points and there you were! Even the Hindus would pay a pound sterling for each pound of ivory.

Nicky would have to do the shooting, for the Major had a finger stiffened from a cut—all right enough it was for the usual game, but it wouldn't do to take chances on a couple hundred pounds of ivory.

And Nicky had set out with him like a boy on a holiday. All his pent-up resentments, his impatience with the long struggle, his bitterness at repeated disappointments, found ready satisfaction in the very piracy of the expedition. Africa owed him something. Plenty of better men than he had got their start that way. Laughed about it afterwards—long enough afterwards.

A bit of free ivory was nothing for a man to be ashamed of—if he wasn't caught at the business.

And Nick was not ashamed of it now, though he was worried and would be worried till the ivory was safely out of their hands. He had had a gorgeous time on that hunt when he had got the big tusker. He had earned him, all right, risking his neck a dozen times in the forest, among the suspicious cows and young bulls. There had been bad times before, when he had let the first *tembo* get away, and he hadn't been sure of his luck, but the tusker had more than made up for that.

What a tusker! He'd never seen bigger points, though he'd heard there was a bigger pair in the Government House at Nairobi. Over a hundred and twenty pounds each of those ran, but his were a hundred and ten and a hundred and fifteen—phenomenal for these days.

Sheer luck, his getting such big ones. Two hundred and twenty-five pounds in weight,—say twenty, anyway, allowing for scales,—at a pound a pound, and that was a hundred and ten pounds, sterling, apiece. A hundred, cool, when the expenses of the trip were paid.

Fifty pounds to his mother, and fifty to run along on for the next three months till his cotton was ready. Oh, it wasn't such a bad world after all! If only the business were safely over and he had his money!

THEY were in midstream now, in the rush of the current. The two natives were poling hard, sending the canoe across the racing water, on a diagonal to the other shore.

Then—Nick never knew what happened. Some slight move, perhaps, on the part of the natives, some shifting in the balance of the hastily piled bags—and the tricky log of a canoe rolled suddenly over.

In an instant they were all in the water.

Instinctively he held his gun high above his head, once he came to the surface, hoping the brief immersion hadn't got through the grease. He had to swim with the gun in one hand and the unpleasant thought of crocodiles in his head—with typical planter ignorance he did not know whether there were any crocs in this part of the river or not. He made such poor progress that it looked as if he were going to follow the canoe straight downstream and not make the shore at all, but a projecting point saved him.

With all his strength, he just made it. The two natives were already there, wringing out their barkskin loin-cloths in shivering disgust.

Disgust was his own emotion. He was sick at heart for the loss of the canoe. How on earth were they to manage now? He wondered if there was a chance of recovering it. Faintly he could hear the shoutings from the other shore, and see the man racing along the bank, in obedience, doubtless, to Byfield's harsh urgings.

They would never get it again. And there wasn't another for miles, except the ones, two days' march away, at the regular border crossing, guarded by native officials on each side. They couldn't get the tusks over there.

It was the hardest luck. He felt responsible, since he'd been in the thing when it happened, and Byfield would make him responsible. But Byfield was more to blame in the matter than he was. Byfield had put those top loads on himself.

What in the devil were they going to do?

There they were, the three drowned rats of them, and over on the other side were the handful of porters they had got at the last village, their luggage, what was left of it, and the precious tusks.

And Scrap! Once the young Englishman thought of his dog, he ceased to worry about the tusks. They could bury them on Belgian soil, as they had once talked of doing, anyway, and send for the Indian trader four days away at Mboga, and sell them to him. Nick had been in favor of that plan all along—he had wanted the whole transaction over with before they got back to British soil, but Byfield had been sure they could get a better price from the fellow at Portal.

Well, nothing for it but the Belgian trader now. He hoped they wouldn't lose too much on the transaction, that was all.

But Scrap! Sitting there on the old raincoat, whining after him. He'd never leave the coat; he'd go supperless—Nick was more troubled about that than by his own supperless condition; and Scrap would be at the mercy of that Mohammedan bully.

Nick thought of trying to swim back but he knew he could not make it with one hand and he hated to leave his gun; he thought of slinging it on his back, and trying to oil it quickly afterwards, but that was a stiff chance and it was all the gun he had. Besides, there might be crocs. By morning, he thought, the men on the other side could knock a raft together and come for him—perhaps they could even get the stuff over.

On this side there were no trees for a raft, only the tall elephant grass and some light scrub near the river.

HE felt more cheerful at that thought of a raft, and after a last pointless halloo and wave at Byfield's figure, standing darkly in the waning light, he hurried to help the natives rig some sort of shelter together for the oncoming night. He cut brush with his jack-knife while they slashed with their own blades; then they tied a beehive of framework together and hastened to heap grass upon it.

Wet and chilled as Nick was from the river, the sweat started on him as he worked. Though the sun was gone, the low, flat valley, between its barren walls of mountains, still held the stifling heat of the day, as if the exhausted land were too listless, too wearily indifferent, to throw off the blanketing enemy that had paralyzed it.

A close, sticky, steaming heat it was, hateful to blood enriched by the years on the high plateaus of Toro. Mosquitoes were singing shrilly and he had a gloomy thought of fever. The Semliki was rotten with it, and with tsetse, too. He knew that he had but a slight chance of getting sleeping sickness from one night on the river but he had the hill man's distrust of low ground. Not for nothing had the Semliki won the grim name of Death Valley!

The natives, more skillful than he, completed the job of getting the hut of sorts together; they coaxed a fire to burn from the green twigs and dried grass, and crouching about it, they drew out of their goat-skin bags, that had withstood the water well, a little meal and native tobacco.

They did not offer to share; they looked apprehensively at him as they lighted their clay pipes, ready to leap away at his slightest offensive. He did not blame them; he grinned and tried, to their amusement, to dry out his wet cigarettes; finally he paid the tobacco to them for a brief pull at a pipe.

Soon they were curled and snoring in the shelter, while he sat slapping mosquitoes by the dead embers, and listening to the shrill din of insects. Far away, a lion grunted in the reeds by the river, and Nick laid his gun across his knees. After a time he crawled into the shelter and stretched out beside the porters, hoping for speedy oblivion to obliterate the musky smell of the Africans.

BUT sleep was fitful. Worry and mosquitoes stung him awake. The porters snored and reeked; the heat stifled him, and he went outside again, and tried conclusions in the grass, his hand on his gun.

A shot waked him. He was upright, tensely listening, before it died away. It came from the west, across the river. The porters snored, unhearing. . . . . Then came the thin, shrill yelp of a dog.

Scrap—was that Scrap? A tingle of hot, blaspheming fury ran through him. What were they doing over there? What mischief was afoot?

He listened, it seemed, for hours, but he heard nothing more, and at last he fell heavily asleep.

The sun woke him. The heat and brightness fell on his face like the breath of an opening furnace door. Stiffly he got up, wet with heavy dew; he saw the sun was well over the rim of the eastern mountains. By George, he had slept!

He looked about him; the two natives were gone. He shouted for them in vain, then went down to the river, staring uselessly at its empty, lifeless banks. Had they swum across or—more likely—trekked along the bank to some distant village of which they knew?

Cupping his hands, he nearly burst his lungs sending halloos to that other shore. Not a sign of life answered him. He supposed that Byfield had gone back to the higher ground to camp, but he expected some watcher to be on the lookout for him, to give some signal, he scarcely knew what. They had the trees on their side—couldn't they get a raft over to him to assist his swimming back?

Hunger and irritation mounted, and the nagging anxiety for his dog increased. Impatient with his *(Please turn to page 160)*

What We Gain from Polar Exploration

By Vilhjalmur Stefansson

The author not only stands foremost among Arctic explorers but is also one of the intellectual leaders of our time.

Stefansson bringing in a seal. Photographed by Captain Sir Hubert Wilkins.

IF somebody asks you why you are so interested in the Antarctic flights of Byrd and Wilkins, or why the newspapers are carrying such big headlines about useless stunts at the bottom of the world, you can come back at him with stout arguments.

For one thing, nothing ever paid so well in the long run as the investment of time, money, and even life itself, in pure science or the advancement of knowledge for its own sake. This is true even though the seekers after truth rarely strive for money profit and are frequently the least able as well as the least inclined to try estimating the money value of their achievements.

Had you met the Greek, for instance, who first discovered that the square of the longest side of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the two shorter sides, and if you had said to him, "My dear fellow, what's the good of knowing that?" he might have replied with the Greek equivalent of "Search me!" But upon that discovery, and others like it, have been built among other things the sciences of engineering and navigation. For it is by using just such theories that engineers can throw strong and graceful bridges across the broadest rivers, and that captains can bring their liners safely into port after a three-thousand-mile ocean crossing in fog and storm.

Commander Richard E. Byrd using the sextant from the observation seat of his giant Fokker plane.

International Newsreel Photo

Comfort and success, the ease of making money and the safety of life, depend on the principles of triangles to such an extent that not all the gold-mines in the world would pay for the loss of that one set of theories and the fruits we have already gathered from it.

If a Greek or an Egyptian scratching with a stick can find in dry sand an idea about triangles which is worth more than the fortunes of all our millionaires, then who of us has the wisdom to say that Wilkins or Byrd flying over the unknown mountain peaks of the Antarctic may not discover and bring home some idea of corresponding value in actual money?

But there are values beyond money. The human spirit craves to know and treasures knowledge for its own sake. We probe the depths of outermost space with telescopes costing millions, and the shrewdest financiers think the investment profitable. Andrew Carnegie said, for instance, when he was told that multitudes of previously unknown nebulæ had been recorded on the first photographic plate exposed in the great telescope which he gave to Mount Wilson Observatory, that the one plate had repaid the entire cost of building the telescope. Whatever the telescope might do after its first night's work, said he, would be net profit.

It may be argued that the land in the Antarctic which is now being explored is of no value, since we cannot at present see how farmers or realtors can develop or capitalize it. But certainly a square mile of our earth, even if it be the poorest square mile, is worth more, at least to us, than a million square miles of a nebula which is so remote that it takes a million-dollar telescope to see it.

Airships will probably offer within ten years a ten-day excursion in Pullman-car comfort that will take Americans to the South Pole and Australians to the North Pole for a thousand dollars. If you like to visit both poles on the same trip, the price may be fifty per cent higher.

It is agreed, of course, that people do not build telescopes just to see nebulæ; but it is equally true that people do not explore the tropics or the Arctic just to see them. They do it for that reason, but they have many others. The explorer brings home facts and ideas, visions of beauty and principles of science. No one can yet tell, perhaps least of all the discoverers themselves, to just what use their findings eventually will be put by the arts and sciences, by the commerce and the culture of the world.

The clamorous objections to discovery expeditions of all sorts have been based in all ages upon the supposition that the remote is worthless. This has never turned out to be anything but one more sign of the conservatism of our forefathers. For the strange thing of today with its unknown uses is the familiar thing of tomorrow with myriad values. "Seneca oil" was, to the ignorant whites, a magical Red Indian charm from the distant mountains; to Franklin it was a scientific curiosity; to Rockefeller the source of a billion-dollar fortune. Today it is an indispensable necessity to every manufacturer and user of automobiles, including yourself.

Conservatives may object that there is no fair comparison be-

tween such discoveries as those of mineral oil and of new territories, but they might well wish they had never raised that objection. Take the Romans, for instance, who considered it obvious in the time of their greatness that no military power would ever develop north of the Alps, and that no one would ever live there by choice. Tacitus, one of the wisest and most widely traveled Romans, said that in so many words in his book "About Germany," "*De Germania.*" Which shows that even in spite of the northern explorations of Julius Cæsar, the Roman mind was still under the dominance of the Greek theory that there was a region in the far North where no living thing could exist, and where no human values could, therefore, be developed.

We have a remnant of that worthlessness idea still; but we misapply it to Greenland and Alaska while they misapplied it to England and France. England does not lie, as the Romans thought, near the edge of the habitable world. Instead it lies in a most central and strategic position, as you will see if you study a truthful globe instead of a misleading flat map. England, then, is like a spider at the center of a commercial web that binds together the rich and civilized countries of the world. Even though we excel her in direct riches of our own, she excels us in strategic position. Yet the Romans thought her doomed to permanent inferiority, because they mistakenly supposed her to be at the margin of the earth.

The Wilkins Lockheed plane being hauled from the lagoon at Barrow village to the larger lagoon from which they took off for Spitzbergen.

Cache set on snow blocks to keep skins, food and supplies from animals.

Some of our ideas about the world may still be nearly as wrong as those of the Romans were. We need explorers to go to the last far places and bring back correct reports. Thus only can we be protected from the Roman type of mistakes in statesmanship and commercial policy.

People, whether Romans of two thousand years ago or Americans of today, do not object to the exploration of the polar regions because they are worthless, but only because they think they are. The Romans thought Scotland worthless because they thought she could produce no important crop. But the most valuable crop of any land is a sound and energetic people. If Scotland had never produced anything but Scotsmen, it would have deserved a front-line position among the treasure lands of the earth.

North of Scotland, and of no value at all in Greek theory because supposed to be eternally frozen and snow-covered, were the Scandinavian countries. But out of them came the Viking civilization. When the grip of Rome began to relax, the Vikings descended from the north, took part of France away from the French, changed its name to Normandy, and became the Normans who conquered England at the Battle of Hastings in 1066.

The Battle of Hastings is usually looked upon as a struggle between Norsemen and Englishmen; but half of England was then under the control of the Norse, and even the Harold who fought a losing fight against William at Hastings was Norse on his mother's side. It is only a slight exaggeration to say that the Battle of Hastings was a fight in England between two Norsemen for the control of England.

England, which Cæsar had failed to subdue completely, was now being completely subdued by a race who came from lands in which the Greeks and early Romans believed no living thing could exist.

All this happened a thousand years after Tacitus. He had plenty of time to die serenely ignorant that his estimate of the potential military and commercial power of the "frozen lands of northern Europe" would one day seem pathetically inadequate or grotesquely funny. We may die in similar ignorance of the destinies of our world unless we explore it diligently and study without prejudice its farthest corners.

The popular or common definition of the Arctic has always been that it included those lands and seas which are worthless to mankind because they are so cold and bare. From that point of view, the history of Europe and North America is a constant tale of a retreating or shrinking Arctic. In 1763, for instance, Benjamin Franklin is on record as believing that the little tropical island of Guadaloupe was worth more than all of Canada. Canada was then only the section east of the Great Lakes, but that is beside the point. For Toronto and Montreal were towns in Franklin's Canada; and single streets in either of them are today worth more in assessed real-estate than the whole island of Guadaloupe.

Franklin undervalued Canada because he thought it to be colder than it is, or thought cold to be a greater handicap than it is. In 1867, the United States undervalued Alaska for the same reason. It is now known that Seward bought that territory to repay the Russians for services rendered to the government of Abraham Lincoln during the War between the States. If either Russia or the United States had thought Alaska to be worth $7,200,000, the transaction would not have been a payment but a trade.

It was thought in 1867 that even the south of Alaska was practically worthless because of the cold. That is why it was called "Seward's Folly," and "Seward's Lump of Ice." But a company producing reindeer meat in *northern* Alaska and selling it in all the great markets of the world is now capitalized for millions and has an office in the Wall Street section of New York.

Reindeer ranching is not as yet even one of the greatest industries of Alaska—it is merely the newest and most picturesque. There are vast coal-fields, among other things. That industry, potentially colossal, is sluggish for the present in Alaska. But so is coal mining in the United States and in England, which shows that northerliness has little to do with it. Besides, the coal mines of Spitzbergen are working. They are six hundred and more miles north of the Arctic Circle, some of them a thousand miles north of the mines of Alaska. Yet they are being developed now at a profit, the output going south into Europe to compete with British coal.

It is beginning to be widely understood that no land in the Arctic is without its commercial value. This much at least is the gain of past exploration. Defining the Arctic as the region sup-

Scott's party at Amundsen's tent at the South Pole. Scott took this picture to prove the Norwegian's prior discovery of the pole, in case Amundsen failed to return. Instead, it was Scott who was to die. None of the men shown here survived.

posed at any given time by the civilized people of that time to be worthless because of the cold, we can credit northern exploration with the initiation of every development that has created values in Canada, Alaska, the Scandinavian countries, northern Russia, and any of the other lands that have so far been developed. It is the uniform success in developing these lands which has created the presumption that all the rest of the Arctic is valuable.

When you have come to that conclusion and have realized what a vast story there is behind Arctic exploration, we may glance with special interest at the last chapter of it, the achievements of the polar explorers who are now living among us, or rather the achievements of the period which is covered by their working years.

The patriarch of living explorers, still active in body and mind, is Major General A. W. Greely, long retired from the Army, for he is eighty-five years old. To begin with, he answers one of the shallow objections to polar exploration, the contention that it entails hardships which are necessarily destructive to health. If anyone had hardships it was Greely, for through a series of accidents, and the failure of governments and men to carry out promises, his expedition was trapped in a perilous situation where seventeen out of twenty-five died of hunger. Greely himself was near death when rescued. But look at him now, and talk with him in the Cosmos Club at Washington—you will decide he is between ten and twenty years younger in appearance and actions than the calendar says. Still younger, for his years, is his fellow-survivor of the same expedition, Brigadier General D. L. Brainard, who is now seventy-three.

Greely and Brainard were in the forefront of a great work. For it was they, and their collaborators in many countries, who first took up that systematic study of Arctic weather conditions which has helped so materially to increase the power of our scientists to forecast winds and rains and temperatures. Those studies nearly half a century ago were the beginning of that aërial conquest of the Arctic which Wilkins in a sense completed only a year ago—as we shall see later.

Reindeer herd belonging to a large corporation in the Arctic.

Few anachronisms are stranger than the notion which some people have today that flying across the Arctic is a stunt, something purely academic, of doubtful scientific and no commercial value. How, then, will these new out-of-daters explain the fact that for three hundred years many nations of Europe poured out a ceaseless stream of blood and treasure in seeking a route direct across the Arctic to China? Were they all impractical, vainly idealistic? Were they so deluded that they were striving toward a worthless goal?

Really the prize they were striving for is more valuable now than it was then. They were trying to save time by saving distance, and time is more valuable today than it ever has been in the past.

The practical British strove for three hundred years to penetrate north to China, simply because north is the short way to China from England. But really it lies northeast from England by the nearest route, and directly north from the United States. It is accordingly more important for the Americans than for the British to demonstrate the practicability of a straight north route. This cannot be by railway, for steel tracks do not lie well upon an ocean, and there is an ocean in the way. It cannot be by steamer, for boats do not progress favorably through ice, and there is much ice in the way. But it can be through airship and airplane, for the sky stretches direct from us to China, and there is nothing in the way—except superstitious beliefs about terrifying conditions in the North; it was those superstitions that the meteorological studies of Greely and his colleague began to remove.

A towering figure in the exploring world, and supreme in the length of his career and the persistence and success of his work, was the other and younger *(Please turn to page 145)*

By Dana Gatlin

Who offers a fascinating speculation about people purely imaginary and not to be identified with any actual persons.

Enter the Prince

Illustrated by C. D. Mitchell

That night Mathilde made her appearance. She had evidently shaken off her influenza and looked so vital that you wondered at any microbe's temerity.

THE Prince was bored. And upon this was layered the natural feelings of any young man who has taken a long and personally inconvenient journey to see a girl he has no desire to see, only to find her after all—providentially—invisible. The Princess Mathilde Marie had succumbed suddenly to a germ of the influenza, sadly reported her father, the old Duke Royal. The physician had given strict orders—absolutely she must stay in bed. The old Duke was profuse in his apologies, inconsolable.

And the young Prince was inconsolable—pretendings of this sort are part of the training of a prince. Not that he was a hypocritical young man, for not even a prince could have won his vast reputation for likability and charm on merely assumed virtues. There must have been something solid under his amiable courtesy, for the old Duke liked him so tremendously. And the Prince really liked the old Duke almost as much as he pretended. They got along together splendidly, really. But when all was said, it was all purposeless, empty—tiresome. There were so many banquets and reviews and presentations that the Prince was ready to drop from fatigue and need of sleep, and he wondered where they would have wedged in Princess Mathilde had she been up and wedgable.

Not that he gave the least hint of his true feelings; his training had been much too thorough and his practice too long. And how long would it still carry on? He supposed that twenty, thirty, forty years hence, when he was a doddering, simpering old man, he would still be grimacing and mouthing amiabilities instead of simply telling them all to go to hell. He didn't really want anyone to go to hell, and would have been conscience-stricken if some chance slip of his tongue should ever achieve that dire consequence; yet at times, in his secret heart of hearts—well, we all have our moods.

He was reflecting, this lovely spring morning, as he strode along a deserted strip of shore, that he ought to be able to stick two days more of it. The time was half over—and he'd had that unanticipated bit of golden luck. He was grateful to the Princess, and his sympathies went out to her because the "flu" was a disagreeable business; he didn't want her actually to die; he was willing, even anxious, for her to live to a ripe and happy old age—with her happy ripeness far removed from himself. He'd had a lucky shot this time, but how long would his luck hold?

He strode briskly, but his young face was stern. This strip of beach, quite a distance from the palace, seemed private; the vista was lonely-looking and beautiful, but none knew better than he that it wasn't as deserted as it appeared. He had taken every precaution his far from clumsy wits could devise to slip off unobserved—but what was the use? Probably a score of unseen eyes were this moment watching him; any second old Horrensmith was apt to come popping into view, as if out strolling for his own delectation. Old Horrensmith had a title, and several attach-

ments worn after his name, and was quite an awesome person—to tell the truth, the Prince entertained a certain wholesome fear of his traveling companion. Nevertheless they were good pals; it wasn't that he disliked old Horrensmith personally, but merely that the whole world was ubiquitous and a mess. He was a prince. And that, believe it or don't, is not what it's cracked up to be.

Suddenly he was arrested by the sight of a huge red-and-orange beach-umbrella upraised with its back to him scarcely fifty feet ahead. Perhaps it was the stridency of the umbrella, colors he abominated. At all events for a second he had every appearance of one about to turn tail in outraged flight. But even while he hesitated, Chance, Fate, Misfortune — what-d'you-call-it? — approached, hovered, swooped. An incalculable swirl of wind suddenly snatched the monstrous canopy, lifted it from its moorings, shook it with gleeful spite, then sent it rolling over and over down the beach as a child trundles a hoop. And in the same second sounded a little scream, and a young lady, who had obviously been under the umbrella, scrambled to her feet in pursuit of the gaudy fugitive.

The Prince hesitated. One foot was poised for retreat, and instinct is strong, but—well, instinct *is* strong. He simply could not turn his back upon calamity! She evidently prized the lurid horror, for when it caromed prankishly and went tumbling toward the water-edge, she gave another little scream and went speeding after. All this the Prince saw out of the tail of his eye. Good Lord—couldn't she see those breakers, and hadn't she heard about the undertow?

With an unprincely yell of warning, he entered the picture definitely and determinedly. The Prince could run very fast. He outdistanced the girl, whom he had startled to a standstill by his tumultuous advent and yell. He was plainly bent on rescue at any cost; but luckily he got no more than wet ankles, as well as the umbrella, which was lucky or not as one looked at it. Its owner obviously thought so, for she said fervently:

"Oh, thank you—thank you so much. I thought it was gone!"

Their eyes had met, then clung, with something like a shock. She was as vivid as her umbrella but—odd!—at that first impact the Prince knew, sharply, she was a girl one could—like. He noticed she spoke in English—an American undoubtedly; and he replied, also in English, politely but a little severely:

"It's a very nice umbrella, awfully pretty, but you should have stopped to think of the surf. That undertow's a man-eater."

"And *you* headed straight for it—oh, I *was* thoughtless, and I'm sorry! See, your socks are soaking wet! And" — contritely — "they're s u c h pretty socks!"

He thought they were pretty himself; they were of delicate blue blended with silvery-gray and the faintest rose—the same shades being repeated in his tie and in the handkerchief peeping from the breast pocket of his gray tweed suit; the Prince was a natty dresser.

He blushed, something he did often and easily, and was mumbling that the socks did not matter when she further confused—reduced—him by saying: "You always wear pretty socks, don't you? I don't wonder that all the young swells copy you from Fifth Avenue to Piccadilly and the Riviera."

Her smile was indescribably admiring, respectful and impish; the Prince blushed more furiously than ever.

"Why—er—I say—"

"Of course I know who you are!"—in a tone of mingled deference and triumph.

"You know who I am?"—unhappily.

"It's not so remarkable, is it? All the pictures, you know."

Oh, yes, to be sure—all the pictures. In news-journals, magazines, shockers, shop-windows, the cinemas. In court clothes,

riding-breeches, golf-togs, uniformed; in aviator's helmet, topper, or merely a soft felt or bowler. Back as far as he could remember. Nowhere on God's green earth a rest from those smirking duplicates of his countenance; nowhere—save in the azure vaults above—an escape from the detestable *click-click* of the cameras.

His young face took on its stern look, and he darted an instinctive glance over his shoulder. The girl laughed.

"My umbrella's life saved by a prince—*the* Prince—and not a camera in sight! I ask you, isn't that tough on a girl? But you're pretty sick of cameras—perhaps?"

His sternness relaxed. He could not help smiling, because she was so extraordinarily nice; he was, really, trying to balance and adjust himself to her extraordinary niceness.

She wasn't very tall nor yet very small—just right. She was dark and slim and very pretty, *chic*, but this wasn't what counted. She looked so tremendously alive. The zest of sheer living illumined her. She looked so self-confident and so fearless. She would tease you, and see through you, and perhaps stick pins in you—but she looked so human—sweet! He thought to himself she'd make a wonderful pal, and felt suddenly and absurdly homesick at the thought.

The Prince had a swift, dazzling smile—it was famous. "You're an American, aren't you?" he asked.

It was her turn to look confused; but amusement, and a look pleased rather than resentful, blended with her surprise. "How did you guess it? Because I'm so fresh?"

"Oh, no! Not at all! You're only out-and-out, and nice about it—awfully nice. But the reason I guessed was that book." And he indicated the American motion-picture magazine which she held under her arm.

"I bought it over here," she remarked, glancing at her give-away. "I've bought it all over Europe—evidently Europe likes American movies. How do you like Americans?"

"I think they're corking. American girls especially."

"You like girls, don't you? . . . . I know that was impertinent, but everyone's so interested in you and I may never have this chance again." She proceeded to utilize her opportunity by asking: "Are you really as embarrassed as you look when you blush, or is it just an art?"

The princely suffusion did not decrease. "I say! You enjoy pulling my leg, don't you?"

"Good gracious, I wouldn't dare!"

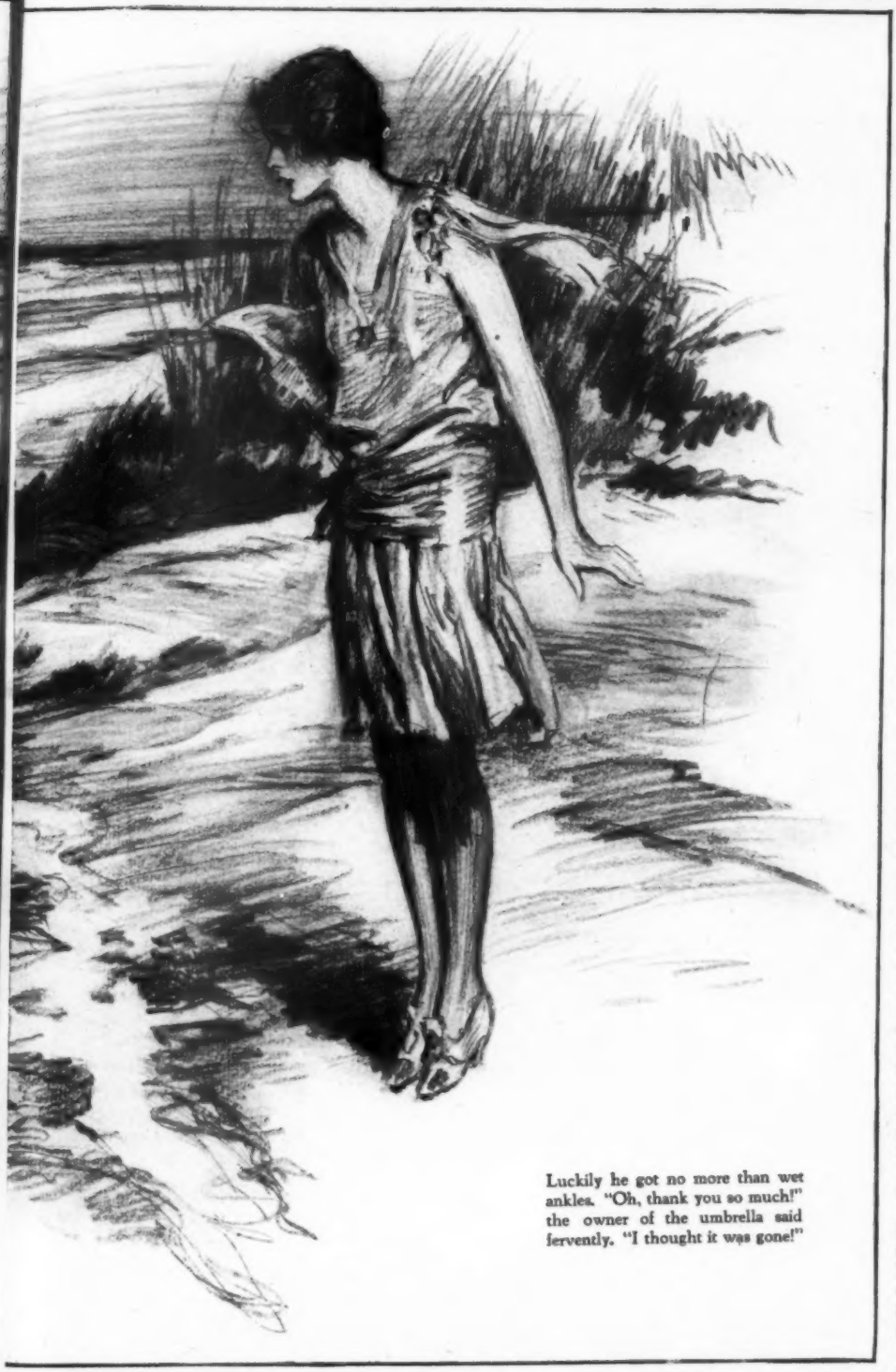
"I think an American would dare anything!"—grinning. "*Some* Americans. . . . . Shall we sit down?" He had forgotten that he was bored.

For a second she hesitated, then looked straight into his eyes. "Shall we?" she said.

He began briskly adjusting the umbrella. It was still dripping. and he wiped it off carefully with the handkerchief from his breast pocket. Red-and-orange streaked themselves like angry blood across the delicate azure, but never mind! He gave her a hand, seated himself without even glancing over his shoulder, smiled at her, then bent forward suddenly.

"Why—your eyes are *blue!*" he exclaimed.

"Of course. Unless they've changed miraculously—they've always been blue. What's that got to do with it?"



Luckily he got no more than wet ankles. "Oh, thank you so much!" the owner of the umbrella said fervently. "I thought it was gone!"

"I thought at first they were brown; I like blue eyes better," he replied simply.

It was strange how easily, naturally, they fell into talk. And the things they talked about! Chaff, jest, laughter—trifles and solemnities of life. Wind and sand and sun and sea, and a youth and a maid. A glint, a cloud, a gust, a hush. Spring and freedom and youth; comradeliness—a spark. In the hushed intervals that came they looked at each other and away—swift, plunging less-than-questions, half-afraid.

He remarked her accent, not characteristically American, and she said she'd had an English governess.

"Are you staying here?" he asked.

"Not on these sands; I'm not a mermaid, if that's what you mean."

"You know what I mean."

Her eyes dropped and she colored slightly. She told him she was staying with relatives who had a house not far away; she seemed one of those cosmopolitan young American ladies with relatives domiciled all over Europe.

"I'm visiting here at the palace," the Prince informed her very courteously.

She told him, a little dryly, she had heard that. She asked if it would be too presuming to ask about the young Princess; was she as beautiful and g r a c i o u s and charming as princesses were supposed to be?

Her eyes were on him in frank curiosity, and the Prince replied soberly he had never seen the Princess, who was ill, but he had no doubt she was beautiful and charming. "However," he added, "beauty and charm are far from being exclusively royal prerogatives."

She flashed him a swift glance and asked about the palace; it was tremendously magnificent, she supposed.

"I don't know—I haven't noticed; they've got awfully big beds," he replied.

Then he noted her blush, a faint, slow suffusion that spread painfully until it covered her entire face. He thought it strange such a poised and modern girl should blush for such a trivial cause—in fact, no cause. To make it worse he felt himself blushing; to cover up the momentary absurd confusion he began recollecting items of the palatial magnificence which he had noticed after all. But, he said, he liked simple things best himself. The Palace was too ornate; too much carving and worm-eaten gew-gawry, and moth-eaten tapestries and dim old paintings, and the tattered banners in the Hall of Triumph, were impressive in a way, but gave you a sense of mold and decay and dust. And the rooms were so big and draughty it was no wonder the Princess got the flu.

Perhaps he was trying to put her at her ease.

The girl nodded. "I can just see it!" she agreed. "But I suppose these decayed old royalties have to be proud of something if it's only decayed furniture!"—not concealing a trace of scorn. "They haven't got much else left, have they?"

The Prince looked embarrassed and slightly shocked. It was true that the old Duke was far from rich; his royal branch, albeit with distinguished roots, had gone sadly to seed—so sadly that it was imperative his only daughter should contract an advantageous alliance. But these matters were grave, diplomatic, and not for light or promiscuous discussion.

His expression must have recalled his companion to her breach of taste, for she exclaimed, apologetically, that she was interested in "interior decoration," and would like to "do over" some of these old palaces—at all events it wouldn't hurt them to put in some decent plumbing and ways to get proper heat.

"And a few brass beds?" suggested the Prince.

She frowned, but blushed again, and so did the Prince. Why was she so touchy about beds?

He amended quickly, "I take the *(Please turn to page 156)*

The Girl from God's Mercie

The Story So Far:

STANLEY CLARKE turned his eyes from the black-haired girl ahead, and glancing out the car window, glimpsed a lonely blue sheet of water and a band of woodland caribou. Conductor Waterby dropped into the seat facing him.

"Say," Waterby remarked, "you're Mr. Clarke, aint you?" And when Clarke nodded: "I got the name from your baggage. You're a newcomer down north here, aint you? You're getting off at Mile 301, I notice. Taking a vacation down here, maybe?"

Clarke sensed a purpose behind these personal inquiries.

"I'm a scientist," he answered, "—going to make an entomological collection and survey of the upper Hudsonian life zones. I'm going to Fort Kinlay first."

"Oh, I see! Uh-huh. Say, Clarke, you see that young lady up yon?" He turned and indicated the black-haired girl.

Clarke nearly jumped. "Yes, I—I've noticed her," he said.

"Well, she's getting off at Mile 256. There'll be an airplane there waiting to take her to Kez-Etawney. I believe you'd be right welcome to go along. That way the expenses wouldn't be so heavy on either one of you. I'll take you up and introduce you—if you'd like to make that arrangement."

Some time later, when Clarke had been introduced to the black-haired girl and she had approved of the conductor's plan for Clarke to share the airplane trip with her, he found himself with Waterby again. He explained that he carried a letter of introduction to Harl Armstrong, a reindeer rancher, and then inquired:

"Miss Barton—her home is here in the North? I noticed a good many people know her."

"Everybody does that's been here any time. She was borned and raised away to hell 'n' gone down north at a post called God's Mercie. I mean—she was *raised* there; old Bishop Barton, Church of England missionary, raised her; and a mighty sweet and sensible girl he and his wife made of her, too. It was on one of his Barrens trips he was visiting a band of Antler Hares and found a little white girl among the Indian kids. Somehow he got the whole truth out of the headman: Over Resolution way a trader fell in love with the young wife of another man, and got her to run off with him. Their baby was borned there at the Antler-Hare camp. The man pitched off and left her and their baby helpless there. One of the bucks made the wife go into his tepee; she died after a couple of years of that, but the baby lived. . . . . The trader got what was coming to him. That girl's husband met up with him years later and killed him bare-handed. The Bishop carried the child back to God's Mercie and raised her like she was his own. He died two years ago. It was just after that that she went down to school in the States—"

"He's dead? Then who sent her? Who's she returning to?"

"Why, to Harl. His reindeer ranch wasn't bringing in anything yet, but by fur-trading he managed to squeeze out enough—"

Stanley caught his breath. "Harl? Harl Armstrong?"

"Why, sure, Clarke. Didn't you see that ring Frances is wearing? She's on her way to meet Harl. She's going back to marry him." . . . .

With Frances Barton, Clarke made the airplane journey to the tiny frontier settlement where Harl Armstrong met them. He was threatened by serious trouble among his Indian helpers. And that evening when the party was returning from a fishing excursion, Armstrong's half-breed major-domo Paul drew him aside and sought to plant in his mind suspicion of Clarke and Frances.

But Armstrong, as Clarke had been told, was "one of the damn' good ones." He ignored the 'breed's insinuations, but Clarke could see that he was shaken with the thought that another man perhaps loved Frances, and that his plan for their marriage at God's Mercie might be threatened. And repeatedly on that voyage Clarke was puzzled to observe that whereas Méti Paul apparently hated Harl Armstrong, he yet did all in his power to speed Armstrong's marriage and to discredit Clarke. . . . .

They found at Fort Kinlay the factor Hubbell, his assistant Radisson St. Cyr, and "Lucky" Avery, an airplane pilot recuperating from wounds in the North. The place was aquiver with excitement over a dance to be held that evening—and over the presence of the renegade sub-chief Bull Back-fat and his band of brutal outlaw Indians. Sure enough, the chief soon asked for

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At the nearest fire Méti Paul crouched, watching. . . . . Frances spread her hands to the fire. She asked him: "You're going back south with Radisson tomorrow, Stanley?"

By William Byron Mowery

The author of this vivid novel of the new North is the son of a trapper; when a boy, he trapped and traveled the ancient fur-trails over which, in recent years, he has flown in preparation for this story of his own land today.

Illustrated by Frank Schoonover

trouble by preëmpting a narrow sidewalk ahead of Mrs. Avery. Armstrong promptly knocked him down; and when his braves cocked their rifles, Clarke bluffed them back with an automatic.

That night Frances' last dance was the Lady's Choice.

Stanley stepped back; Harl Armstrong stopped him.

"Stanley, don't—you want to dance with her!"

Stanley halted and met Frances' eyes.

"You want to dance with me?" he suddenly said.

"I asked you before Stanley came, Frances," Armstrong said, "but he's here—if you want to dance with him, I want you to."

"No; you're wrong, Harl!"

"I'm not wrong!" His hand dropped from her arm; he went through the whirl, away from her. : . . .

Stanley, dancing with Frances, tried to tell himself it meant merely the dance; but his pulses were not deceived. She might be his, this girl in his arms. *(The story continues in detail:)*

WHEN Stanley Clarke led Frances out of the lighted trading-store into the darkness, he glanced around him in the shadows. He expected to see Harl Armstrong. Above anything that could happen, he dreaded to face Harl now. And yet he expected to. It would be Harl's way to meet them and wish them happiness together. Harl would do that, if it took the last gasp of his great courage, before going on, alone, to his ranch-home in the White Wolf Hills where he had thought to go with Frances.

As they started across the terrace toward the St. Cyr cabin, the chill air of night and of the looming storm blew around them. Against a black sky the still-blacker pines were rocking and tossing in their lofty tops; and the darkness was blinding.

Presently Frances said, in a broken voice:

"Stanley, *he's* out here—somewhere—alone."

Stanley winced.

"You and I talked once, Frances, about a person's right to happiness," he said. "Today, tonight, I seized mine. Harl didn't. I can't put that out of mind. Harl is one who gives everything and asks for nothing. But I—"

She defended him against himself. "You never said one word against Harl; you never tried to turn me against him. And all the time I turned to you—*you*. I told you everything and asked you to help me."

They came within a few steps of the St. Cyr cabin. It was darkened; the children were asleep; their father and mother were at the trading-store enjoying this one pathetically brief festival of their year.

At the garden edge, Frances' small hand grasped Stanley's, but her clasp was passive and cold. In the darkness he saw only the dim outline of her figure, and felt, beating against him, the flutter of her dress in the gusts that swept the terrace. Far away down the river a distant zigzag of lightning, coiling like a great white snake in the mass of inky clouds, garishly lit the garden and terrace and cabins. Stanley saw Frances glance at the tent where Harl had probably gone, and then at him; then the blinding darkness closed in again, enveloping Frances, hiding her from him. It was prophetic, and Stanley felt it so.

Radisson sprang forward and smashed his clubbed rifle against the dazed Antler Hare.

The voice of the river came to him more audibly on the rising wind. Day and night since leaving Kez-Etawney he had listened to this sound of mighty waters marching on irresistibly to their goal in the Arctic. He had likened them to these years between Harl and Frances, sweeping them to their goal of marriage at God's Mercie. And now the strange feeling crept over him that what had happened in the trading-store this night was a vain human attempt to turn aside the course of events predestined.

So he was silent until she said to him in the darkness, with infinite wistfulness: "After all that's happened today, Stanley, only God knows what tomorrow will bring. But now—you're going to him, Stanley? You'll go and find him?"

"Yes," he answered—and waited, quivering.

Frances said firmly: "He mustn't go away. I've got to see him, Stanley. I must talk to him."

"I'll go to Harl and tell him so, Frances." But what was she going to say to Harl? He seemed to hear her saying: "I'm going to tell him that I do not love him as I dreamed love should be, but I do love him, and always, always did. I'll tell him that I think our marriage would not be unhappy: how could any girl who knows him and loves him as I do, be unhappy in his home?"

He walked with her the few steps to the cabin door and opened it. Then in another moment the door closed behind her.

Stanley wandered again to the spot where he had stood with her. From the trading-store, long shafts of light streamed out into the night. Though the music and dancing continued, the *thump-thump* of old Chief Winter Sun's *sowyunga* had stopped.

Out of the gusty darkness the long slinking shadows of three gaunt huskies loomed up. Snarling, their eyes agleam, they bared their fangs at the man who did not see them. Over in the clump of pines there was a light in the tent. Stanley knew that Harl was there. As he stared at the canvas shelter—a weirdly gray dome under the blackness of the trees—he wondered whether Harl had gone into the tent and snapped on the electric torch because he had found the darkness unendurable and the open heavens empty now.

In the cabin window hardly a dozen feet from him a candle spluttered and then burned steadily. Half-turning, Stanley saw the dark silhouette of Frances' head and throat and breast against the blind, and from the moving shadows he thought she must be combing out her hair. He turned away.

The storm, sweeping on up the river, was lighting the terrace with sharp white flashes; and its thunder-crashes rolled bellowing across the valley and reëchoed back among the distant hills till their last faint whispers hushed. Now dazzled by the blinding glare, now groping in the darkness that dropped like a black cur-

The other two bucks, trapped, fought like cornered animals. But Harl was upon them.

tain, Stanley paced up and down, all unconscious of danger till it struck him like an avalanche.

Across the terrace a few big drops of rain fell scattering, but stopped abruptly. Down at the landing he could now and then glimpse Avery's biplane, like a huge silver dragon-fly, tugging restlessly at its mooring lines. To Stanley the plane struck a note of oddness at this old fur-post with background of trappers and primitive Indians and half-breed river-men. For him it was the symbol of a new order coming to birth here in the North. The stagnant, three-centuries-old way of fur-trader, trapper and *méti voyageur* was passing; and Harl was clearing the way for something new and infinitely better—something which promised to change the very face of this wilderness: antlered herds, by tens and hundreds of thousands, flung entirely across the great plains of the Arctic; Lapp care-takers brought over from the Finnmärken; starving, miserable Indian tribes lifted up to a decent, comfortable life; reindeer, as sled- and saddle-animals, supplanting the half-wolf husky teams; the radio dispelling that terrible sense of isolation from the world, and the airplane triumphing over time and distance, man's two greatest enemies in the trackless North. Harl was "making" country.

Back in the pine hills, a pack of dogs bayed on the trail of some animal. It was a weird, lonely sound, unutterably primitive and bloodthirsty; at any other time it would have reminded Stanley of Méti Paul and his own personal danger from the sinister 'breed; but now he was unmindful.

As he passed a clump of shrubbery he heard the swish of a bush whipping back into place. He detected it was not a wind-made sound; as he whirled toward it, a black figure rose up and lunged at him, and a pair of hands fastened upon his throat.

Stanley grabbed for the automatic Harl had given him; his fingers closed upon it—but the weapon was never drawn. With an animalish grunt, a second unseen assailant swung a heavy club and knocked Stanley to his knees, dazed and half-paralyzed. He tried to struggle up, to rise and fight off his assailants. He tore loose the hands that were choking him. He lashed out with fists and feet and grappled with a naked body that lunged upon him. Again the club struck; a pair of arms wrapped around his legs, dragging him down; a blanket was thrown over him, muffling any outcry.

As he fought blindly, struggling to free himself from the suffocating blanket, a third blow fell upon him from behind.

He crumpled and pitched forward on his face. . . . .

When Stanley groped back to consciousness, he was first aware of a dreadful hammering in his brain. He was terribly nauseated, and so sick that for a moment he sank back into the merciful

insensibility. With all his senses reeling, he seemed to be tossing up and down, up and down, on mountainous waves in a pain-shot blackness.

Gradually his head cleared; he tried to move, and then discovered he was tied hand and foot and gagged with a rag thrust into his mouth. Brush whipped back into his face, and a limb scraped him; he opened his eyes and saw above him the lofty tops of pine trees rocking against the black sky.

He realized that he was in a wood, that he was being carried, that the tossing sensation was the swaying movements of the men who carried him. He smelled the pungent odor of smoky clothes, of sweaty bodies, and knew that his captors were Indians.

Then the memory of Méti Paul flashed into Stanley's mind—of the 'breed in the storeroom that afternoon whetting a knife on the palm of his hand. It was like a shock. A shiver of mortal fear ran through him; the knowledge that he was at last in the power of the sinister half-breed cleared his brain as nothing else could have. Lying very quiet, he suffered himself to be carried along through the buckbrush and black woods while desperately he tried to think, to plan.

It seemed to him it had been hours ago that he was clubbed into unconsciousness and hog-tied by his captors; it seemed he had been carried for miles beneath the pines. But then he heard the barking of dogs near at hand and Factor Hubbell shouting; the rain-wind bore to him the subdued noises of the dance. In a few seconds he was able to piece together the essential facts. He had been overpowered only a handful of minutes ago; he was still near the trading-store, somewhere just inside the woods. What was the purpose of the Indians? Stanley reasoned, mistakenly, that he would be carried away into captivity somewhere in these trackless hills, that Méti Paul was getting him out of the way until the marriage was a thing accomplished; that perhaps there would be a question of ransom too.

Stanley's thoughts leaped to Frances, unguarded and alone in the St. Cyr cabin, and to Bull Back-fat's crazed infatuation for her. These Indians had easily captured him; had they taken her too?

In an anguish of horrible fear he betrayed that he was conscious again; he stirred, twisted his head to see if Méti Paul was really the leader of this pack. But he could not be sure. Two men were carrying him; he made out the black shadow of a third groping along in front to lead, and heard the padded footsteps of another following behind. That was all, the four unknown enemies—and himself bound and helpless.

One of the carriers, feeling him move, grunted a sharp word to the man in front. The leader stopped, came back and spoke in a jargon of French and Tinneh; and then Stanley recognized the voice of Méti Paul. It came as no surprise; he had felt sure it was the 'breed who had followed him when he took Frances away from the dance, and who had personally led these Indians.

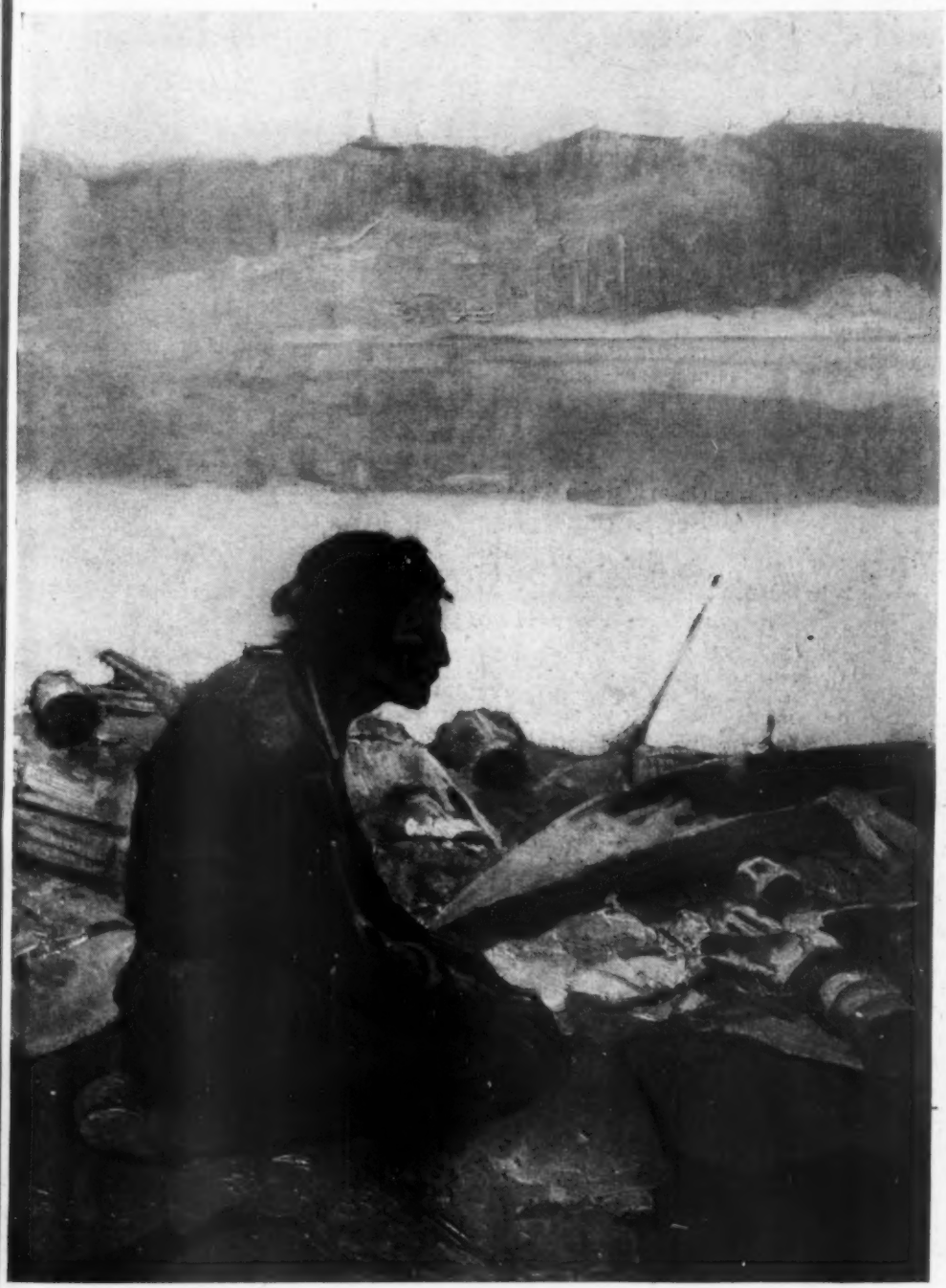
"Stanley!" She grasped his arm. "What's happened?" He said slowly, reluctant to tell her: "They're

The bucks, halting, laid their burden down upon the pine-needle carpet. As they straightened up, the one behind uttered a hissing *"Ptsee-see!"* through closed lips. For a little space the four of them stood listening. Nothing stirred. Then, with an oath, Groudin knelt beside Stanley and began fumbling at his jacket.

Stanley believed for a moment that the 'breed was searching for his watch and billfold. The thought flashed into his mind that if he could only free himself of the gag and could talk, he might bribe Méti Paul. But then the truth burst upon him.

They did not mean to rob him. They meant to kill him. They had brought him just far enough away from Fort Kinlay so that they could finish their ghastly business and hide his body and escape before it was found. With the deliberate cold blood of a fiend, this half-breed, fumbling at his jacket, was feeling for his heart.

In the horror that swept over him, Stanley cried out for Harl, but the cry was stifled. Frantically he fought to break the *babiche* thongs on his wrists and ankles. He jabbed at the 'breed with his elbow and struggled to a sitting posture; and then, when Groudin knocked him flat again, Stanley wrenched himself free with a contortion of his body, muscled himself out from under the 'breed's knee; and with hands grasping at him in the blackness, he rolled and thrashed about on the needles, fighting to the end against the thrust of Groudin's knife.



gone, Frances; they led us here where we can't get help, and then—they deserted us!"

While he fought with his struggling prisoner, Méti Paul growled an order at the Indians. In words like the low snarl of an animal he bade them fall upon Stanley and help hold him. He was afraid of the noise—as though he feared it might attract attention, or might call something out of the black thickets of deerbrush around him.

But the Indians did not obey. Sharp-scented as wolves, they stood frozen, listening.

The sibilant *"Ptsee-see!"* sounded again.

A moment of deadly silence fell. . . . . At the edge of a near-by thicket a twig snapped loudly.

One of the bucks yelped as though he had been shot, and turning to escape, crashed against the bole of a tree and dazed himself.

Twisting his head, Stanley saw a yellow gleam like the eye of some great beast flare up at the thicket edge, and saw three figures rising out of the covert, and the light glinting on bright metal. Stanley recognized one of them as Radisson St. Cyr. The *méti* sprang forward and smashed his clubbed rifle against the dazed Antler Hare. Then, of these three who had crept up, another man, tall and powerful, leaped out of the buckbrush, bare-fisted, with rage bursting from his lips; and as he recognized that figure, Stanley cried out in his heart: "Harl—Harl!"

The other two bucks, trapped, fought like cornered animals. One grabbed out his iron tomahawk; a knife flashed in the hands of the other. But Harl was upon them like an avalanche, overpowering, crushing. With a bare-knuckled blow he struck one of them in the mouth; the Indian spun half-around and knocked against a tree with a sickening *thup* and sprawled on the ground. The other swung a deadly blow with the tomahawk; Harl caught the whipping arm, wrenched it till the weapon dropped and the Indian howled in pain; then, picking his enemy up bodily, he flung him crashing into a thicket.

Groudin, quicker of wit, had escaped. At the first alarm he had vanished unseen into the darkness.

Still holding Harl's electric torch, old Chief Winter Sun stepped up, walking over the needles and twigs and leaves like a silent shadow, like a wraith of the bush. Breathing heavily, Harl knelt down on the ground; and slipping a

(*Please turn to page 164*)

Our Economy Budget

Written and Illustrated by

Milt Gross

Never was there a more instant hit than "Nize Baby," about which was one complaint—dialect. Here is Mr. Gross, without dialect.

"NOW get this straight, Boss!" *(Business of pointing forefinger directly at party in question.)* "Either you do" *(Now bring the right fist down upon the glass-top desk in rapid succession, thump, thump)* "or you don't! Either I stay or I go! That's all." *(Slap the top of the table sharply with the flat of the hand, fingers outspread.)* "The time has come for me to either expand or get out." *(Vehement sweeping gesture—be careful of water cooler.)* "My needs and expenses are increasing" *(Hands to head in position of "such a headache")* "and I flatly refuse to economize to meet them." *(My-country-right-or-wrong pose with this.)* "Do I get the raise?"

Emery Crunch finished speaking his ultimatum to the bathroom mirror. Then he added: "I'll tell him today for sure."

Whenever there was an economy wave on at home, Emery always ended by making that same speech to the bathroom mirror. For a week his head would be a whirl of figures and fractions, bills, items, credit debts, rents, gas, electric, telephone, insurance, building loans, gas, oil, repairs, until he found himself shaking hands with a fire-plug and saying: "Good morning, Mrs. Whiffle!" Then he would say: "Bah! Economy, my eye! I'll hit the old boy for a raise. That'll do the trick."

So this morning he finished his speech and waddled into the kitchen. One look at the gas-range, and he emitted a yowl that brought heads popping through every door of the dumb-waiter shaft, and Mrs. Crunch hurrying out faster than the Police Commissioner arrives on the scene after a murder.

"Burning all night long, too!" he shrieked, pointing at the jet of flame. "What's the big idea? Why the Eternal Light stuff? Got the Unknown Soldier planted under the stove, or what?"

"Matches, m'dear, matches!" exclaimed Mrs. Crunch sweetly. "We had to keep the jet burning! Our match quota as allotted to ourselves under our new economy budget—"

"Economy! Bah!" roared Mr. Crunch with a snort that put ripples in the linoleum and incidentally blew out the light. "I tell you, Matilda, this economy business is as false as the grin on one celebrity's face when he's boosting another celebrity in public. But I suppose I'll have to humor you till I get my raise. And in the meantime," he added sarcastically, "must I rub two sticks together to get a cup of coffee warmed up?"

"Honey," she replied, "we'll just have to do without matches till we're within our allowance. You simply have no idea how many matches you've used up since you took to pipe-smoking, to cut down on cigars so that we could make up for the expense on the adding-machine we bought to figure our economy budget on!"

"Oh, the adding-machine—the dingbat that was going to pay for itself the first year! And have you possibly been employing an accountant to check up on the matches, may I inquire?"

"Now, darling, I have them all here. You see that's another saving. If they're not burned down too far, I give them to Junior to play with instead of toys. It's remarkable the number of interesting games that can be played with wooden match sticks. The Child's Instructor has new games every month."

"Child's Instructor?"

"Yes, they give it away."

"Give it away?"

Starting on a diet tomorrow.

"Certainly, dear, with the Book of Correct Education. That set that I bought for Junior. Only fifty-four dollars. Tells you everything. Of course he can't read yet, but the man said that by the time Junior reads, the price will be ninety-nine dollars. So I saved all that money!"

"Wait!" said Mr. Crunch, raising his finger. "I've got a much better idea. I'll go up to Dr. Fink's office, see, and read all the magazines on his table, and he'll only charge me a thousand dollars to take out my appendix. How's that, heh?" And with a vicious kick at the cat, he added: "Will you please call the janitor and ask him to fry two eggs on the furnace for me?"

"Better have a good heavy breakfast, darling," said Matilda sweetly, "because you're eating no lunch today."

"Huh?"

"You see, honey, we're going to the banquet tonight."

"Hah!" snorted Emery. "Banquets! That's economy, huh? Throwing out money for a mangy sprig of celery, two stale olives, a plate of dishwater, and some sort of a thing with feathers on it that I've killed much bigger ones with camphor balls. Hah!"

"You heard me! I said stick it in the icebox."

Serene as a mountain pine, Matilda waited for the gentle breeze of this tirade to subside, and then triumphantly she exclaimed:

"Well, I got the tickets for nothing! See, smarty! Mrs. Jerusha Twittmire called up. You know the lodge her husband belongs to, the Good Samaritans Club? Well, they're having their annual dinner tonight, and she had two extra tickets. She just insisted that we come as their guests. Isn't that lovely? We were going to eat out anyway, and this way we save all that and your lunch. Besides, it's a swell affair, and look at all the fun we'll have!

"A boy? Good! We'll buy 'em—the price'll be up by the time he needs 'em."

Only, of course, Emery, I'll just have to buy a pair of red satin slippers."

"But good heavens, Tillie, haven't you got a pair of silver evening slippers?"

"Why, silly boy, of course I have; but whoever heard of silver slippers with a red evening gown?"

"Where the devil did you get a red—"

"Well, you see, dear, when I was walking home from Jerusha's. Of course I couldn't act piggish about the tickets, so I just had to take her to the Colosseum and the Chink's yesterday afternoon, and I was walking home to save carfare when I came across the darlingest red evening gown marked down—"

Boom, bang, crash! Smash—smash—bump!

"Now, look here, Emery Crunch. It wont get you a thing to go breaking all my dishes like that—*boo—hoo—hoo!*" She broke out in a stream of tears. "That's the appreciation I get. *(Sniff—sniff.)* Other women spend all their husbands' money. *(Sniff.)* I try—to save—and that's the—thanks I get! *(Boohoo!)* You horrid brute! I suppose just because I'm getting old and wrinkled—*(Boo—hoo—hoo-hoo—boo-hoo!)*"

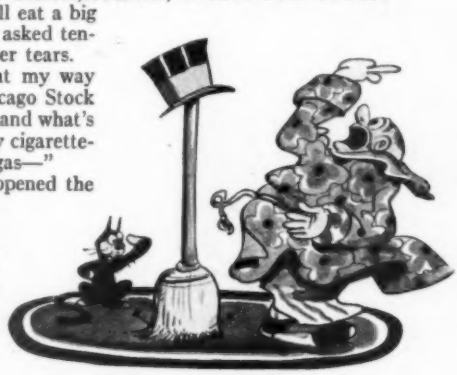
"Tillie, darling, you're breaking my heart," gasped Emery. "Forgive me," he choked, falling on his knees before her. It was pitiful to see the grief of this great strong man as his huge frame shook with remorseful, convulsive sobs. "God, child!" he gasped brokenly. "Old! Wrinkled! Your words stab me to the heart! Why, you're the dearest, sweetest, loveliest little creature—"

"Then you will eat a big breakfast?" she asked tenderly through her tears.

"Baby, I'll eat my way through the Chicago Stock Yards for you—and what's more, I'll use my cigarette-lighter for the gas—"

Joyfully she opened the gas-jet.

"Hold it, dear," he said. "Now!" *(flicking his cigarette lighter—click—chh—click—chh!)* "It must be the flint." *(Click—click!)* "Can't understand that; I filled her just yesterday." *(Click—click—click—)*



"Furthermore, Boss—"

Half an hour later the janitor and tenants, alarmed by the smell of gas, broke in the door and revived them. The damage consisted of a jimmied door, broken lock, two smashed windows and a dollar tip.

After a breakfast of lamb chops, wheat-cakes, coffee and toast, Emery started for the office, stopping off for a newspaper and a bar of peanut brittle.

"Better stoke up a bit," he thought. "No lunch, y'know."

At eleven forty-five he finished munching a chocolate nut bar, and after sparring off with an electric droplight to get up courage, he peeped into the boss' office. There was something in the old man's face that bespoke a bad night before.

"Hm—better get him after lunch," thought Emery, "when he's in a good mood. I might lose my temper now."

"What say, Crunch?" asked the boys in the office, putting on their coats. "Time to knock over a scuttle of chow!"

"Not me, boys," answered Emery. "Not today. Fact of the matter is, I'm going on a bit of a diet—heh-heh! Nope, think I'll stay right here in the office! S'long, lads!"

Alone in the office, he began to work assiduously upon a column of figures. Then he became aware of something that was playing a serenade on his olfactory nerves. From the restaurant below there wafted in a delicious odor of pigs' knuckles and sauerkraut, broiling steaks, mushrooms in gravy, and the fragrant aroma of boiling coffee.

Emery drummed on the desk with his fingers. He licked his lips; then he slipped on his coat and sneaked down the freight elevator.

"We are now viewing the Crunch Eternal Light—Page 34 of the Tourist Guide."

"How mucha da banan's, Giuseppi?" he asked of the vendor in the manner of an American tourist purchasing trinkets in the Montmartre.

"Two for five, Boss!"

"Slip me two—or better four," he added, and hurried down an alley with them.

"Just to sort of fool one's stomach, as it were," he said to himself. "Why waste all that energy resisting? Now let's see—where was I? Oh, yes— Lookit here, Boss, I've been with this concern—"

"Pretzels—nize fresh pretzels!"

Emery turned quickly.

"Say, it might be a good idea, at that. Salt's really a necessity, y'know. *(Munch—um-um.)* Nice-looking figs, too *(munch, munch)*, and maybe a box of dates while I'm at it. Fruit, y'know. They'll keep—I wont eat the whole box! M-m—those dates were good!"

After a hot dog or so, half a stand full of oysters and a box of licorice cough-drops—really a medicine for his cold, to be sure, Emery stood before the soda fountain in the foyer of his office building.

"Maybe a malted milk. Just to sorta wash it down," he thought.

"Drop an egg in it, sir?" asked Jimmy.

"Er—m-m—h'm."

"Very good today, sir. Here it goes! Got some nice fresh banana shortcake today, sir. Here, lemme fix you up with a piece! Thank you, sir. Good day, sir."

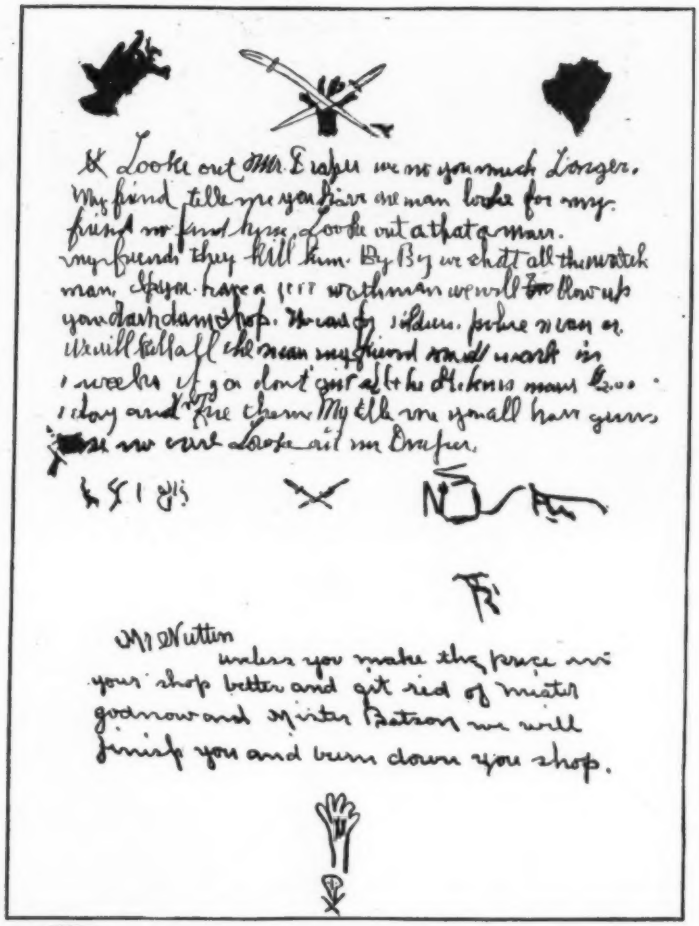
It was about two forty-five when the walls of the office began to swim around Emery till they seemed to be the sides of a huge bowl filled with a thick batter. And Emery on his stool felt as though he were perched away up on the tip of a gigantic wooden spoon that was spinning around stirring *(Please turn to page 116)*

Anonymous Letters

Nearly everyone, at some time in his life, receives anonymous communications. The strangest of all the cases which were brought for solution to David N. Carvalho concerned letters without signatures. Here is told how he dealt with some of the letters, ranging from the ridiculous to the frightful.

By

Claire Carvalho and Boyden Sparkes



Anonymous letter sent to a cotton-mill owner threatening violence unless wages were increased.

EVERY important city in the United States has at least one large building that contains within its walls a maze of secret passageways linked by trapdoors and concealed ladder-wells. That building is the one which houses the post office.

Into the dusty shelter of these hidden galleries go men who wish to make use of the peepholes and observation lattices with which they are cunningly equipped. The men and women who are watched through these mysterious apertures speak of the passageways as spy-galleries; while the sentinels who keep vigil there call them observation galleries. Whatever name is applied, they are an important factor in maintaining the sanctity of the seal on letters dropped into the flood of treasure, of buying and selling proposals, of gossip and lovers' messages that is called the United States mails.

There is a force of about five hundred men, the post-office inspectors, who alone have access to the observation galleries. It is their job to discover and punish the thieves who sometimes get themselves on the pay-rolls of the army of honest persons who devote their lives to the mail service. These thieves, though, are not the only criminals with whom the postal inspectors have to cope. There is a more vicious sort; and often, while my father was alive, his help was enlisted by the post-office inspectors when they were trying to trap, and later to convict, one of these.

DAVID N. CARVALHO

The amazing certitude with which he could identify a culpable piece of writing with another work from the same hand was an invaluable instrument for many post-office inspectors. Repeatedly each year he was consulted by them. Most often they sought his aid when they were trying to catch and label the writer of some series of anonymous letters. Sometimes they were after the author of blackmail letters.

One morning a prominent young woman in New York whose engagement had just been announced in the society columns found in her mail this communication:

"Your engagement is announced to a man who is my husband. He was forced to marry me at the point of a gun in the hands of my father. On the day that our twins were born, he basely deserted me. I have never seen or heard of him since."

The young woman who read that began to laugh and then to scream. Her mother came rushing into the breakfast-room, seized and read the note, and promptly joined her daughter in a fit of hysterics. The father was summoned, and he brought the family lawyer. Finally it occurred to them to send for the young woman's fiancé, the putative father of twins.

He came as fast as a taxicab could bring him, read the note which was handed to him by the girl's tight-lipped mother. Then he too began to laugh. He kept on laughing for some time, and then began to get angry. At first his pride would not allow him even to deny the charge.

"Do you believe it?" he asked his sweetheart again and again. Finally she said she did not believe a word of it.

"What are you crying about, then?"

They were still trying to settle that delicate point when the entire group arrived at the office of the inspectors in the New York Post Office. There a chief inspector met them with a curious expression on his face. One might have said he was trying to stifle a grin. When matters were explained, he produced five other similar letters. Four had been sent to other engaged girls whose plan of marriage had been announced in the newspapers. The fifth had been sent to a recent bride. Each letter told the same tale of a compulsory wedding, twins and immediate desertion.

A mail-room in a large post office, over which there is always supervision.
Photo by Brown Brothers.

Some contained also unprintable statements. "Some crazy person," said the chief. "We know where the letters are from—as you see by the postmarks, all are being mailed from the same place."

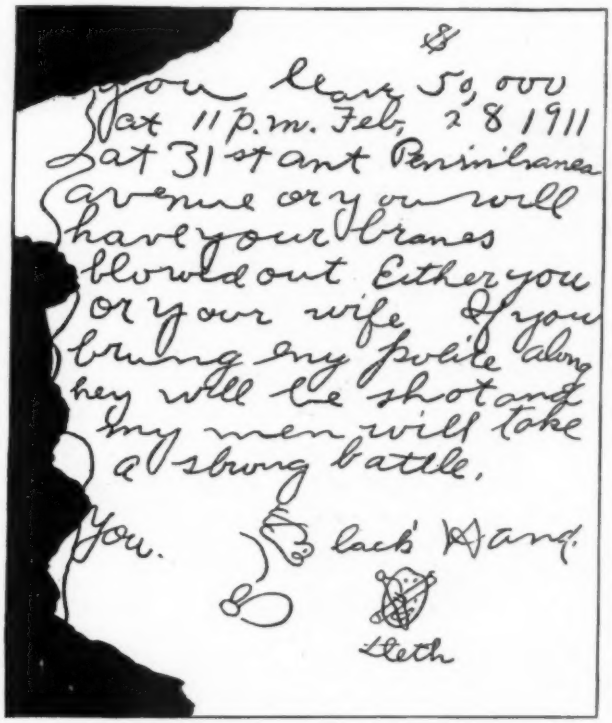
This was a small town about sixty miles from New York. It was not long afterward that an arrest was made in that town.

The writer of the letters was a woman. She had been confined for a time in a hospital for the insane. She confessed, and a kinsman explained that she had been the victim of an unfortunate love-affair. The woman's family agreed to send her to a sanitarium for further treatment, and the affair was dropped. Altogether there were twenty such letters in the possession of the postal inspectors, received from widely separated communities, when the woman was placed in an institution where she could no longer indulge in her pastime of making trouble by mail.

The quick and skillful clearing up of such a case is merely an example of some of the unseen service of the Post Office. And from the mails, as has been said, came some of my father's most extraordinary cases.

One had to do with a well-known man, now living, whom I shall call, for the purposes of this narrative, Mr. John K.

The K. family was socially prominent in New York City, and Mr. K. was beginning to make some headway toward the satisfaction of high political ambitions when he was disturbed greatly by the receipt of an anonymous letter demanding five hundred dollars. Unless the money was left in a designated spot, Mr. K. was informed in this communication, certain facts about Mrs. K. would be published. Mr. K. was devoted to his wife. Without saying anything to her he deposited the money where his unseen enemy had requested.



Black Hand letter sent to a wealthy family demanding money. Mr. Carvalho analyzes his examination of this letter.

A month later he received a second note. The same charges against Mrs. K. were repeated. This time the demand was for a thousand dollars, and the distracted husband paid the money as before.

"My wife has jealous friends," he explained, "and some one of them, I feel, is doing this. Even though the scandal be without justification, it would injure her reputation irreparably if she were made the subject of this kind of gossip. As you see, the letter-writer says she is engaged in an intrigue with a young man. You can imagine what would happen to my career if—"

"Do you believe there is truth—"

"Certainly not," denied Mr. K. coldly. "I know there cannot be any truth in the charges. If I can find the wretch who is responsible and wind my fingers about his throat—"

"Her throat," corrected my father. "A woman wrote these letters."

"Perhaps," agreed Mr. K., "but I'd like to believe it was a man. What assistance do you want from me?"

"I want you to bring me specimens of the handwriting of every member of your household, even the cook. I want you to go through your wife's writing-desk and get me examples of every correspondent on her list. Do not eliminate anyone—allow me to do that."

Mr. K. agreed to do this, and returned the next day with a satchel filled with an assortment of letters, receipts, postal cards, check-stubs and other data.

"Now," requested David N. Carvalho, "you sit down here and make a list of these, and mark each piece of paper for your own guidance. I do not wish to know the identity of the authors of these various writings. You are the one to know that. If there is in this collection a bit of writing by the author of these blackmail letters, I'll pick it out for you. Then you can inform yourself who wrote the scurrilous notes."

After Mr. K. had gone, Father began a meticulous cataloguing of the writings in the satchel. He used an indexing method all his own. Rapidly he discarded paper after paper. Then going for a second time through the few sheets and scraps that remained, he selected a post-card. In fancy, now, I can hear his grunt of triumph as he made his choice.

On one side of the card was a colored picture of the Atlantic City boardwalk, showing rolling chairs and a typical crowd of pleasure-seekers wearing the bored expressions that so easily become the habitual masks of people devoting themselves to the work of having a good time. On the other side of this card was a brief message to the addressee—the governess in the K. household. An initial was the only signature.

This card my father placed in an envelope which he addressed to the downtown office of Mr. K. With it he enclosed a short report: "The writer of this card is also the writer of the two blackmail letters which you submitted to me a few days ago. Respectfully, D. N. C."

The following morning while my father was seated alone before

his roll-top desk, some one stepped into his office. He heard the snap of the bolt as his door was closed, but did not look up, because he was writing. Some one crossed the floor quickly and seized him by the neck with fingers that bit like talons.

Father was no weakling. Even when he was an old man, he could not bear for any of us to suggest that there was any less strength in that body of which he had been so proud as a younger man.

Hunching his shoulders and rising to his feet, he succeeded in throwing off the one who had been trying to choke him. Then he saw who it was—his client Mr. K.

By that time Father's temper was out of control, however; without pausing for the explanation to which he was entitled, he leaped on his client with fists flying. Mr. K., who was no match for him, turned tail. Father did not stop for that; and his stenographer, who had appeared in the doorway of her office, watched open-mouthed until finally Mr. K. sank into Father's swivel-chair, put his head down on his arms and began to sob.

Father's stenographers, after his first, who served him seven years, never pleased him enough to remain long in his employ. He was always fearful that one of them would betray him, in some fashion, and because of those suspicions he was a bit hasty in his behavior toward them. Invariably he repented, after scolding them, and gave them candy or flowers. This one had been in his office but a short time. That day she must have thought she was working for a madman.

"Get out of here," he commanded her, "and stay out until I ring for you. And shut that door."

"Now then," he said, turning to the man who sat at his desk, "what the hell is the meaning of this?"

Mr. K. began to shake a finger at Father.

"You have accused my wife of writing those blackmail letters."

"I have accused no one. I accused a piece of paper," retorted Father. "I accused a postal card."

"My wife wrote it."

"Then she wrote the blackmail letters."

AT last Mr. K. had to believe. His wife confessed. She had wanted the money for a young man. She had believed her husband was aware of her infatuation, and had developed a contempt for him because of his apparent compliance. She expected him to be an easy blackmail victim because of political ambitions.

There was a divorce soon afterward, and Mr. K. went to Europe, where he has lived ever since. Always, after that experience, clients and other visitors to the office of David N. Carvalho were received standing.

"How can such things happen?" I asked Father one evening when the K. divorce case was spread across the front pages of the newspapers. "These two represented the best blood of the country. Their romance was lovely—"

"When it was a romance," broke in Father. "When you first see green things pushing tiny sprouts above ground in the spring, you are moved by that sight. There is an equality then in the garden. Everything is young; but growth is a cruel magician. The corn shoots up and away from the squash. There does not have to be a complete mental equality in marriage any more than there needs to be physical equality, but there should be harmony of character. Mr. and Mrs. K. were interested only in each other and in themselves when they were married. Then they began to grow away from each other. One sought the sun, and the other wound its ways along the ground."

It was then that he told me about the Swami, and the Swami's disciple, Mrs. V. This too was an affair of anonymous communications that was not referred to the authorities. It was, moreover, a case that puzzled him almost to distraction until finally the solution fell into his hand. What I am about to tell is a part of the case that never got into the newspapers.

Mr. V. was an artist, nearly twenty years younger than his wife, who was rich and a wee bit eccentric. Father was harsher in his judgment. He said she was a "nut." The Swami was a dark-skinned man with black eyes deep as forest pools. We were told that he was an East Indian. I suppose he was. He could perform amazing parlor tricks, some of which he called demonstrations in the science of breath.

He would invite you to feel his pulse. Placing your finger-tips on his dark-skinned wrist, you could feel the blood coursing there strongly, insistently. Then suddenly the pulsations would cease. There was another trick. The silk-turbaned Swami, attired in a clerical coat with a long row of cloth-covered buttons that reached from his throat to his knees, would lift his arms high above his head, hold them in that position for a moment and then swing them downward until they almost touched his toes in a deep salaam. As you watched, one hand would grow almost purple with the pressure of blood, and the other would become pasty white. The Swami told his followers, most of them rich and fashionable women, that he controlled all the functions of his body.

MR. V. brought to Father a collection of anonymous letters and asked him to help him identify the author.

The letters made no threats, nor did they ask for money. The mysterious writer seemed to be moved by the pressure of desire to reveal unpleasant facts to the husband of Mrs. V. These letters charged bluntly that the Swami had exercised rather less control over himself than was desirable in a philosopher. The letter-writer asserted that Mrs. V. had allowed the Swami to take great liberties with her.

"Has your wife seen these letters?" Father asked the husband.

"I showed them to her," said the husband, and flushed.

"It is, of course, no concern of mine what she said."

"She was made indignant by them," conceded the husband. "She said they were a tissue of lies."

"Well," said Father, "bring me specimens of the writings of every person you have cause to suspect. Get me, if you can, some of the writing of every member of the Swami's household, and of every person who lives in your own house. I should like, also, to have specimens of the writing of the other women disciples of the Swami. I suppose there are others?"

"A great many. I don't see how—"

"Have you ever collected autographs?" Father's question must have seemed highly irrelevant.

"No, I never have."

"Suppose you start. Get yourself an autograph-album and solicit signatures from all those women who go to the Swami's house."

"There is a reception there tonight—" began Mr. V.

"Just the time and the place," approved Father.

In some respects Mrs. V. was a bold woman. She wore pretentious gowns of daring cut. Her jewelry was extravagant in design and rather vulgar in taste. Much of it was Oriental. When the autograph-book and certain other specimens of handwriting were brought to Father, he found that she had signed the book with a flourish such as a queen might have applied to a death-warrant. The Swami, too, had signed. His was a copybook script. Beneath it he had written a quatrain about the higher life.

"It is none of these," said Father. He was somewhat dejected. "Are you sure you have given me specimens of all the persons tinged with your suspicions?"

"Every one," he said.

Mrs. V. knew, of course, that Father was trying to assist her husband to find the author of the notes. Another one had been delivered during the investigation. On several occasions she accompanied her husband to Father's office. A few times they came to our home at Breezy Point.

"By the way, V.," said Father one day, "before you go to your country place, I wish you would give me your address and telephone number."

Accordingly Mr. V. sat down and wrote this memorandum. Father stood at his elbow as he wrote. Suddenly he pointed his finger at Mr. V.'s aristocratic nose.

"You," he said, "wrote those letters yourself. Didn't you?"

Mr. V. laughed nervously and flushed. Then he admitted the charge. He had done so, he said, because he had not dared accuse his wife of infidelity in a more open fashion. Before Mr. V. left his office, Father had another specimen of his handwriting. It was a check, a fat one.

"I made him pay something on account of the damage to my self-respect," said Father. "What a trick for a man to indulge in! Just think of the hours I wasted!"

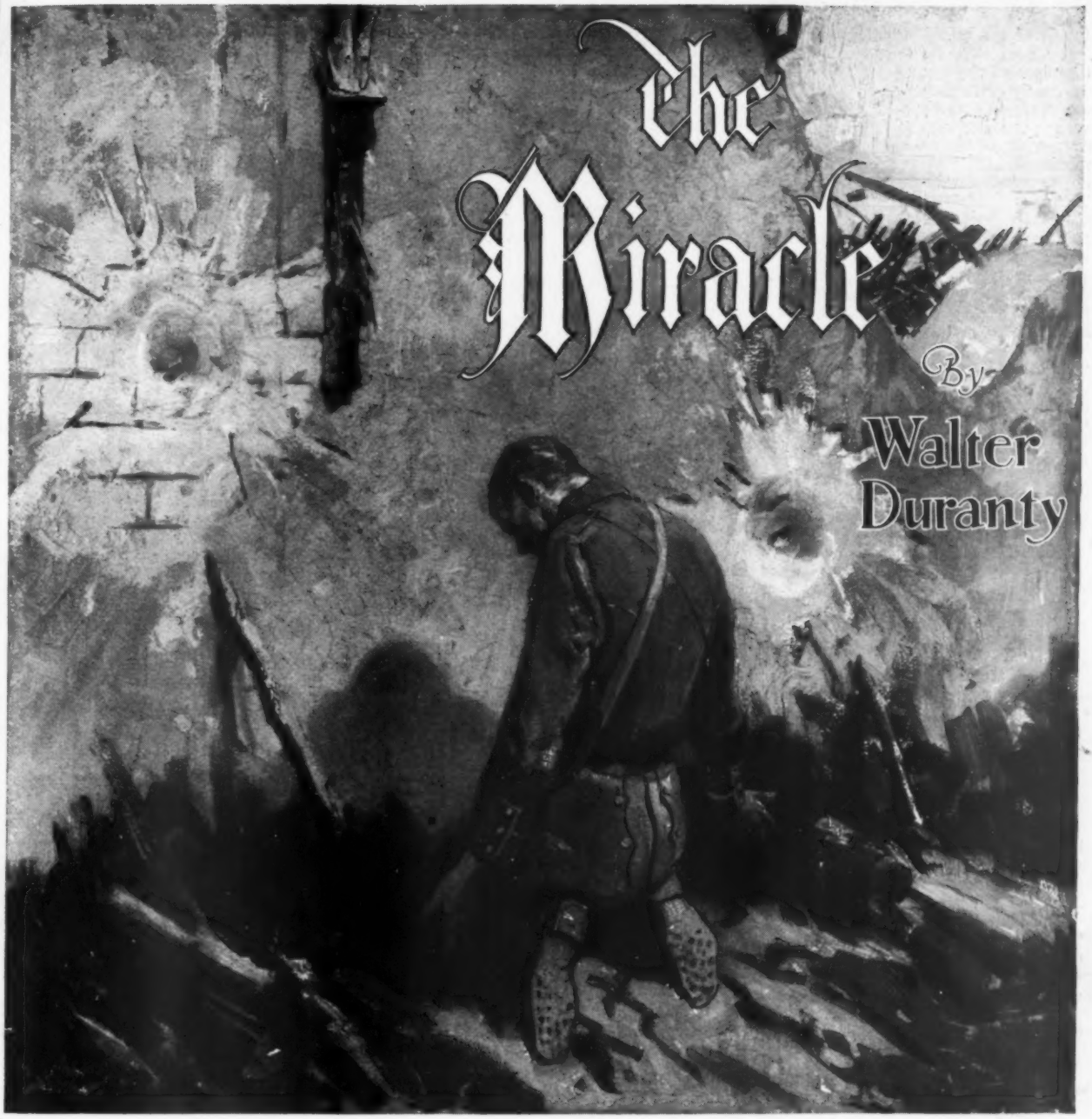
Soon afterward Mr. and Mrs. V. were divorced, and the Swami began to teach another disciple, a younger woman than Mrs. V., the meaning of the higher life; but it was years before David N. Carvalho ceased to grumble at the foolish rôle that had been assigned to him in that droll tale.

IN the case of Mr. and Mrs. V., though, I could never understand why the man had been so silly as to spend his money getting the advice of a handwriting expert. One day I asked Father if he could answer that question.

"Easily," he retorted. "Mrs. V. made him do that."

"But you have said she was irrational."

"I said she was a nut," he insisted, "but no woman is ever entirely nutty. I say 'nut' and 'nutty,' *(Please turn to page 149)*



The kneeling man began to speak again: "Our Father. . . . . give me a sign, to hold my faith."

Mr. Duranty was a war correspondent and wrote that extraordinary story "The Parrot," which this magazine printed and which won the O. Henry prize as the best short story published in America last year.

Illustrated by H. M. Stoops

THE General plucked at his mustache impatiently as he paced up and down the little brick-walled room. Two days ago he had moved from his comfortable quarters in the chateau behind the lines to the front *poste de commandement* in the cellars of a ruined farmhouse. It was midwinter of 1915, and the sector for which he was responsible was thinly held against stronger German forces.

Twice had the General made urgent demands to the Army headquarters for reinforcement. The position was critical, in this little salient where a break might affect the whole Arras line.

"Hasn't Captain Sarrail arrived yet?" he snapped at the orderly. "You said Post 17 had reported his passage. Didn't you tell them he was to be admitted immediately?"

The blond young sergeant at the desk permitted himself an imperceptible shrug of ennui. The Old Man was getting fussy, he thought. Like a good soldier, he decided to show activity.

"I will make inquiries, *mon Général.*" He saluted and started toward the door.

At that moment it swung open. The General could not repress a movement of surprise. It is not usual to be saluted in the correct French military manner by a medieval saint. Before him stood a stony figure in a pilgrim's robe, the heavy folds rigid with gray plaster. The long beard was plaster too, and the face expressionless under its gray plaster cast. Only the eyes, bright and blue, were alive.

"What news?" cried the General.

"Nothing," was the reply, flat and unhuman from behind the mask. The staring orderly shivered.

"Make your report, Captain," the General said quietly.

"According to orders, one hour before dawn I mounted the

façade of the ruined chapel at the cross-roads on Sugar Loaf Hill, overlooking the enemy lines, in the place of the statue of St. Christopher, which we deposited in the crypt. As you know, sir, the chapel is only seventy-five meters from our advance posts, and my patrol was unmolested by the enemy, whose front-line trench is three hundred meters distant. As you had anticipated, it was not possible to arrange telephonic communication. The only figure left on the façade was right in the center, away from any supports where the apparatus might have been concealed. The niche below it, where the crucifix stands, was too small for me. I remained in position until one hour after dark, but remarked no activity behind the German trenches, over which, as we thought, I had full view."

He swayed slightly, and added: "But it was very cold."

"My dear fellow!" cried the General. "How stupid of me! But you know how anxious I am. Quick, Sergeant—fetch the brandy; there, under the table. And the coffee. Can you sit down, Sarrail?"

"No sir," said the other faintly, supporting himself against the desk. "But with your permission we might take this off. It has to be done again for tomorrow in any case."

With the help of the orderly the young officer wrenched off the pilgrim robe, and sat down. Two quick taps, and the beard fell away from his chin, which contrasted oddly with the plaster cast still covering his nose and head.

He swallowed the steaming coffee and brandy in deep gulps.

"*B-rrr,*" he said. "It is cold up there, *mon Général!*"

"Oh, those people in Paris!" raged his superior. "Two weeks, now, they promise us observation balloons; but nothing comes. And our airplanes, they simply do not exist before these new German Fokkers." Then, in a different tone: "But it is not too much for you? You think you can stand it?"

The Captain rose to his feet. "*Mon Général,*" he said, and his voice now was stronger, "when I volunteered for this work, I knew what it would mean. After today, I tell you it is not easy. But I know I can stand it for other days too."

The General frowned. "I don't know," he said. "It's so fantastic. After all, with your knowledge of German, don't you think you'd get more from this new microphone thing? At least you'd be under cover, instead of up there in full view."

"As I told you, sir, that's the whole point. The statue is so familiar that they just don't see it. Except for a stray shot, there's no risk whatever. We proved that yesterday. And I can't hear anything through the microphone. Their line is too far off. This is the only way."

"Well, you wont have long to wait. Let me see. . . . . It's Tuesday now; and at last the Army says reinforcements are coming to reach us on Friday afternoon. So if they wait until then, we can hold them. But now"—he threw his hands out hopelessly—"if they put their whole weight on one point, and we are not prepared to meet them there,—meet them *there,* I tell you,—they'll break us. We cannot stop them. And if we go, the whole line cracks. It is disaster."

"I know, sir. That is why I must go through with this."

"But how can you stay up there all the time, without moving? It's fifteen feet from the ground, isn't it?"

"We drove hooks into the wall behind me," said the Captain, "and hitched them to this belt under my arms. I'd never have been able to stand without it, as the ledge is less than a foot wide."

The General walked over to the map on the wall. "The Sugar Loaf is a hundred and eighty feet above the trench level. Fifteen more—call it two hundred. Yes, you ought to be able to see from there."

"I did, *mon Général.*"

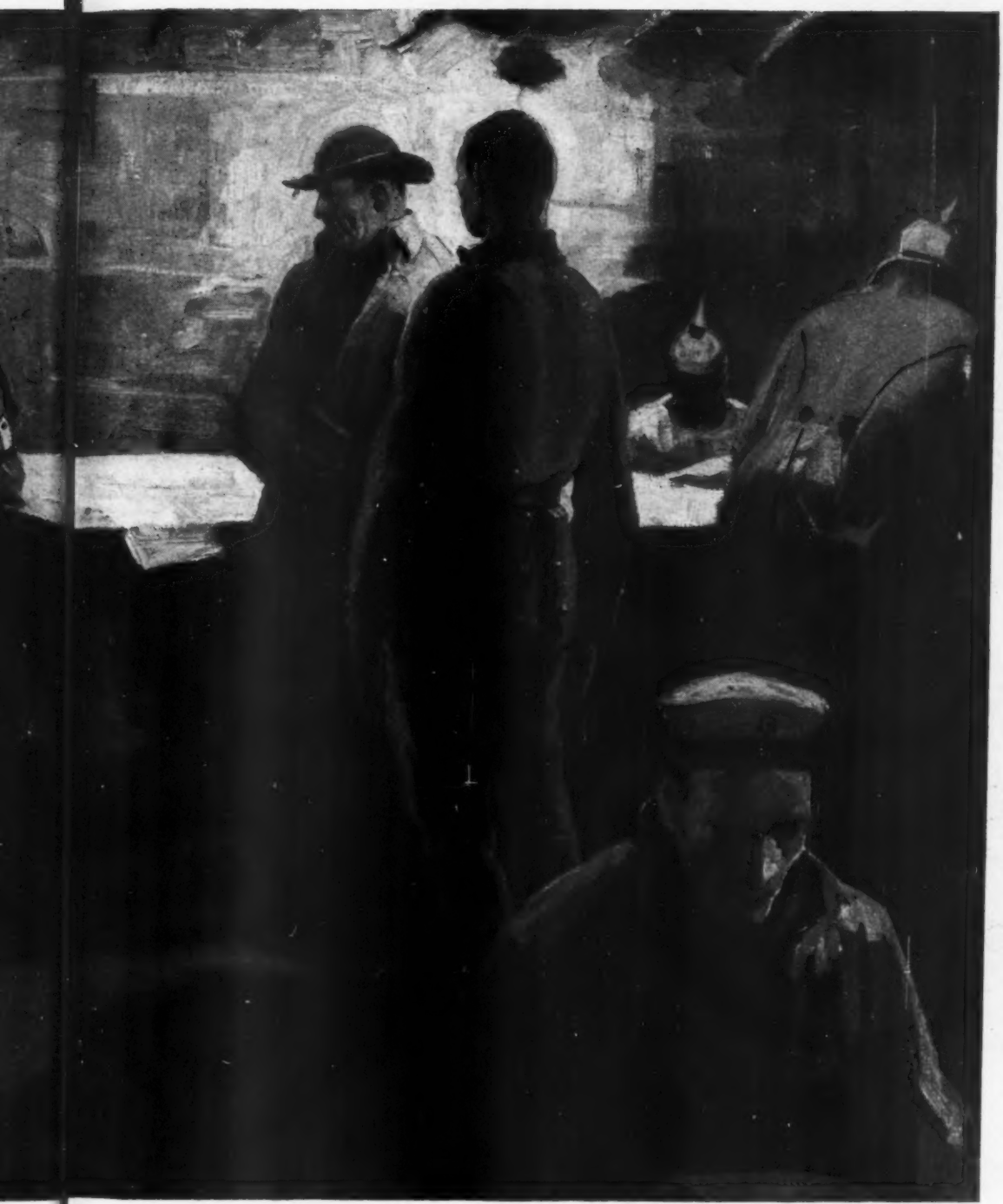
"I suppose they must come on our right, along the main road. If the marsh on the left is frozen, their infantry might pass; but machine-guns and cannon, no. It is frozen, I suppose?"

"Yes sir. But not enough yet for guns. Sergeant Pataud was out with a small patrol just after dark. He said the surface was quite firm in most places, but one of his men fell through into a ditch where the water was deeper. It certainly wouldn't bear heavy weights."

The General sighed with relief. "Yes," he said, "the attack will surely be along the road. I must plan to meet them there. If only I knew for certain!" . . . .

It was cold on the chapel wall overlooking the desolate valley, with its ruined buildings, tangled wire, and black shell-craters in the frost-gray fields. As it grew light, Sarrail could see the German lines, with the curls of yellow smoke where breakfast was cooking. The marsh on his left was still hidden by a fog-bank, gradually being dispersed by the morning wind that swept across the plains of Flanders.

It was strangely quiet and empty, this landscape which concealed thousands of men preparing for battle. As the morning



"I prayed at the chapel on the hill," said Groener; "I begged God for a sign—and His blood fell upon my head."

hours dragged by, the front grew more lively. Shells began to burst along the enemy wire, and beyond them he noted the great mushrooms of black smoke with their core of flame which meant the heavier French guns were raking communication lines haphazard.

The German guns made little response. No good sign, he thought. They must be nearly ready to attack, and anxious to keep their batteries hidden.

About noon he heard a thrumming high overhead, as four German battle-planes crossed the line. Of French air-men no sign. It was hard to stand motionless in the cold, without getting sleepy and stupefied. Luckily the belt across his chest held him firm, and the plaster from feet to waist kept his knees from sagging. The time moved slowly, so slowly, with little to mark its passing.

A sudden burst of three French shells, on the slope of the hill below, roused him. This was their signal that it was two o'clock—only three more hours till dark, or four at most. And still he had nothing to report.

He strained his eyes eastward, but the white road behind the German trenches stretching up to the wood on the hill was empty. Once he distinguished four figures at intervals of fifty yards, stepping warily amidst the French shell-bursts. Did this mean anything? A last-minute staff inspection? Of course they would have left their car in the wood. But that gave him small help. It was not *when* the attack came, but *where*, that mattered most.

Perhaps the General was right, and this plan of his was foolhardy and worthless. Had the General said that? Something of the sort, anyway. A kind old man, though, to think of the bottle and the tube.

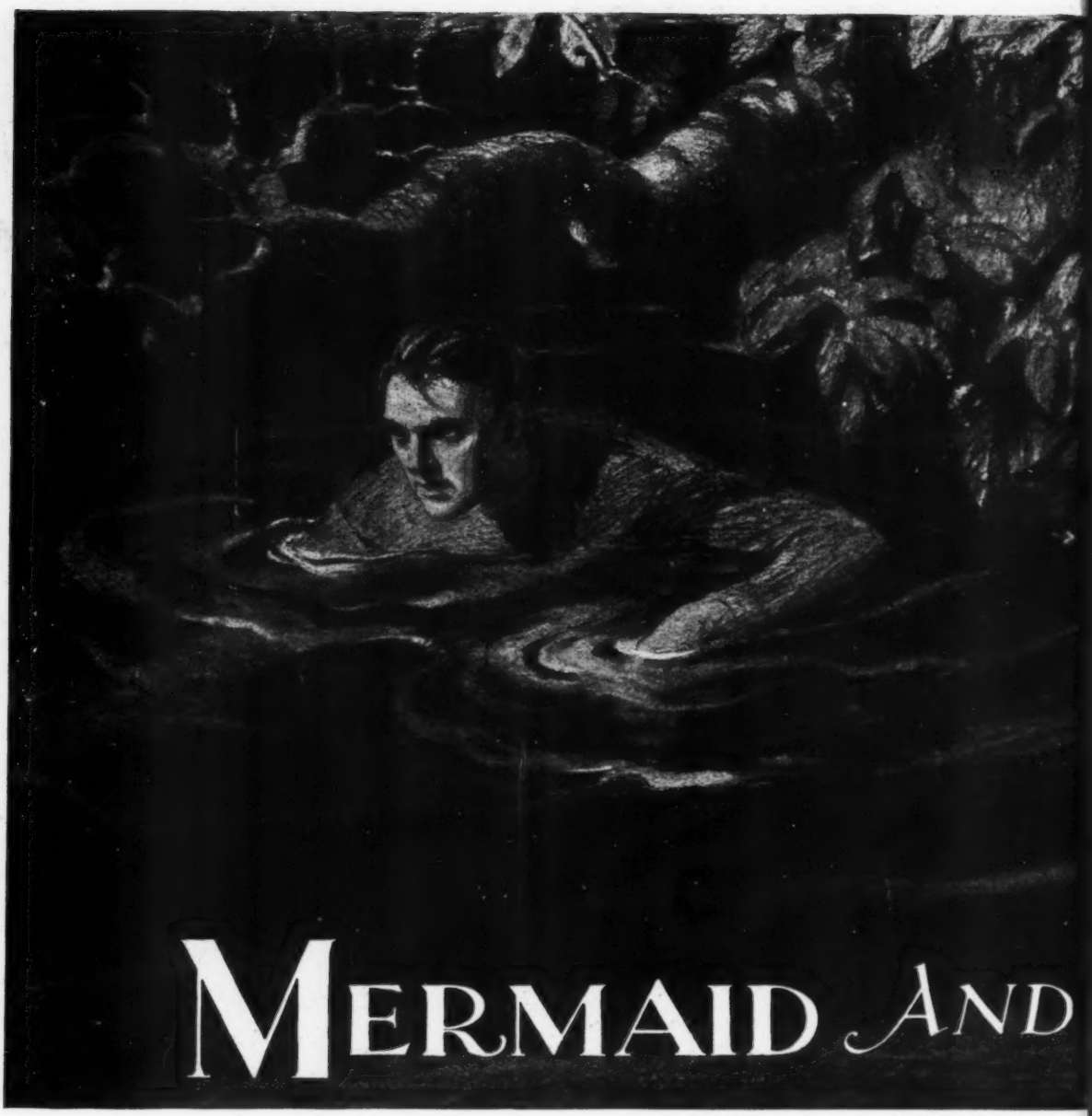
The shivering saint took a suck at the tube concealed by his plaster beard. The mixture of coffee, soup and cognac sent a thrill of warmth through his body, and for a second he chuckled over a vision of the General as a benevolent papa, feeding a bottle to a fully equipped *poilu* in a man-size cradle.

The minutes dragged. Would twilight never come? He was startled by a rattle of machine-gun fire from the German trenches on his left. He saw a handful of dark figures from the nearest French post, dodging forward among the rushes on the frozen marsh.

"*Mon Dieu*, the Old Man must be nervous, to send them out in broad daylight. Perhaps he wants to test the ice," thought the watcher.

A moment later shells were bursting along the German trenches, and their machine-guns slackened. To Sarrail's surprise, a line of gray-clad men ran out in open order from the enemy trench. The fire grew hotter, and he caught the flash and crack of grenades in the rushes.

He took a deep suck at the tube. Why, this was a regular fight! But what did it mean? Was *(Please turn to page 124)*



MERMAID AND

Mr. Hughes presents a tremendous drama — the battle of love waged by two young people, drawn out of opposite elements, and yet impelled to marry.

Illustrated by
Forrest C. Crooks

The Story So Far:

TWO people whose natures were as antagonistic as centaur and mermaid—the carnival diving girl Zarna and the farmer Jason Brafford—had fallen in love with each other.

Jason had refrained from marriage because he had under his care his pitiful sister Rita, who from birth had been a bedridden cripple. He left Rita perforce at home while with his farmhands and their womenfolk he went to a carnival showing in the neighboring town. He was fascinated and stirred by the advertisement and the show of Zarna, the diving belle, and her trained seal Susanne. Intrigued by Zarna's beauty and determined to give poor Rita at least a glimpse of the carnival, he sought out Zarna after the performance and offered to pay her to visit his home.

And next morning Jason drove Zarna and the seal in his car out to the farm—while Zarna's carnival comrade the acrobat Captain Querl sulked scowling in his tent like another Achilles; and while the fantastically named Two Cents Tanner, a comely neighbor girl, who had been a somewhat special friend of Jason's, watched them with anxious perplexity as they passed.

Zarna was delighted with the farm; and the farmers—particularly poor Rita—were enthralled with Zarna and Susanne. . . . . Jason went to the carnival again and again; Zarna revisited the farm—and among the orchard apple-blossoms Jason kissed her. . . . . It was on Jason's next visit to the carnival afterward that Querl's jealousy of Jason flamed out in a furious attack and the men fought savagely. It was a drawn battle, and both men were badly battered before Zarna contrived to stop it. . . . . Later, while Zarna was dressing Jason's wounds, she led him to propose marriage. And a few days afterward the diving girl left the circus, and Jason brought his wife home to Rita.

It was a new and strange life for Zarna—and for Susanne, who fought with Jason's dog Rip so persistently that poor Rip had to be exiled. Perhaps Susanne was specially ill-tempered just then, for shortly thereafter she presented them with a baby seal which became Rita's special delight. . . . . And now the newspaper informed Zarna that Captain Querl had been badly hurt in a misbap during his diving act with the carnival. *(The story continues in detail:)*

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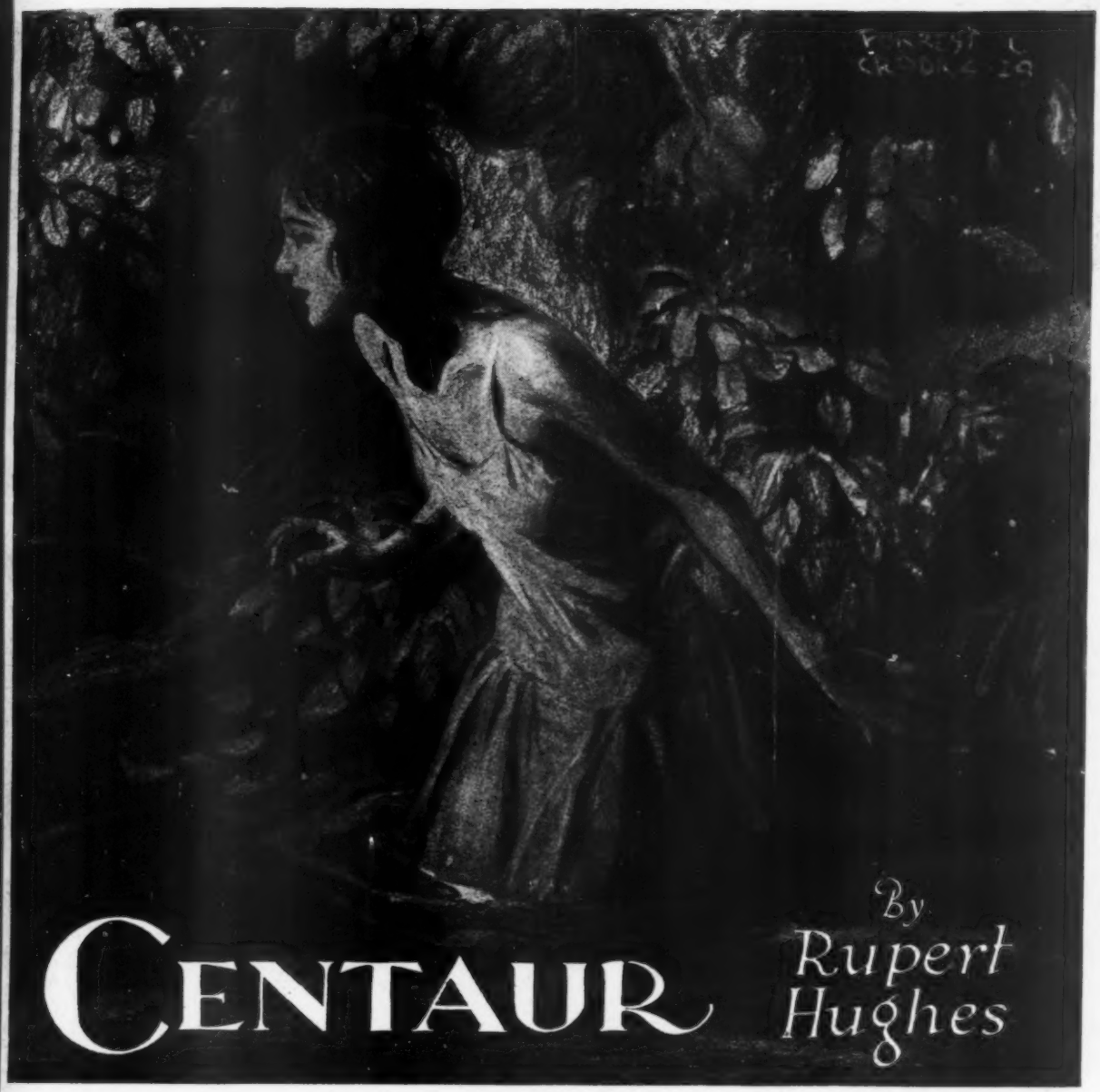

CENTAUR

By Rupert Hughes

She slipped off everything but her step-ins, stole in waist-deep, swam under water until she caught Jason by the ankles.

IT was Zarna's nature to feel keenly her obligations to anyone who had been kind to her—to anyone, from her public to her most casual friend. Her temper was quick and fierce, but she could not hold a grudge.

She had no schooling, especially no Sunday-schooling in formal commandments or ethical standards, and did little because it was considered proper or highly spoken of; avoided nothing because somebody had called it wicked or immoral. Her impulses were passionately warm, and they usually conformed with the decencies and the generosities. When they did not, she went wrong with a whole heart.

She was as devoid of hypocrisies as of discretions. If she made any pretense, it was of being far less virtuous than she was.

As she stripped her body as far as the limits of the law and let the public take her for what she was, so she stripped her thoughts. Her soul was usually as transparent as the tank she had swum in.

Now, after the first dizziness of learning that her old lover was wrecked and in a hospital, her mind cleared. She could not honestly go to Querl without letting her husband know. If he forbade her or tried to stop her, that would justify her. If he looked sad and jealous, that would make it hard for her to leave him. Her only restraint was the reluctance to hurt one who loved her as her husband undoubtedly did. But Harry loved her too, and she had—oh, tell the truth and let the devil keep the change!—she had loved Querl, loved him still, in a way. She wondered how far "in a way" went.

One thing was sure; when a person was loved by somebody, she owed him a debt. When a person loved somebody, she owed him a bigger debt. But paying those debts was something else again when somebody else also loved a person and she also loved him.

In any case, she was Jason's wife, and he had a right to know what was on her mind. She had a right to know what was on his.

She stole away from Rita and her pet seal and went to Jason's room. He was not there. She looked into the kitchen where Mrs. Gumbert, Delia, Moe and others of the help were sitting about. From the guilty way they stopped talking and stared at her, she knew that they had been talking about her. Well, what of it? She had been knocked by some of the best writers in the land.

She looked for Jason on the porch. He was not there. But she saw him out by the gate, pacing up and down. She knew at

once that he was horribly upset by the sudden return of Harry Querl to their lives. As she walked toward him, he leaned on the gatepost and thought, thought so intently that he did not hear her. She approached with sudden timidity. The easy questions she wanted to ask became difficult because he would take them hard.

When she touched him, he jumped like a big horse shying at an unexpected bit of paper or a scratch of the spur.

"Oh, it's you," he snorted.

"Yep, it's me." She hung her clasped hands on his elbow and rocked for a long while of indecision before she could say what the dark made a little easier:

"Jason, that piece in the paper—that piece in the paper—"

"About your friend Querl?"

"You said it. He was my friend, and he's alone, and a helpless wreck. The carnival will move on and leave him there in the hospital with nobody to look after him."

"You weren't allowin' to go nurse him, I hope."

"Well, he did a lot for me once."

"Yes, and he did a lot for me once!" Jason laughed harshly. "I got his teethmarks on my wrist yet."

"I know, and I was to blame for it. He was fightin' for me, and he lost me. You got me, didn't you?"

"I thought I did, and I was aimin' to keep you. But you've hardly settled down before you're plannin' to go back to him."

"Would you mind if I did?"

"Mind? Would I mind if you tore my heart out and—and fried it for him?"

"Jason!" She suffered for the pain she knew he felt. If he had stormed at her she could have defied him, but here he was as helpless and as hurt as Querl. What was the matter with men, anyhow, that they had to be such babies where women were concerned?

"I wouldn't go a step, if you didn't want me to."

"Want you to! My God, would any husband want his wife to go to the man who—who—"

"Go on, say it! Say it!" Her tone was as dark as the night.

"I don't know what he was to you."

"What do you think he was?"

"I can't think. I s'pose it's none of my business."

"As long as you suppose that, it's all right. And as long as I'm your wife, I'm goin' to be your wife. When I decide to quit, I'll let you know."

"Quit!" he cried. "Are you talkin' about quittin' a'ready? Quittin' me to go to that—that—"

"I wasn't thinkin' of quittin' if I went to see Harry Querl. I'd go as your wife, and I wouldn't forget who I was or let anybody else forget it. But if you don't want me to go—"

"Oh, Millie! Millie! I'm afraid to leave you out of my sight!"

He caught her in his arms and she thought that her ribs would be broken in upon her heart, as she smothered under his devouring kisses.

He dragged her toward the house as if he feared the road, and led her in and locked the front door, and into their room and locked that door as if Querl were hunting for her.

She smiled quizzically to think how it kindled his love to a blaze to feel that Harry Querl might still be in her heart. A lawless intuition made her wonder if Jason's reawakened violence of love were due as much to his love of her as to his hatred of Querl. In any case, Harry Querl was horribly with them there, and the more Jason tried to make her his, the more he shared her. Jason also seemed to be aware of this infamous irony. . . . .

She did not mention Querl to Jason again, but she was consumed with curiosity to learn how Harry was getting along. She thought of telegraphing to Uncle Tom Spivey, of writing him a secret letter, but put off taking any definite step in the hope that the afternoon paper would have further news.

Harry Querl was not a personage of importance enough to have bedside bulletins published. As a diver who missed his mark, he was news once. As a crippled invalid, he was only one of the dreary multitude in hospitals.

She read the paper before Jason came in for supper, and searched in vain for a line about Harry. Later she saw Jason studying every page, and again she smiled cruelly, wondering what would have happened if he had read that his rival was dead.

Jason had to go to town and asked Zarna to go along, but she was reluctant to appear before the people there until she had become so old a story that they would not gape at her. She made an excuse of fearing to leave the seal and the baby seal, and nobody to look after them.

Jason was gone all day. In the middle of the afternoon he called her on the telephone and said what it would have been almost impossible for him to confess to her face:

"Comin' into town 'smornin' I got to thinkin', Millie. Knowin' how you was worried about—about—you know—"

She knew and her heart chugged as she foresaw what he was about to say. He said it:

"So I wired Mr. Spivey over to Newbury how sorry me and m' wife was to read about the Captain's accident, and how was he, and would he tell him how sorry we was, please wire collect."

"Jason!"

"Well, I'm down at the telegraph office now. Just got an answer. He says: 'Glad to report Captain out of danger, but sorry say will be confined some time hospital where have ordered every attention paid and guaranteed bills. Captain much pleased with your message and sends kind regards you Zarna Susanne in which we all join. —Thomas Jefferson Spivey.'"

"Jason! Jason! You darling!" was all Zarna could say as the tears came tumbling over her eyelashes.

"Thought you'd be glad to know. See you later. G'by, Millie!"

"G'by, Jason."

It was not unsweet to be "Millie" now, now that Querl had lost so much majesty by being out of danger. His majesty had gone over to Jason. How much finer it was, she thought, to do

a fine thing his way than in the manner of other men, who would have done it, if at all, with a big ballyhoo and no end of dramatics.

She imagined that Harry Querl would have made a "production" of it with gestures and thrown kisses and the taking of a lot of bows. Harry always did the gracious thing, but he never forgot to be graceful about it.

As if he had not done enough, when Jason drove in he had a horse tied to the back of his car. It was the prettiest horse Zarna had ever seen in or out of a circus.

Two Cents wanted to stay with Rita, but Zarna led her to the dining-room, to the amazement of the other Tanners, and of Jason.

Never had she seen so pretty a head held so high. And he had a light saddle on.

She guessed at once that Jason was trying his best to make her glad she had married him. And in fact he had been terrified by the sudden appearance of Querl in the newspaper. Querl, as usual, played foul and got sick and sneaked back into Zarna's heart. Jason robbed him of that advantage by sending his polite telegram. Even his unimaginative soul could see that good news from Querl was the best of good news for himself.

Chapter Seventeen

THE doorbell rang. Delia answered it and then knocked softly on the inner door. Zarna opened it a little and Delia whispered through:

"Reverend and Miz Powell has came to call on you, ma'am."

Zarna fell back from the door as if Delia had announced the chief of police. She fled to Jason in a panic.

"What am I goin' to do?"

"You can't send 'em away, can you?" Jason urged. "They've come a long ways to be sociable."

"Sociable! They've come to save my soul and preach at the vile sinner from the carnival."

"Oh, now! Reverend Powell's a very nice man. He wont bother about your soul. And Miz Powell's a mighty nice woman —jolly and folksy. You'll like her. Please!"

"But I'm not dressed," Zarna maundered. "What ought I to put on? What do you wear out here when parsons call? I never had one call on me before. And what do I say? How do I behave?"

"Be yourself," said Jason. "You're as good as anybody. Wear what you got on. That's better 'n keepin' 'em waitin' for ages."

"But I got on ridin' pants. You can't see a minister in ridin' pants. You go on out and entertain 'em till I get dressed."

Whether she always took so long or delayed especially, Jason could not know, but he thought she would never appear. He said his few phrases over and over; half a dozen times he repeated:

"Well, it's might' nice of you to call."

Mrs. Powell had said at least twice:

"It's the only way we'd ever get to see you. You never come to church any more."

Mr. Powell had asked:

"Is your wife a communicant of any denomination?"

"Huh? Oh! Well, now, do you know, I never asked her."

He took them in to see Rita for a moment and had just led them back to the parlor when Zarna came in, and with a certain truculence. She did not intend to be regarded as any fallen woman to be lifted from the dregs. She did not intend to stand for any slams at carnival people.

Her first glance at the Powells shocked her. They resembled in no respect her mental cartoon of the clergy and their wives. Mrs. Powell was middling small and middling pretty and plainly afraid of Zarna. She clung to a big husband nearly as tall as Jason, but plump and creamy and cheerful. Though he looked down from on high he had the effect of a giant cherub. He took Zarna's hand into a soft palm and made a little speech that disarmed her of all defense. It was a bit oratorical, but that made it the grander to Zarna, who needed to hear a musical voice saying almost anything soothing:

"It is a great honor to meet you, Mrs. Brafford. I was denied the privilege of seeing you at the carnival. My wife and I were dying to go, but you see, we have police of our own." He lowered his voice as if taking Zarna into an intimate confidence, as he added: "We poor parsons and our poor wives are the victims of a lot of old maids, male and female, who think we can't be trusted to see anything but sermons and weddings and funerals.

"We prisoners of the pulpit lead such confined lives that it's a genuine adventure to have as a neighbor one who has traveled

so much, known the world so well and made such famous use of her gifts.

"Let me assure you that we appreciate how much you sacrificed for the sake of our dear Jason. He led a lonely existence, and this farm was a dark place of sorrow until you came. You have turned it into the center of all our interest. Welcome, thrice welcome, Mrs. Brafford."

ZARNA was staggered. She turned her eyes to Jason in bewilderment, as Mrs. Powell stole to her elbow and began:

"While we were waiting for you, Mrs. Brafford, we ran in and spoke to Rita. She showed us her baby seal,—her baby, she called it,—and told us what an angel you've been to her. Some of our well-meaning neighbors have nearly crushed her with their —what shall I say? But you have done what none of us could do. You have changed the world for that darling child. Her life is all sunlight, now. It was fine to have had your brilliant career, but to have saved that pitiful little child from what you did—it's like a miracle. A saint would be proud of it."

"Seddown, wont you?" said Zarna. "I gotta!"

She smiled and fumbled her fingers and beat her eyelids together but could find nothing to say. Mr. Powell thought to help her by changing the subject.

"We saw you go by yesterday, towing a horse, Jason. I said to my wife, 'Never did I see as pretty a pony,' and she said to me, 'Did you ever see one hold his head as high?' And I said, 'I never did.' You're going to ride him, Mrs. Brafford, of course."

When they rose to go, Zarna took them out to see Susanne, and found Susanne, for a wonder, on her good behavior. She accepted caresses from both of the Powells and sang them a little song or two without waiting to be urged. Zarna was so elated at being treated as a star instead of as a lost soul, that she decided to give the Powells a bit of the performance they had missed. She sent Jason to fetch a ball so that she could show them Susanne's skill as a juggler.

But Susanne dodged when the ball was thrown to her, and refused to pick it up and dance it on her nose. Zarna tried to excuse her:

"She knows you're clergy and she's trying to act respectable like she had never been with a carnival."

But a cold thought chilled her: Susanne was forgetting what she had learned, and settling down to be a stupid farm animal. How long would it be before Zarna too would forget all she ever knew? She resolved to keep in practice and make use of her diving board. But why? A lot of use she'd have for diving from now on!

When the Powells said their good-bys, Zarna and Jason went with them to the gate.

The sight of old Bess in front of Jason's house had already caused a number of passers-by to put on extra speed in order to spread the news that the parson had gone slumming and was trying to save Zarna's soul. A number of good people stiffened their necks immediately and prepared to make the aisle frosty when she came to church.

A second wave of gossip followed close, for later passers-by saw that Brother Powell had not only taken his wife to call on the woman, but had actually stood and laughed with her as if she were a deacon's wife. This threw the whole congregation into a turmoil of uncertainty.

When old Bess went jogging down the road with the Powells, Zarna took Jason's arm and walked back to the house, pouring forth her amazement and delight at finding that a preacher and his wife could "be decent after all." She even went so far as to say:

"This goin' to church business—I may have a look into it some day!"

THE first fruit of the official visit was a flood of callers. On pleasant afternoons there were sometimes four or five cars drawn up outside the Brafford gate.

Zarna found it amusing at first to study the freaks that came to see the freak they thought she was. Their motives were as clear as day; and Zarna, as she told Jason, "put on just the show they asked for."

To some the visit was a grim descent into the pit to rescue a brand from the burning, and Zarna played as best she could the part of a repentant Magdalene grateful for a condescension and a helping hand.

To others the call was an escapade at the circus. Midfield had never seen a personal appearance by a moving-picture star, and only the shabbiest theatrical troupes ever visited the town's shabbier boarding-houses. For celebrity-hungry visitors Zarna played the part of a woman of dazzling escapades who had wearied of fame and the annoying courtship of millionaires and dukes and had sought a quiet haven where she could get away from "it all."

Yet others sought her as the possessor of a dark and lurid past. They wanted to hear tales of vice. For these Zarna painted a picture of carnival life as a true carnival of reckless romance, no drudgery and no scruples.

Some of the callers were honest enough to pay for what they bought, and told her stories of rural evil that frightened her.

The stampede of visitors finally unlocked Mrs. Gumbert, that encyclopedia of scandal, who had hitherto granted Zarna no access to her treasures. So many of the intruders stayed so long that supper had often to be delayed. Others stayed so long that Jason had to starve or ask them to sit in.

Zarna was gradually rising in Mrs. Gumbert's eyes as the rest of the community declined in repute.

After a week or two of funny or terrible neighbors, Zarna began to tire and to be "out" or "sick." Delia enjoyed sending visitors away with such swell perjury, but Mrs. Gumbert "would not lie for nobody," and when Delia was off duty, Zarna had actually to get out before Mrs. Gumbert would say she was. It grew tiresome to dash off to the woodshed or the barn at all hours, but the small-talk and the depravities of the community had begun to pall upon Zarna. . . . .

Nearly all the farmers called upon Zarna except the Tanners. Zarna could never forget the girl Two Cents, whom she had seen on her first visit to the farm. She remembered the look Two Cents had cast at her, and her assumption that Jason and she had had a love-affair.

She had not quite dared to consult Mrs. Gumbert in the matter, fearing to hear too much, but it comforted her a little to think that Jason had a past of his own. This made their marriage a little more like fair play. Each had brought an undiscussed and invisible dowry to the new life.

FROM week to week Zarna and Jason had postponed going to church and she had not seen the Powells again. Something always happened on Sunday morning in the fields, which were working their hardest, or among the farm animals indifferent to the Sabbath.

Finally the days of uninterrupted toil and the evenings without amusement wore Zarna down until it seemed that even a church-service would be an exciting diversion. Jason readily agreed to take her the following Sunday if it rained a little but not too hard.

It rained too hard. After the early morning ministrations to the animals were over, Jason and Zarna sat in the parlor with their feet on the window-sill and watched the gusts of rain sweep the highway with the furious switches of an enormous broom.

"True carnival weather!" said Zarna. "I wonder I aint out in it tryin' to get off the lot and onto the train."

"Are you glad you aint?" said Jason hungrily.

"You bet I am!" said Zarna, reaching across to grip his fingers. "And the credit goes to you."

But in her heart she thought that it was better to be out in the storm doing something and going somewhere, than sitting on one's spine in a rocker watching it rain. She supposed that Uncle Tom was in this flood pulling his show out of the mire and leaving the lot clean so that some town would have no extra grudge against the name of Spivey. Harry Querl, she supposed, was on his back in that hospital watching the water slide down the pane.

Her attention was caught by something solid in the rain-filled air. It was the parson and his wife in their old buggy, with old Bess leaning against the gale and pushing her streaming face and her beaten eyes through it.

"The wind'll blow old Bess' tail off if she don't clamp it down tight," said Zarna. "She cert'n'y earns her oats."

A few other farmers went by in old cars muffled in rubber curtains.

Finally an especially rickety flivver appeared with radiator smoking as it butted the wind and stalled. An old man climbed out, and in a flurry of whipped whiskers tried to crank the car.

"Who's that?" said Zarna. "Noah and his ark?"

"That's old Keziah Tanner," said Jason. "He's got the whole flock with him, too, judgin' from the way the curtains bulge."

While they watched the struggle to revivify the dead car, Jason was moved to one of his rare periods of garrulity:

"Those Tanners are cases—all except Two Cents, and I don't know how she ever got in amongst 'em. Some folks say the doctor was in a hurry the day she was born—and left her at the Tanners' and delivered the Tanner baby *(Please turn to page 151)*

Everybody's Elevated

By William Withers Douglas

Illustrated by August Henkel

The author of "Everybody's Coo-Coo" has listened in again on Nick and Joe as they gave their recently arrived brother a bootlegger's Outline of History.

ALL thees 'Nited States pee-pool so smart! Ever'body's elevated. Ever'body's so smart like Alex; all gottum college learnings—night-school, ennyhow, I tellum Jake, while Joe leesen also.

Joe, he's my Broader Joe. . . . . Jake, he's some more broaders I haf whoos joosta come from Old Contree li'l while. Lotsa other broaders I gottum in Old Contree—sisters evven. 'Leven-twelve keeds, we are—some boonch.

Ever'body shod learnum somet'ing in thees 'Nited States—joinum op to college if he's gottum fur coat—beeg pants also he shod haf'. Else-wise ever'body shod go at night-school. These 'Nited States peepul so smart they even take-um lessons ovver mail. Mail-man are teachers. . . . . I tellum Jake. Thees are swell ideer.

Mebbe so, Joe makes remark. But all thees 'Nited States guys weeth swell edgum-cashun, all thees guys t'ink us forrin-ers pretty smart on our head, also. Seex mon's ofter Joe come to 'Nited States he's gottum swell auto-mo-beel, he's gottum nice li'l house on lots, he's gottum swell new close, monee in bank—ever't'ing.

Shoos, I tellum Joe, we pretty smart fellers, all right. I am pretty smart guy my ownself, shod ennybody osk. I gottum wan nice beeg bootlegger beesness—not many deaths on average. All forrin-ers gottum lotsa brains opstairs. 'S fact.

But joosta same, thees monee are not main event in 'Nited States. Thass Old Contree ideer. Monee are side-lines. Edge-um-cashun are beeg t'ing in thees contree. When old-man make-um lotsa monee on beesness, hees keeds runnum oudt to spendum on college. Factree-guys also—doan' he spendum hees monee on night-schools? All girls learnum to spell for boss on typewriters. All wives go for cooking-school or else-wise to learnum how babies shod growum up. Ever'body elevated in thees 'Nited States, I tellum Joe, while Jake leesen weeth hees mout' open.

Joe, he's doan say northing. Jake, he's luook at floor also, while thees stuff soakum in head. In li'l while Jake, hees luook op to say hees damn' glad he doan hafta poot op weeth thees college learnings, ennyhow. Why shod he learnum thees football stuff? Aint he champ wrassler in Old Contree—doan he knowum all holts? All wrassler stuff, he haf' learnum. Whoos can teachum heem ennyt'ing, Jake osks. Jake so glad hees gottum beeg mussels on arm—evven if not mooch on head.

Jake are sooch emmy-grant! He's all time stay forrin-er—nevvair weel he be smart guy like me and rest of 100% 'Nited Statesers. Jake nevvair luook hees nose ovver.

I hollair to Jake, leesen wance, leesen, while I weel told heem som't'ing! He are champ wrassler in Old Contree mebbe—he are beeg feller, no doubts. Seven foots tall, he are, almos'—two hundred forty-five pounds in underwears; all wrassler tricks, he's haf' learnum. But thees are not Old Contree; thees are 'Nited States, where ever'body's elevated. Ath-letes, evven, gottum up in education—nobody are allow to kickum football wance, onless he's feex op college-lessons weeth professor, somehow. 'S fact.

In Old Contree, ath-letes are strong guys—strongest guy are champ; but in thees contree she are diff-runt: ath-letes mus' also learnum somet'ing else. He's gotta write-um story on noos-papers. Can Jake write-um story on noos-papers, I osk heem. No! I answer heem; he's aint gottum no education. He's gottum helluva chance to be champ wrassler in thees 'Nited States.

Joosta luook, wance—luook at thees feller Babe Ruth—he's champ ball-player weeth hittings; he's always write-um how 'tis on noos-paper. Luook at Bill Tilden; he's champ tennis-player—outsides New York. He's write-um stuff on noos-paper to make A-A-U feller sore. Bobby Jones, he's write-um on noos-paper; he's tellum how 'tis he's winnum thees golf champ. Running-champ, swimming-champ, football-champ, all-champs mus' write-um stuff on noos-papers; nobody are champ onless he can write-um beeg story like thees guys.

Joosta take thees feller Gene Tunney, for oxample: he's smartest ath-lete in world—beegest words he can write-um on noos-paper. Ever' day he's write-um lotsa beeg words. He can even readum thees beeg words also. 'S fact.

Gene are world's champ fighter weeth Onglish spoken freely; rest of fighters onlee know 'Nited States talk. Thees fact make

all sport-writers sore at Gene; they doan' onderstand thees eye-brow-op Onglish stuff.

In swell blue-buook, he's gettum printed hees name—Mistair Gene Joseph Tunney—where sport-writers can't gettum name on list, like they gottum printed in beeg letters on noos-papers. So mad they gettum! Oh, thees Gene Tunney are rotten fighter, they say—doan' luook at heem nex' time—stay to home weeth radio. But thees stuff doan hurtum Gene; he's gottum swell education. He's showum cock-eyed world what education do for feller. He's winnum world's champ title; then he's retire—leave-um job flat, before he's loosum heem. He's gottum heemself wan swell wife whoos luook like mill-yun bucks; also she's gottum millyun her ownself. I osk, are Gene dumb-bell or not?

Jake and Joe can't thinkum op answers to stuff like thees. . . . . So I oxplain why Jake shoold gettum heemself ed-u-cated, if he's wan' be world's champ fighter or wrassler in thees 'Nited States, where evverbody's elevated.

I weel begin with short lessons on beeg fights of histree. I weel tellum Jake thees stuff wheech I haf' readum my ownself, when I learnum to be 100% 'Nited Stateser. All smart fighters shod know somet'ing 'bout histree—all life are joosta wan battles ofter 'nother. So I tellum Jake and Joe thees histree dope. . . . .

Ever'body had pretty tough time in old days, I tellum Joe and Jake. Ever'body was joosta like monk-kees—all scratchum like hell for livings. Lotsa troubles, they had. Nobody knows who is who—wheech are monk-kees, wheech are pee-puls. Today, even, thees are beeg quest-shun. Ofter li'l while, some guy named Adam proof he are man—ontil hees girl-fren' Eve make-um heem luook like monk-kee also. Thees stuff startum first beeg marriage fight, joosta like evverbody haf' today—ontil Adam and Eve are poot oudt-sides home from Garden.

Mr. Adam, holding his famous apple.

In cave Adam mus' move-um—cave onlee place vacant for rent weeth lotsa keeds allowed—where northing are furnished. Ofter thees hoppen, evverbody callum Adam and hees keeds caveman. For pants they gottum leapord skin—like strong feller in show weeth mussels so beeg. Luook at thees pitcher in histree buook, I tellum Joe and Jake. They all fighters—onlee they doan gottum no boxing-gloves. Wan smart feller, he's tied a beeg stone on hees baseball bat. Ofter li'l while thees guy winnum all fights — ontil rest of boonch gottum wise how thees smart feller haf' ring-in rock on them. Pretty s o o n ever'body got ed-u-cated at Stone-age. All make-um bows and arrows, for shooting anyt'ing w e e t h safety-first behind tree.

Stone-age guys learn-um they mus' be elevated joosta like ennybody else. They haf tough time finding dinner, at first—nobody runnum hot-dog counter evven. Ever'body mus' pickum berries and opples for lonch. Thees are helluva meal for beeg hongree guy whoos wurk oudt-doors all day.

K. O. Kid David, who socked Champ Goliath.

M. Goliath, idol of the Philistine sports.

Moses of the bulrushes.

But they learnum to cotch fish weethoudt whole hard-ware store in boat. They learnum to shoot li'l rabbits weethoudt swell unney-form on. But nobody are smart enough to make-um wan li'l fire. Evverbody hadda eatum thees raw meat weethoudt cookings. . . . .

Servesum right—ennybody so dumb shodn't deserve no better. But ofter li'l while all keeds joinum op like Boy Scouts. Ever'body learnum to rubbum sticks ontil hees rubbum op fire.

Thees Stone-age fellers haf' world's champ fighter. He's guy called David; he's gottum heemself li'l sling-shot on quiet. Ever'-day, he's practice weeth thees, ontil hees are oxpert like Willie Hoppe. At las' he's sign-um op for beeg fight—to meetum beeg heavy-weight called Goliath, whoos are wan tall bozo from sticks. Thees are first beeg fight in old days—winner take all, fightum to feenish, no long-counts allowed, all seats free. Ever'body come to gettum free luook.

"What chance haf' li'l fly-weight like David weeth onlee wan sling-shot, what chance he's gottum?" Jake osk quest-shun.

"Oh, he's winnum thees event," Joe butt in. Doan Jake know David lickum Goliath in first round? Wan sock weeth sling-shot are enough. Goliath are down and oudt, cold. Joe already knows thees histree. Ofter thees fight, David winnum alexshun for king.

Whoos thees guys, whoos all marchum like West Pointers, Jake osk quest-shun on nex' pitcher in histree buook. They mus' be swell fighters.

Some fellers called E-gyp-shuns, they are, I tellum Jake and Joe. E-gyp-shuns was first gang-fighters. Swell armies, they had—ever'body in step, all time. Thees guys pop op in Africa weeth swell bricklaying jobs called Pyramids. E-gyp-shuns made-um swell graveyards. Tombs they buildum for dead fighters; insides they wropped op dead heroes like package—to deliver for mooseums later. E-gyp-shuns verree mooch ed-u-cated. They so smart they make-um Jews work in brick-yard; ennyhow, histree buook say so.

Ofter li'l while Jewish guys gettum ed-u-cated also—they gettum wan smart fighter. He's named Moses. He's wan's all Jewish fellers to joinum op on bricklayers' union—onlee work eight-hour—go on strike, mebbe, Moses say.

Oh, no, thees beeg E-gyp-shuns weel lickum us, somebody hollair.

But Moses are not born where bull rushes for northing, he's tellum evverbody. Are we Jewish pee-pul or not? Aint we smart salesman? Why shod we fool away time in thees contree making bricks? I weel showum youse land of promises—lotsa credit in con-

Cave gentleman, the granddad of them all.

tree called New York. Weeth smartness we'll lick-um t h e e s E-gyp-shuns. Moses announce' he haf' s w e l l ideer—ever'body walkum off job, go on strike, wance—to s w e l l beach at Red Sea for first Labor Day pic-nic—leave-um thees E-gyp-shun to me. I can lickum them my ownself.

Jewish guys cross dry Red Sea, while E-gyp-shuns callum oudt army—for chasing to Red Sea also. Moses, he standum on other side, weeth all Jews safety-first. He's hollair to E-gyp-shun guys: "Hey, come luook at nice lots for sale—cheap, they are—luook at swell beach-front. Beeg clubhouse going op soon; first guy weeth down-payment gettum best choice."

Thees are too mooch for E-gyp-shun fellers. Ever'body wan's thees lots—joosta like in thees 'Nited States. Evverbody roosh

oudt for bargain where Red Sea haf' left dry. All of sudden Moses turnum on warter. E-gyp-shuns all drowned. Jews all free to come to New York for soft middle-man jobs. . . . . Take-um or leave-um, thees are histree. 'S fact.

Nex' fellers are Baby-loaners from Baby-lonia—but we passum op thees guys; they nevvair fight. All time they make gardens hanging. Pretty soon some Assyrian guys lickum thees Baby-loaners; then some Chaldeans moppum op weeth thees Assyrians. Ofter li'l while some more guys come 'long called Persians, whoos beatum op thees Chaldeans. Chaldeans are joosta like some other champs—they doan train for fight—all time they runnum round weeth girl-fren. Wan guy giffs beeg wild-partee—Nebuchadnezzar, I t'ink hees name. . . . . Mebbe som' more letters—I dunno.

Nex' fellers to lickum thees Persians are Greeks, I tellum Jake and Joe. Luook, wance, luook how smart was old-timer Greeks. I weel not brag on our reel-lashuns, but joosta s a m', thees old-timer Greeks was som' elevated boonch, if ennybody shod osk. Also they was c h a m p fighters. Ever'body knows thees Greeks knockum hell outta Persians in battles of Marathon. All histree buooks say thees are first beeg battles of world. Persians t'ink they was pretty smart boonch, ofter they lickum thees Chaldeans for title, but Greek fellers was mooch smarter. Lotsa Persians gottum kilt. Ever'body else gottum chased in ocean. . . . . Thees Marathon battles are damn' fine fight, all round.

Phil of Macedonia, ancestor without a job.

Professor Tunney, ready for anything up to and including the count.

Bill the Conqueror, who invented Rule Britannia.

The Babe, in a home-run stance.

Jake are glad to hearum thees stuff, hees say. Hees glad to learnum thees Marathon are battle—all time he haf' t'ink she are long race.

Thees Phil of Macedonia: Phil was ed-u-cated fighter; he's watchum Greek guys poot on fight. Ofter li'l while, Phil learnum thees stuff to hees own boonch. New foot-wurk he's teachum also —while Greek fellers haf' good time weeth high-life, joosta like some champs whoos doan keep op training. In li'l while Greeks loose title to Phil—she all time hoppen like thees.

Enny fighter whoos use hees head, he's all time win. Take-um thees Roman guy Horatius. Luookum at Horatius wance; hees guy whoos stay at bridge; all by heemself he's pooshum whole army off in warter. Joosta like Charlie Chaplin in moving-pitch. . . . . Horatius sittum ovver doorway at bridge weeth beeg stick; ever' time som'body come on bridge, wan-at-time hees sockum on head. Horatius lickum whole boonch thees way.

Roman fellers was so smart they lickum evverbody in contree—city also—ontil nobody wan' signum op weeth thees guys. Ofter li'l while Romans gettum contract to poot on show in Collie-seum—voddy-ville show, joosta like other world's champ. But in mean while some feller named Hannibal sneak ovver Alp mountains weeth 'nother beeg army—in back door he's come to poot wan ovver on Romans. But Romans raise op on arms, cancel show beesness to poot on beeg fight. Where-'n-hell thees guy Hannibal come from, they hollair. Whoos lettum heem ovver Alps? He aint no toor-ist. Hannibal lastum t'ree-four rounds; then he's throwum op sponge—runnum for warter in ocean.

Nex' guy whoos luook pretty good are Julius Cæsar; he winnum lotsa fights also; hees Great Cæsar, grabs ever't'ing. All Roman fight-fan like-um heem verree mooch; ever'body hollair, "Hail, Cæsar, the gang's all here—what-'n-hell we care now!"—joosta like G. O. P. boonch on alexshun night. Julius Cæsar are thees feller in Shakespeare buook—Gene Tunney knows heem by heart, weeth-oudt luooking at Shakespeare evven. Julius are sooch smart feller, he's make-um beeg name for Romans. He's buildum op Rome. Joosta like New York, thees Rome are city for beeg fights—doan' Gene Tunney go for gettum married there? Julius Cæsar are greatest guy in Roman histree, I tellum Joe and Jake.

Mebbe so, Joe announce—but not if thees guy Mussolini findum oudt.

Some fellers called Vikings was first fellers weeth fight-in-bag—they make-um whatch-call Sackings-of London—swipe evvert'ing loose and poot in sack.

English pee-pul was first guys whoos gif' nick-names to fighters. They gottum wan feller, Al-the-Great; 'nother guy was Bill-the-Conqueror—also, Dick-weeth-Lion's-Heart, Bad-J o h n, Henry-Number-wan, Charlie, Ed—all easy n a m e s—nort'ing hard for histree writers, like Nebuchadnezzar.

Cæsar, who said something about Gall.

English fellers all sat ever' night at Round-table. Ever'body drinkum op lotsa good beer—swell times they had—jolly boonch they was—somebody always haf' new story hees hear from salesman.

Pretty soon some guys called Mohammedans startum op beeg ree-ligeous argument—they shod know better; thees stuff all time startum fight. Thees Mohammedans t'ink they haf' nice peaceful God. English guys t'ink they got Heem their ownself. Thees make wan helluva fight. No dee-sission; ree-ligeon go on joosta same. Each wan t'ink he's weel go to heaven, other guy weel go to hell. 'S fact.

Luook at thees 'Nited States wance, I tellum Jake and Joe. Thees contree winnum fight ever'time—nevvair loose heem. George Washington, he's winnum first battles ovver some English heavy-weighters. Dan Boone, he's winnum ovver Indian champs whoos are hoppee-warriors like Al Smith. Indians onlee winnum wan-two States also. Pretty soon English guys tryum come-back, but 'Nited Statesers haf' French feller in corner whoos helpum oudt—winnum thees time also. Ofter li'l while nobody wans fightum weeth thees contree. 'Nited States always tellum to Marines—nobody wans signum up weeth thees guys. . . . .

Whass Jake t'ink now, I osk heem, ofter he's gettum thees swell histree teachings. Doan' hees feel like college-boy yet?

Oh, yes, I learnum thees stuff—mooch oblige', Jake say. I'm joosta like evver'body in thees 'Nited States—I'm ed-u-cated, by gollee. I am soocha ed-u-cated guy I doan' t'ink I weel worree weeth thees world champ fighter beesness. I haf' learnum some-t'ing from thees histree lessons. But I doan' wan thees fighter stuff. Lettum Old Contree guys be heroes—I wan be 100%' Nited Stateser weeth swell ed-u-cashum—take-um life easy, poot on dogs, make-um lotsa monee, haf' good times. To hell weeth thees world's champ fighter beesness! I am Peace Connfrunce.

Joe, he's laugh op sleeve like son-of-guns. 'S fact.

Folly Dolly

With the deep feeling which made her "Armistice" notable, this English author tells of a mother who danced for a living.

By Christine Jope-Slade

Illustrated by Addison Burbank

EVERYTHING had gone wrong—millions of little imbecile things piling up on each other ever since before breakfast: Milk gone sour for the English early-morning cup of tea. Then the discovery that Goosie's sweet little buttermilk body had been bitten into great angry red patches by a flea. Then the elastic on Goosie's blue serge bloomers breaking; Odette being late. Everything! Everything!

Paris? Who'd want to live in Paris, except a great fathead crowd of shop-mad tourists who knew they could go home to England or America when they'd finished! Then Yvonne Garnier coming round just as Folly'd got Goosie's yellow mop full of green soap for a special shampoo. A new number to be rehearsed! Sudden call! Yvonne whispering in front of Goosie in that sly, tricky Parisian way of hers! God forbid Goosie should ever know that her mother was a Folly chorus-girl till she was old enough to judge; but no need to whisper in that ga-ga French way, as if a policeman were on the doormat waiting to take one away to prison. French ways! French ways! God, how sick she was of them! She adored Goosie, but having her home for the holidays was as tiring as having an angel in the house. It imposed a terrible self-restraint. She felt choked and rigid with it.

"One of you must go on dancing as if you've forgotten everything in the music—doped by the tune." The director pantomimed.

She called Odette, already sulky, and instructed her to finish the shampoo: "Rinse, and rinse, and rinse, and rinse—and the last rinse with lemon juice."

"Bien! Bien! Bien!" machine-gunned Odette.

"Oh, Mummie, do they want you in the office again? I thought just this morning—"

"One day she'll have to know," said Yvonne Garnier as the two women clattered downstairs together. "The office! My God!"

"This morning she didn't want to show me her flea-bites. She didn't want me to see. Yvonne, I couldn't bear it! I should die! Just die! That innocent! That lamb! You don't understand! I couldn't look her in the face! She couldn't look me in the face!"

Yvonne Garnier looked at Folly Dolly. Her face was carmine. Folly Dolly, the English girl who could whirl through the dressing-rooms stark naked and as unembarrassed as a baby, with that fearful look of bitter, flushed shame on her face, that agony of apprehension and humiliation.

"If she was ever to know, she wouldn't understand. She'd think me terrible, horrible! It would destroy everything between us! She comes from a convent, from the hands of nuns. Don't be—*comic*, Yvonne!"

They were out in the light glitter of Paris streets, hurrying through the champagne wash of yellow sunshine, the brittle, swift, staccato noises, the bleats and blazes and saxophonings of Paris traffic, with its endless fragile, tipsy carnival note that boxed their ears lightly, stingingly, provocatively. Yvonne Garnier spoke above it.

"We're rehearsing for Pie," she said.

"Oh," said Folly Dolly.

She had a sudden nostalgia, a craving for Pie. That queer

leprechaun thing of the Paris music-halls who knew *all* about women. *All* about women. The glorious restfulness of men with Pie's experience. He knew just when; and greater and more glorious still, he knew just when *not*. She craved the tact and merriment of Pie fiercely at that moment, like a drug. It didn't matter that he hadn't anything else to offer but gayety, and tact, and careless kindness. They were what women wanted to live with. All women wanted them to live with terribly. It seemed beautiful, and rare, and of magic quality, to her in that moment, the things that mountebank Pie had to offer; like being cared for forever, or magically cured of something. The terrible temptation to be understood, the everlasting allure of knowing that one would be—if one chose.

"What are you going to do about Pie?"

"Nothing."

"If he gets this new song over, he'll make a great deal of money."

"Can you see Pie and Goosie?"

Oh, but she wanted Pie, the soft, indolent, friendly, lounging, easy ways of him. So easy, so easy! Almost like having a woman in the house! Natty! Understanding. Terribly funny, humorous, mimicking. Both being in the same job too. Being able to grouse, rave, look ugly, feel ugly, let go, be oneself; and not suddenly looking up and seeing an eighty-per-cent male looking at you with horror, not having that sudden scared, irreparable feeling of having let the fog get at the tinsel. Knowing that Pie expected you to behave like that sometimes. The *humaneness* of a disillusioned Pie, the warm companionship. . . . .

"He wants you, all right."

"Yes, but you know what he is! Pie and a girl child growing up together! Don't be *comic*."

"What about your own life?"

"It's been Goosie's for e l e v e n years. I planned to take her to England these holidays, a little village in Devon, by the sea. I tell you, Goosie doesn't know there are people like our crowd, or places like our show! I let the nuns have nearly all of her. I let them make her an R. C. to keep her clean and sweet. When she's been home, I've kept her like they sent her to me, a little sweet, innocent child—not knowing anything."

"Get out, Folly Dolly. Our show's full of g i r l s who started to walk downstairs with their eyes shut like that, but they've all landed on the mat."

"Goosie's father was a good man."

"Well, Pie's a man too. What's the difference?"

Ruffled, nervous, two inches off the boiling-point and t e a r - v e n t, Folly Dolly walked into the theater, into the chorus dressing-room. It looked like a Turkish bath at the rush hour. They all liked the little English widow, Folly Dolly. They all knew Goosie. For Goosie in holiday-time the girls b r i d l e d their tongues and dissembled their views, and even moderated their make-up. They respected a peculiarity they certainly never understood. They often discussed it among themselves. Bringing the child up like a saint and a lady. She was a sweet little thing, and she was going to be a beauty. Yet if they criticized it to Folly Dolly, they were afraid. She looked as if she'd murder them, do for them! They realized that if she liked to bring the child up in that abnormal English way, she'd have to get on with it. So they took Goosie to the Eiffel Tower, and watched their step, and treated her as gingerly as if she were a novice about to take the veil, and watched Folly Dolly ward off the desirable Pie and go her lonely way, with more bewilderment than admiration. It all seemed pretty bare and chilly and meaningless to them, but they charitably supposed there was some big idea at the back of it.

"*And* a matinée this afternoon!" protested Folly Dolly, struggling into practice knickers and ballet shoes.

"This is called for Pie! You oughtn't to mind!"

Out on the stage, trickling with dirty-colored daylight; mean-looking, giggling-looking daylight, making necks and arms and legs look unclean. Then the sweep of warm-colored limelight knocking the daylight out, making it all natural, healthy, beautiful. The familiar *pom-pom* of the familiar tune.

Then Pie.

Pie looked somehow so *dear*. Sulking nonchalantly in the wings in his well-cut brown suit, his saxophone clasped in his arms. The things he could do to that shining, expensive instrument—there was something almost sadistic about it. Then the way he could pour tenderness into it—and the tenderness would come pouring out; and savagery, and the savagery would came pouring out again; and the way he could make it wail—as if he were shoving a pin into its hidden silver soul. Clever, beguiling Pie! As Folly danced, she thought of him with desperate longing and desire.

Folly Dolly said to Goosie: "Go to bed!" Then to her guests: "Go to hell!"

She was out of step. Panic! Absurd! What *was* the matter with her? She knew the pattern her feet ought to make, as she knew the pattern on her own kitchen linoleum. Today she was like a mechanical doll with the jerks. It *would* happen *this* morning. It would! The director called them to a halt. The line of mechanical dolls jerked to immobility. Again! Again she was half a beat behind. Again a halt! Lord, this was awful! The director's sarcasm, and the impatience of the other girls who wanted to get it all over and be gone. Pie, watching her meditatively from the wings. Flutter. Panic. There it was, all right! Even her legs, her legs that everyone said were more shapely than Mistinguette's expensive legs, would not, did not save her.

And all the time Pie waited.

When the storm of abuse and invective from the director was over, she stood and listened to Pie's new bit and new business. Of course it would catch on. The tune printed itself on your brain as you went along. *Tiddly-tiddly-tum-tum-tum*-TUM. Why, they'd got something as big here as "Mon Homme," if they knew it. They *did* know it. She saw that—saw it in the tension of the line of girls, felt it in their linked bodies, a long line of pleased glow, participation, the participation in success you only experience on the stage. *Tiddly-tiddly-tum-tummity*-TUM! Now the orchestra picking it up like a dropped banner and running with it to safety, to glory, carrying it on and up. A crescendo! Bang! Marvelous!

Clever little, unexpected little Pie!

Folly Dolly thought of her husband, the late Bertram Richard Dolly, train-catcher, clock-watcher, everything to schedule; who never forgot to set the alarm, even on the first night of their honeymoon. Always had stamps, aspirin and spare fuses in the house. A good man, but wearying; a splendid clerk, gardener, whist-player and pencil-sharpener. Men like Pie, who know divinely, instinctively, when to offer a cup of tea and when to offer a kiss, when to go out and when to stay in. Men who could gossip, and be mean and amusing and vaguely speculative about people and what they were *really* like and *really* after; theirs was the *maisonette* and all things in it!

Those were the men who left holes in women's lives, the men women were really lonely for.

Ever since she had known Pie, she had been lonely for him and strong against him.

"Once again."

Their feet broke into the pattern of the music. There was rest in it, a sort of harmony. You were part of a human centipede.

Once again the new tune. It made one feel excited, eager, that new tune of Pie's.

"One of you must go on dancing as if you've forgotten everything in the music—as if you're doped by the tune. The rest must try to attract her attention and stop her—cough, click your fingers, nudge her, look disturbed."

The director pantomimed brilliantly, rapidly, his eyes flung up and down the line of eager girls. Here was a chance of a bit of extra money, a line in the papers. Folly Dolly knew that normally she would have been selected, mainly on account of her beautiful legs. But she was out of favor. The director's eyes met hers with faint malice and passed her over.

In the dressing-room again, full of the scent of cold cream, talcum-powder and perspiration. She wanted to see Pie, to congratulate him. If it had been any other man but Pie, she couldn't have borne to see him after that morning's humiliation, but Pie was—different.

Her serge coat-sleeve had slipped into an open jar of cold cream. Oh, no—of course not! No one's fault! Oh, no! She'd hung it up in a careless lop-eared way. It was a new spring suit! It *would* be! She dabbed away with benzine and a wad of cotton-wool through a mist of overwrought tears.

When she dressed, Pie had disappeared.

Back to the flat—hot, disheveled, feet aching, head aching, coat-sleeve reeking of benzine. Just an hour to snatch a meal with Goosie and get back for the matinée. Tourists all over enjoying Paris, and the sunshine, and their husbands' money. It got on her nerves, the excited festivity day and night of a "gay Paree."

She opened the door of the flat, and no expected scent of steak and fried potatoes met her nose.

A second ago she had pitied herself for having to be domesticated. She wanted to be free, being young, foolish with Pie. Now she stood on the threshold of her home—careful domesticity outraged—and shrilled with the sharpness of overwrought nerves:

"Odette!"

Out from the kitchen scuttled Odette.

"Well?"

"Where's *déjeuner?*"

"You didn't get any!"

"I ordered steak and *pommes frités.*"

"You forgot to give me the money."

"You know if I forget you *always* buy. What *is* there in the house, you imbecile?"

How ugly Odette looked! All her flat Bréton face gray with temper.

"There is nothing in the house but bread and butter and cake and radishes and one egg."

"I'll go out and get some steak now for Goosie and you. I sha'n't have time to eat it myself. I'll give you your money, and when I come back from the office, you can *clear out!*"

Trembling with temper, she ran down the steps into the street. She knew she was being foolish. One could trust Odette with Goosie, and Goosie with Odette. She felt her whole life was puckering. Women felt that about servants these days as much as husbands. They both puckered life up.

In silence she pushed the steak and the little bag of potatoes and French beans into Odette's hands. She was aware of Goosie's wistful figure in the background.

"There is the money for Goosie's things from the tailor and presser. Remember we want them to pack tomorrow, Odette."

"They came."

"Where are they? Put them on my bed."

"They took them back again. You had left no money."

Then Folly Dolly swore. Just a few simple, honest words rippled out, the everyday verbal coinage of the theater, forsworn for Goosie's sake.

She slammed the door and was gone.

When she came back to the flat at five-fifty-five it was oddly silent. There was a note on the kitchen table:

"I took Goosie to the matinée today. We got the second row for nothing because I told the man she was your daughter. —Odette."

There are other little deaths in life besides good-bys. It was a cold little death, a shivering cold little death Folly Dolly endured standing there with Odette's note in her hand beside the kitchen table. And like all women taken in their happiness, she felt a terrible guilt, an overwhelming consciousness of not having appreciated treasure. It is the worst affliction of widows who have been happy wives, but it rarely touches mothers. She saw back over her life with Goosie, and it had the unbearable sweetness of a remembered garden. It had been sanctuary. Why hadn't she *seen* it? Why hadn't she appreciated it at its full value, savored its quiet gayety, its adorable simplicity? Innocence of youth, sweet, fragrant innocence of youth sooted and violated by the villainy of Odette. If she could only *get* to Odette, she'd choke her—choke her! And of what use? The damage was done! Oh, God, how gay they had been in their little doll's-house of make-believe, she and Goosie! So—so inviolate; as if nothing crude or rude or ugly could ever touch them. Like two children! Marvelous in its clean sweetness. Pie! Her thoughts stumbled against him and recoiled. Pie was dark, grown-up magic. Pie was a different kind of pretending. You had to pretend a whole lot of things to yourself first, queer things.

Folly Dolly crept into her daughter's room. The wages of failure in all human relationships is constraint. This affliction fell for the first time on Folly Dolly, scourging her.

"Like to go out for a blow, Goosie?"

They always did in the evenings *(Please turn to page 120)*

IN TUNE WITH

Photo by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

ANITA PAGE

Sound-synchronized film is the proper phrase to describe those popular productions in which wind and wave, airplane motors and guns and even falling objects have completely audible voices, but men—and girls—are mute.

Mute, but far from inglorious. Very far from it, indeed, is Ramon Novarro in "The Flying Fleet," wherein he flies for the favor of Anita Page, who is pictured at the right and who is the present Cinderella of the screen.

Unknown as recently as the release of "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em," she leaped to fame through her part in "Telling the World," and after her more than satisfactory enactment of one of "Our Dancing Daughters," she has come to be leading lady of this much-heralded "sound-synchronized" feature.

ARNOLD ZWEIG

By uncommon consent among critics, a great novel of the war at last has appeared. Persons as different in outlook and temperament as the American novelist Dorothy Canfield and the German Leon Feuchtwanger agree that "The Case of Sergeant Grischa" surpasses all previous attempts to describe modern war.

"It is," declares Herr Feuchtwanger, "the first great novel yet written anywhere about the war."

Arnold Zweig, the author, whose picture appears below, was born in Silesia, attended the universities of Berlin, Munich and Heidelberg, and during the war was a soldier in a German labor corps. For thirteen months he was before Verdun.

"Sergeant Grischa" he wrote first as a play, but it was when the story was rewritten as a book that it took the world by storm.

Photo by Underwood and Underwood

SIR GEORGE HUBERT WILKINS

was born on a sheep-ranch in Australia, and as a boy attended the rural schools of South Australia and then the Adelaide School of Mines. He selected, however, photography for a vocation as a means of seeing the world; and being in London when the Balkan War began, he obtained the assignment of war photographer for a London paper. At the battle front, between Turkey and Bulgaria, he took motion pictures and was the first to use a motion-picture camera under such circumstances. He learned to fly, and in 1913 joined the Arctic expedition under Stefansson—who, upon another page, gives an estimate of some of Wilkins' later work. Captain Wilkins' picture appears at the left.

OUR TIMES

MARY DUNCAN

having been a star on the "spoken stage," plays now in a picture not only sound-synchronized but also "all-dialogue."

She was the vivid *Poppy*, you may remember, in that successful sensation "The Shanghai Gesture."

The pictures—pardon us, the all-dialogue productions — wanted her long before the close of that engagement; but she had signed one of those contracts for "the run of the play." However, the road tour ended very conveniently in Los Angeles, and Miss Duncan promptly appeared in "Four Devils," "The River" and "Our Daily Bread."

"Through Different Eyes," her new production, suggests visual effects solely, but it is "all-dialogue;" and so the thrilling voice of *Poppy* again will be heard. Miss Duncan's picture appears at the right.

RUTH GORDON

has found in *Serena Blandish* a rôle which suits her so well that it is likely to become the criterion by which, later, she will be judged—as was Maude Adams in "Peter Pan."

By the way, Miss Gordon, whose picture appears below, played *Nibs* in Miss Adams' revival of that immortal epic of youth, and toured also in the later revival of the much beloved "Little Minister."

It is with Tarkington rôles, however, that Miss Gordon had been most conspicuously identified up to this time, having played in "Seventeen" and in "Clarence," and also in "Tweedles."

She is a Massachusetts girl and won her way to the stage through a dramatic school in New York. She is the wife of Gregory Kelly, with whom she played in that delightful comedy, "The First Year."

Photo by Underwood and Underwood

RUFUS KING

has achieved that rare and interesting thing, the creation of an individual "character." *Lieutenant Valcour* follows, of course, the methods of a famous operative with whom Mr. King has been associated; but the feat of putting him effectively upon the page is no less for that. Mr. King, whose picture appears at the left, is a Yale man and was with the 105th Field Artillery on its shooting tour of 1918 along the Meuse. Since the war, his adventures have been varied. Fortunately, he has a genius to write of people he knows and things he has seen. His *Lieutenant Valcour* is on the way to the stage; and we are happy to report that through this magazine you can soon follow *Valcour* through another intriguing case.

Photo by Pinchot

Double Murder

By Rufus King

"Lieutenant Valcour" has won immense popularity; and no wonder. He is, in method and spirit, a most famous detective with whom Mr. King was associated.

Illustrated by Dudley Gloyne Summers

The Story So Far:

"MRS. HERBERT ENDICOTT speaking," she said to the police sergeant who answered her phone-call. "I am worried about Mr. Endicott. I wonder whether you could send some one up to talk it over with me. . . . . No, he hasn't disappeared. I know exactly where he has gone, but I have reason to believe that something might happen to him. . . . . Yes, it's the Mr. Endicott who has been in the papers recently in connection with Wall Street."

Lieutenant Valcour called in response to this message—found a very beautiful young woman and a luxurious ménage. She explained to him her various reasons for anxiety about her husband—his intrigue with a rather notorious young woman Marge Mylen, the strange and apparently threatening scrap of paper on his desk, *"By Thursday or—"* and some other things. And upon the Lieutenant's suggesting the possibility of further clues in the pockets of Endicott's clothing, Mrs. Endicott directed him to the closet of her husband's room. Valcour opened the door—and found doubled up there on the closet floor the body of the man whom they had been discussing. . . . .

Endicott's physician, the medical examiner and various police officials were summoned. No wound was found on the body, and the medical men attempted bringing him back to life by the injection of adrenalin into the heart muscles.

They succeeded—at least to the extent of bringing back breathing and heart action. It was desirable, they decided, that some one close to Endicott be at his bedside when and if he recovered consciousness. Mrs. Endicott was sleeping under a sedative; Valcour questioned the servants—and learned that one Hollander was Endicott's best friend. Over the phone he arranged to have Hollander sit through the night at Endicott's bedside—though he stationed two policemen to keep watch from the adjoining bathroom.

Then Valcour sallied forth—first to call on Marge Mylen. He found only her stepmother at home—a grim old beldame named Velasquez, who showed him a note from Marge explaining that she was to have gone with Endicott that evening to a certain hotel for dinner, that Endicott had not appeared, and that she had gone out anyway. She had not returned.

Lieutenant Valcour studied the papers curiously, until he came across a certain one that caused him to draw his breath in sharply.

Valcour then called at Hollander's apartment and found there one Jerry Smith, a crook known to the police. Valcour searched the apartment, found an empty dagger-sheath, and was dialing the Endicotts' telephone-number when Smith struck him from behind with a blackjack, knocking him unconscious. . . . .

Meanwhile, back at the Endicott house, the insensible man showed such signs of returning consciousness that the nurse hastened upstairs to call Dr. Worth.

Endicott's eyes opened, and he recognized Hollander.

"Damn you," he murmured, "I'm going to call a policeman and—"

Hollander slipped a poniard from his sleeve, raised it to strike.

And then—the watching policemen's revolvers stopped him with a broken wrist. But when Dr. Worth and the others burst into the room, they found Endicott dead just the same—a bullet through his chest.

A badly aimed police bullet, it was at first supposed. But when

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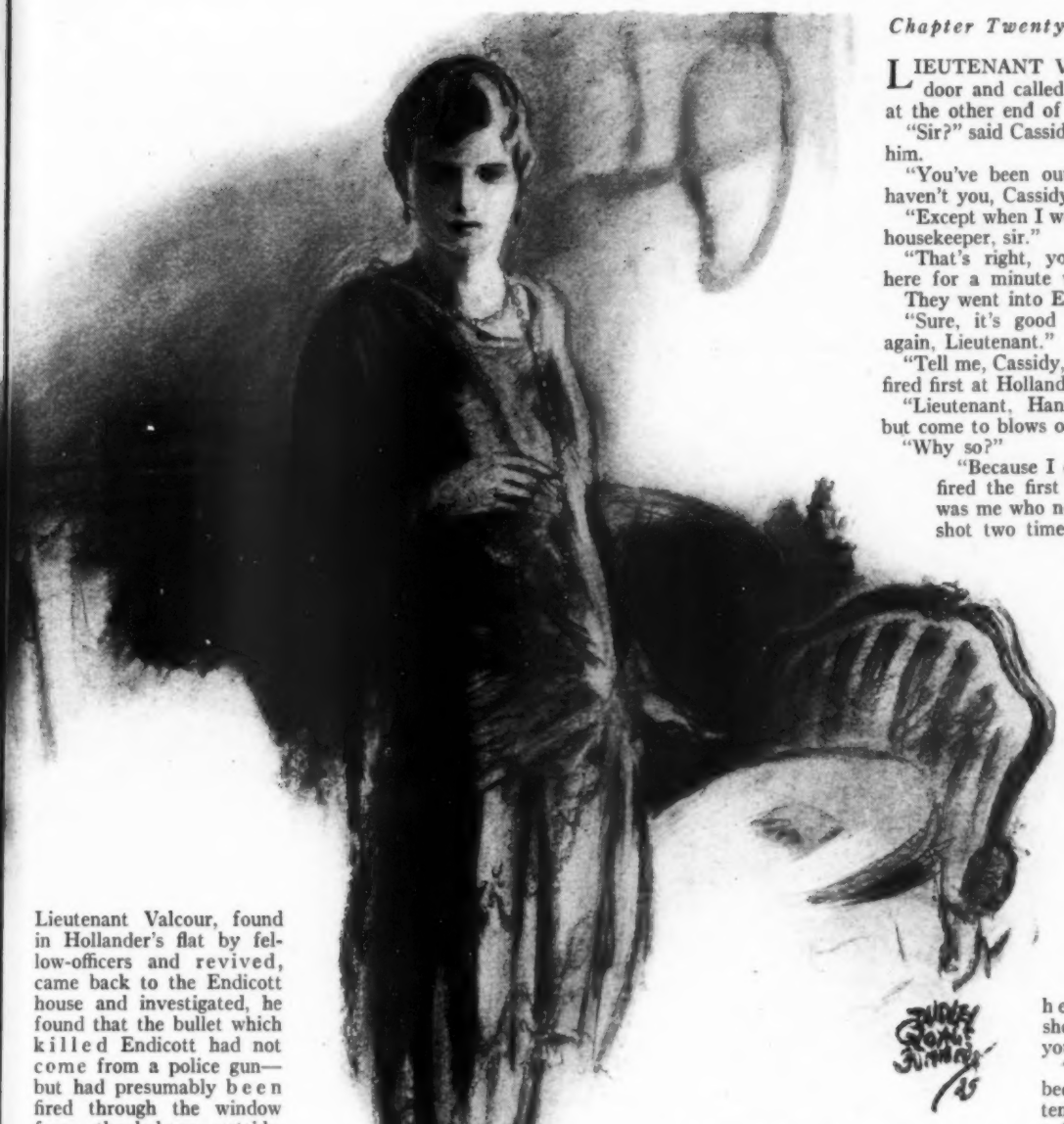


Lieutenant Valcour, found in Hollander's flat by fellow-officers and revived, came back to the Endicott house and investigated, he found that the bullet which killed Endicott had not come from a police gun—but had presumably been fired through the window from the balcony outside. Valcour questioned the nurse, and the English maid Roberts—and learned that Mrs. Endicott had not taken the narcotic under which she was supposed to be sleeping.

A further fact threw suspicion on Mrs. Endicott: her slipper was found on that balcony. But when Valcour faced her with the evidence against her, she deftly eluded his most adroit questioning.

These women—a man had the devil's own time getting truth out of them: Madame Velasquez called, reported that Marge Mylen had not reappeared and accused Endicott of having killed her. And Mrs. Siddons, the housekeeper, had another story to tell, and a new person to suspect. Endicott, it seemed, was promiscuous in his philanderings and had wronged a maidservant who had subsequently gone insane. At any rate the girl's husband, a big blond sailor, believed Endicott responsible for the girl's derangement. And Valcour had found short blond hairs on a recently used brush in Endicott's bathroom.

Valcour left Mrs. Siddons, stepped across the corridor and rapped on the door of Mrs. Endicott's room. There was no response. He rapped again, and still there was no response. He turned the knob and the door swung inward.

The room was empty. *(The story continues in detail:)*

Chapter Twenty-seven—5:46 A. M.

LIEUTENANT VALCOUR closed the door and called to Cassidy, who was at the other end of the corridor.

"Sir?" said Cassidy, when he had joined him.

"You've been out here all the while, haven't you, Cassidy?"

"Except when I went upstairs to get the housekeeper, sir."

"That's right, you did. Come inside here for a minute with me."

They went into Endicott's room.

"Sure, it's good to see the daylight again, Lieutenant."

"Tell me, Cassidy, was it you or Hansen fired first at Hollander?"

"Lieutenant, Hansen and I have all but come to blows over it, we did."

"Why so?"

"Because I claim it was him who fired the first shot, and he says it was me who not only shot first, but shot two times before he so much as pulled the trigger."

"That," said Lieutenant Valcour, "is exactly what I wanted to know. You were both right and both wrong."

"Now how can that be, Lieutenant?"

"Neither of you fired the first shot, because it was fired by the murderer over there at the window. You heard it, and thought Hansen had fired. Hansen heard it, and then heard your following shot, and thought that you had fired twice."

"That must have been it, at that, Lieutenant."

"It was. The second thing I wanted to ask you about is Mrs. Endicott. She isn't in her room. Have you seen her about the corridor, or anywhere else?"

"No sir."

"Then go and look her up. Ask the men downstairs if they've seen her; and if they haven't, look through the rooms on this floor and up above."

Cassidy went out and closed the door.

Lieutenant Valcour was beginning to feel very, very tired. He yawned elaborately, stared out of the window for a minute or two, and then sat down again at the desk. There was something that he had intended to do there, when he had been interrupted. It was to trace that faint scent which was so curiously reminiscent of some place—some thing. It had come, he remembered, from the aperture from which he had taken the drawer. He shoved a hand inside and felt around. Wedged far in the back was a crumpled letter written on heavy note-paper. He pulled it out, and the scent became more penetrating.

It came back to him quite clearly now. It was the same perfume that had drenched the note left by Marge for Madame Velasquez up at the apartment. He took the letter from its envelope, smoothed it, and then turned to the signature. Yes, it was signed *"Marge."*

A knock on the hall door interrupted him, and he placed the letter on the desk. Hansen came in.

"Yes, Hansen?"

"I've searched all the yards you told me to, sir."

"Well?"

"There wasn't any gun, Lieutenant, that I could see."

"Did you look through all the shrubbery? There are some evergreens down there that I noticed."

"Yes sir, I looked through and beneath every one of them."

"All right, Hansen." Lieutenant Valcour studied the young man facing him for a curious moment. "You were at sea for a while, weren't you?"

"Yes sir. I was with the Navy during the war, and after that on merchant ships for a year or two."

"Would it be possible for a sailor to climb up onto the balcony outside this window from the garden?"

"I couldn't say offhand, Lieutenant. I didn't notice much about the balcony when I was down there."

"Then go down again and see what you think. Let me know whether it would be an easy job, difficult, or impossible."

"Yes sir."

Hansen went out, and Lieutenant Valcour had barely returned his attention to the letter from Marge Mylen when there was another rapping on the door. This time it was Cassidy who came in. Lieutenant Valcour dropped the letter back upon the desk and turned to him.

"Find Mrs. Endicott, all right, Cassidy?"

"No sir, I didn't."

Lieutenant Valcour felt strangely disturbed. He had half expected Cassidy to answer in just that way; the denial was nothing more than a fulfillment of the curious premonitions he had been experiencing of some subtle danger.

"Look in all the rooms?"

"Yes sir."

"Question anybody?"

"Everybody, Lieutenant. No one has seen hide nor hair of her."

"How about the men at the doors?"

"Each one was at his post, sir. She didn't go out."

"Then in that case," said Lieutenant Valcour, "she must still be in."

The thought was both a bromide and a consolation. Nowadays, Lieutenant Valcour assured himself, people didn't vanish into thin air; it just wasn't being done. His hands were mechanically placing the piles of letters he had assorted back into the empty drawer. He had shoved the letter from Marge Mylen carefully to one side.

"He must have been some stepper, Lieutenant," Cassidy said, eying with interest one disappearing pack of pink envelopes.

"Quite a stepper, Cassidy." Where *could* Mrs. Endicott hide? And why should she?

"Each one of them piles from some dame?"

"That's right, Cassidy—each one from some dame." She wanted to get out of the house, one could be pretty sure of that, and go to the hospital to see Hollander. But how could she have gotten past the men at the doors? She couldn't.

"It certainly does beat hell what some guys can get away with, Lieutenant."

"But it never does beat hell, Cassidy." And Hansen had been out around the back yards, even supposing she had attempted anything so unbelievable as to scale fences. That was absurd.

"It aint all a matter of looks, exactly—no, nor money either," Cassidy continued. "I've run with lads that was one step this side of being human monkeys, but could they pick them? I'll say! They had sex appeal. How about it, Lieutenant?"

"Undoubtedly, Cassidy." As for the roof, it was peaked and offered no passage to the roofs of the adjoining houses. One couldn't picture her, in any case, scrambling over roofs any more than one could believe that she would scramble over fences.

"Worst of it is—these bimbos that have it, aint ever satisfied."

"No one is ever satisfied, Cassidy." There might be a way to the roof at that, from the attic—attic!

"Not ever with anything, Lieutenant?"

"Not really ever with anything." Attic—and that curious look that one had had to interpret as exaltation—it couldn't be possible, but still— "Stay right here, Cassidy!" he ordered.

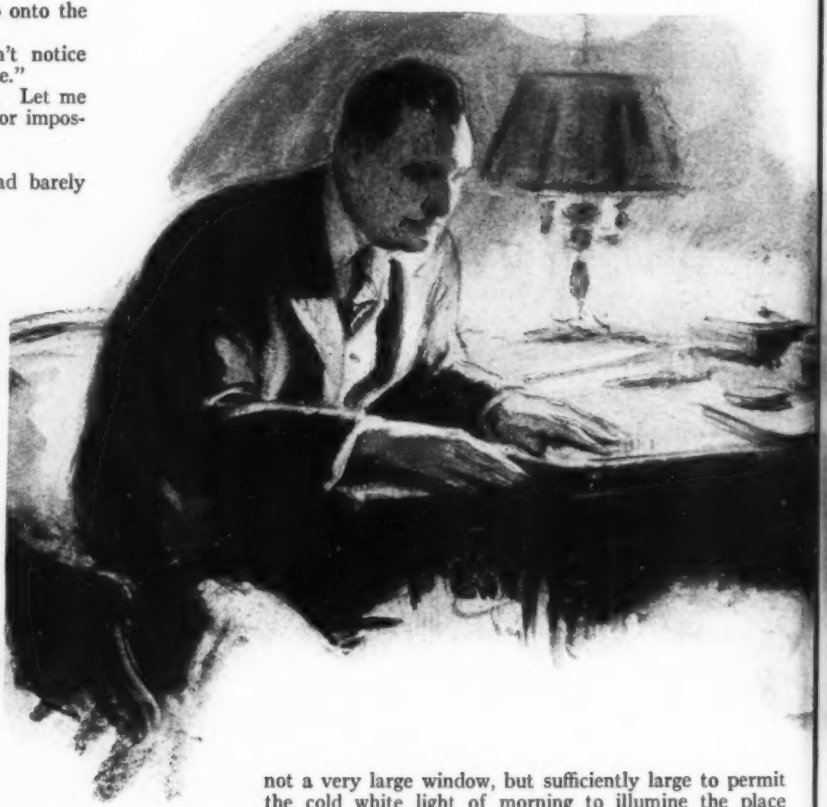
Cassidy gave a nervous jump. The words were sparks from flint striking steel. Lieutenant Valcour's sudden spurt of speed as he rushed toward the door was surprising.

A possible solution to Mrs. Endicott's absence had just come to him with rather horrible clearness.

Chapter Twenty-eight—6:00 A. M.

LIEUTENANT VALCOUR was out of the door in no time, and racing along the corridor—up the stairs to the floor above—farther up to the attic. Ah, softly now, quietly, not to disturb or shock— Thank God the treads were firm and didn't creak.

There was a window in the attic, at the garden end of its peak,



not a very large window, but sufficiently large to permit the cold white light of morning to illumine the place grayly.

Mrs. Endicott's back was toward him; her face was toward that window, and the light from it blurred softly about her silhouette of darkness. She had upended the trunk she was standing on, and this had placed her hands within convenient reach of the rafter about which she had fastened one end of a short rope. Its other end was coiled in a running noose about her neck.

Lieutenant Valcour measured the distance between where he stood at the top of the stairs, and the trunk. He could never make it. Some board would creak. And yet, if he cried out, or spoke, if he failed in the proper choice of a word—in fact, the least thing that startled her would destroy her almost calm stance of fatalistic poise.

He took a penknife from his pocket, and slitting the laces of his shoes, removed them. Thank God her back was toward him, and that the window was there with its square of light cut clearly in muffled grays—its light with which she seemed to be holding some private service of communion—that inevitable farewell with earth indulged in by each wretched soul before exchanging its conscious lonesomeness for the obscure and problematic company of the damned. . . . .

He was very near her now—himself a mist drifting softly through mist. . . . .

Whispering—whispering—he could hear her whispering: a thin flow of meaning rather than of words, sent from the grayness to that light beyond—sent through a little measured casement out into the immeasurable brilliance of eternity. Her hands were resting easily by her side; her body relaxed more and more peacefully in repose—

"And if you're there, Tom darling, and Herbert too—"

He could leap forward now and catch her if it were necessary. But better be safe—quite safe—

"It wont be heaven, dear. They have no room for such as you and me in heaven. But when you come—"

His arms closed gently about her, and her body seemed to stiffen

into steel. She relaxed at once, and then stared down at him incuriously. She removed the noose from about her neck as casually as she might have taken off a hat. He lifted her to the floor.

"There isn't any hurry," she said.

He knew that she was hinting definitely at the future, when he and the law were finished with her, and she would be free to book her passage for eternity again without supervision or restraint.

"No hurry, Mrs. Endicott; nor any need, now."

The "now" dragged her sharply from the mists. She stared at him with penetrating interest.

"Mr. Hollander," he said, "will undoubtedly recover."

"Yes?"

The word was clipped from some inner store of ice.

"You have put yourself in my way, Lieutenant; I am going to kill you and escape." "I see," Valcour said, "that you believe in threes."

"Doesn't that alter the surface of things, Mrs. Endicott—of your intention?"

"Why should it, Lieutenant?"

"I am sorry that you choose to continue evasive."

"I'm not. It is you who see things, read things in people, that are never there."

"That isn't true, Mrs. Endicott."

"What is there further that you wish to know?"

There was no compromise, no yielding, and the hardness in her voice was very definite. She looked almost extravagantly capable too, in the smart dark dress she had put on.

She was, Lieutenant Valcour reflected, one of those rare women who always look their best, no matter what the time or the situation—who make a point of looking it even when quite alone. If he were ever to understand this complex woman, he felt that he must do so now, while he and she stood where they were in their private world—a tight little sphere of shadows sifted with mists of sunlit dust—and before they descended the attic stairs to the routined environment of daily living. He decided to attempt to lead her by certain matter-of-fact paths that would end in quicksands.

"Why did you have the address of Marge Mylen in your directory, Mrs. Endicott?"

She answered with the mechanical patience of an elder explaining some academic problem to a child.

"It was necessary to take her into account. As I have already told you, she possessed a certain standing—enough of a one to differentiate her from the other women my husband picked up promiscuously. And the time might have come when I felt it advisable to get rid of her. Not murder—you're too intelligent to misunderstand me; there are several ways one woman can get rid of another woman that are just as effective."

"Which one did you employ, Mrs. Endicott?"

"It wasn't especially nice, but I wasn't dealing with a nice woman. I employed forgery."

This caught Lieutenant Valcour a little unprepared.

"Forgery?" he queried sharply.

"Yes. I added a postscript to a letter Harry Mylen had sent me before he married Marge. Harry never dated his letters. This one was harmless enough, but there was a reference in it to the camp he owned by that lake up in Maine. The postscript that I added changed the whole character of the letter. It made it apparent that Harry very definitely feared Marge was planning to murder him. I gave that letter to Herbert about a month ago, when it seemed his interest in Marge was becoming serious."

"Didn't he ask you why you hadn't produced it before?"

"Yes. I explained that I had just come across it in an old letter-file that hadn't been gone through for years. I asked him whether it was too late to do anything about it—show the letter to some proper authority, for instance. Of course I knew what he would say."

"That it was too late?"

"Yes."

"But didn't he also ask you why you hadn't said something about the letter at the time of Harry Mylen's death?"

"I pointed out that we were in Europe at that time, and didn't hear the news until many months later when we got back. By then, the letter had escaped my mind."

"And did your action influence your husband's feeling toward Marge Mylen?"

"It was beginning to. Things like that work slowly; they keep breeding in the mind until they become effective."

SHE had missed her century, Valcour decided. When the Medicis were in flower, she too would have bloomed her best.

"Mrs. Endicott, what was your real reason for having sent for the police last night?"

"I can explain that better by accounting for my movements between the time that Herbert knocked on the door to say good-by and until you arrived. I shall tell you the exact truth. Roberts was in the room with me, fixing some disorder in my dress. I left the room shortly after and started down the corridor for the sitting-room. Mrs. Siddons, my housekeeper, was standing at the foot of the stairs leading to the floor above. She said she had something to tell me, and we went into the sitting-room. Mrs. Siddons brought up the subject of a particularly despicable affair that my husband was involved in with one of our maids over a year ago. Shall I go into it?"

"It isn't necessary, Mrs. Endicott."

"The maid was married. Her husband was a sailor. You have probably noticed, Lieutenant, that Mrs. Siddons is an abnormal woman. She is the closest example of the religious-fanatic type that I have ever met. Her belief in direct punishment visited by God on earthly sinners is a fixed idea. And last night in my sitting-room she told me that God was going to strike my husband, and that His instrument would be the husband of that maid whom Herbert had injured."

"But if that was an act which she so obviously desired to see consummated, Mrs. Endicott, why did she warn you—anybody—about it in advance?"

"Religious fanatics, Lieutenant, scorn the idea that human agency can interfere with the workings of any divine plan. Things, for them, are ordained, and are supposed to happen just exactly as they are ordained."

"But why did she warn you?"

"She came to tell me about it, she said, in order that I might be prepared for the shock. She has always sympathized inordinately with me over what she terms Herbert's ungodly actions. I asked her, naturally, to be more explicit, and I finally forced the admission from her that she had seen, or else believed that she had seen, the maid's husband that afternoon, loitering about the street in front of the house. She went upstairs, then, to her own quarters. It seemed absurd."

"Then it began to prey upon you?"

"Indirectly."

"How?" He watched her expression closely.

"In its possible relation to something else."

Lieutenant Valcour became intuitive.

"You are wondering now," he said, "whether or not you ought to tell me all about the tea."

"How did you establish the connection?"

"Between your having tea with Mr. Hollander yesterday afternoon, and Mrs. Siddons' story?"

"Yes. You wont deny, will you, that you very definitely impressed on Mr. Hollander that your determination to 'end it all' either by committing suicide or killing your husband was sincere? Mr. Hollander *was* the confidant for your secret confusions, sort of a proving-ground for reactions. I've already substantiated that theory both through Mr. Hollander himself, and his friend."

"No, I wont deny it."

"And you believed that he would do something to prevent you from accomplishing your purpose."

"I suppose I did."

"And in your naturally upset state of mind last evening, Mrs. Siddons' curious prophecy concerning the maid's husband taking his revenge made more of a genuine impression upon you than you cared to admit. You were subconsciously afraid that something *would* happen—that the sailor might really injure or kill your husband, and that Mr. Hollander, when the police investigated, would somehow become involved. There was even a possibility that, worshiping you as he does, when he heard of your husband's murder he might give himself up to the police and offer a false confession in order to shield you. It has often been done, you know."

"You are right, Lieutenant. I did think exactly that. The muddle of the whole thing began to drive me crazy during dinner. I went down at seven-thirty, and ate nothing. I don't think I stayed at the table for more than five minutes. I went upstairs and into Herbert's room, looking for something. I really don't know what—unless it was for some sort of physical confirmation of his, his aliveness, by the things he owned. Then I saw that note on his desk. I hadn't the shred of a nerve left by then, and the note genuinely worried me. It was such a direct confirmation of Mrs. Siddons' story. I wasn't exactly panicky, but I felt as if things had gotten out of hand. I tried to reach Mr. Hollander by telephone, but he wasn't in his apartment. I began to picture converging forces—himself, the maid's husband, and Herbert as a focal point. I felt that something had to be done. Well, I telephoned the police."

"Why didn't you tell me about the maid and her husband when I came, Mrs. Endicott?"

"It isn't the sort of thing one would plunge into directly."

"You would have told me in time, then?"

"Certainly."

"And why," he asked quietly, "did you try to direct my suspicions against Marge Mylen when, in view of your special knowledge, that maid's husband was the logical suspect? That's a little inconsistent, isn't it?"

She looked at him evenly.

"Do you always do precisely the proper thing at the proper moment?"

"Rarely ever, Mrs. Endicott."

"Well, neither do I. I don't think anybody does." She adopted again that patient, explanatory precision of the teacher. "A person's actions or statements during any moment of great strain are dominated by that moment itself, rather than being any sane reflection of logical and contributory causes. At such times, one clings to straws."

"Marge Mylen was a straw?"

MRS. ENDICOTT shrugged. "Herbert had gone, as I supposed, to see her. I believed that whatever happened to him would occur between this house and her apartment, or at some moment during the evening while they were together."

"And you would have been quite willing to have Marge Mylen blamed for anything that happened, rather than either the sailor or Mr. Hollander?"

"Oh, quite."

It was very convincing—her willingness, that is. As to the credibility of her story, Lieutenant Valcour retained reservations. He started along another divergence.

"Why have you kept Roberts so long in your employ, Mrs. Endicott, when you must have known how deeply she hates you?"

Mrs. Endicott smiled with frank amusement.

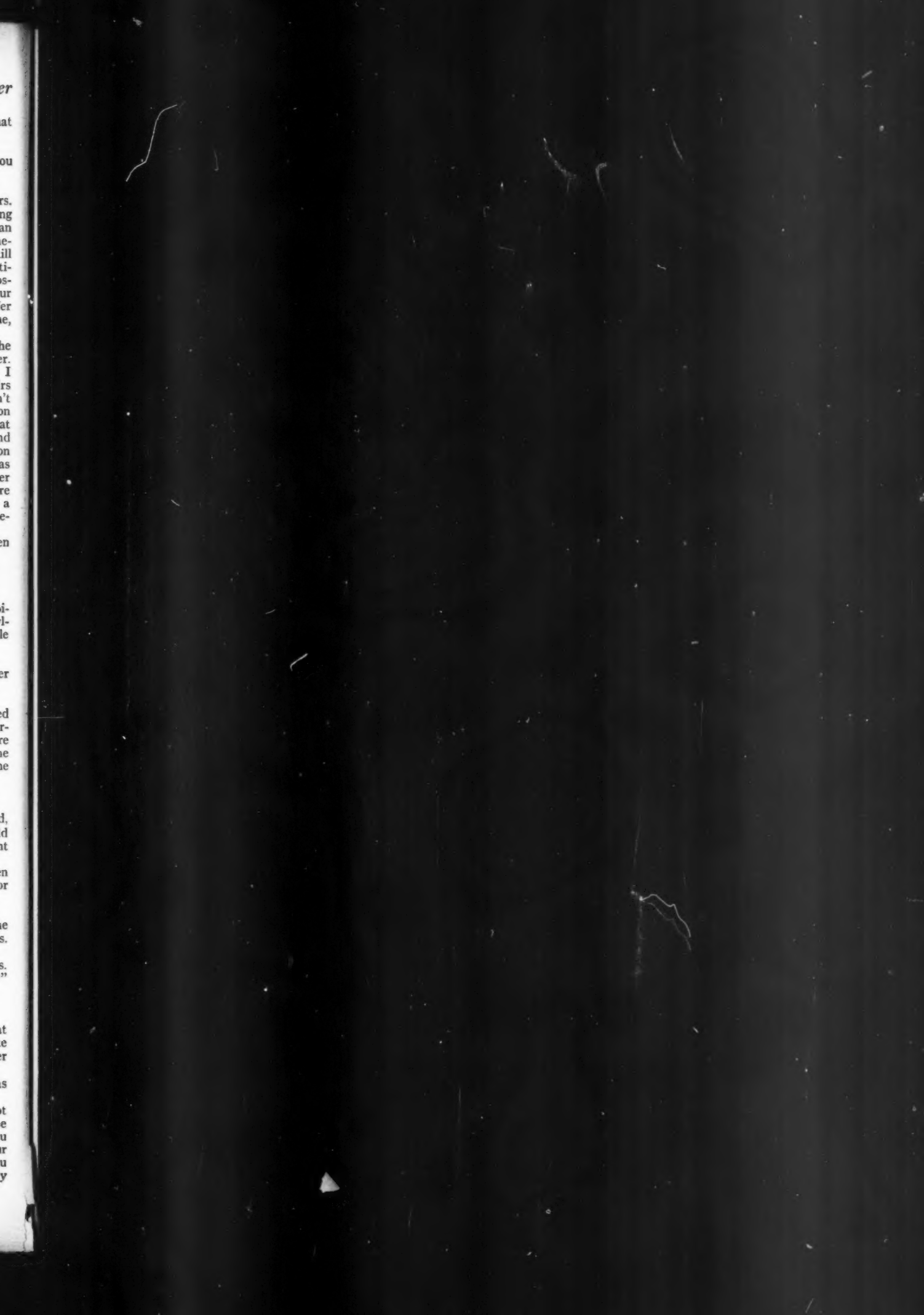
"You've never kept a maid, have you, Lieutenant?"

"Hardly."

"Then you can't appreciate fully what I mean when I say that Roberts is a good maid. What earthly difference does it make whether she hates or loves me? I'm hiring her services, not her emotions—and her services are excellent."

He felt that she was escaping him again, that her armor was swiftly undergoing repair.

"I wish you would trust me, Mrs. Endicott," he said. "I'm not a bad sort, really. There are still confusions that have to be straightened out. I have been assured by Mr. Hollander that you were devoted to your husband. You personally imply that your interest in Mr. Hollander is purely that of a friend, and yet you address him in your notes as 'Tom, darling.' And there isn't any



WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL
SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

Why deprive your family of Vegetable Soup•• *because you "haven't time to make it"!*

No wonder vegetable soup is so seldom made at home! It's a bother to make, if ever there was one. Yet it's a soup the whole family enjoys so much and it is so good for them. So why deprive them of it when Campbell's famous French chefs do the work for you? Remember that they are at your service every day.

* * *

Campbell's is the finest Vegetable Soup that can be made! And it's so easy for you. Add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil, simmer a few minutes. And then serve!

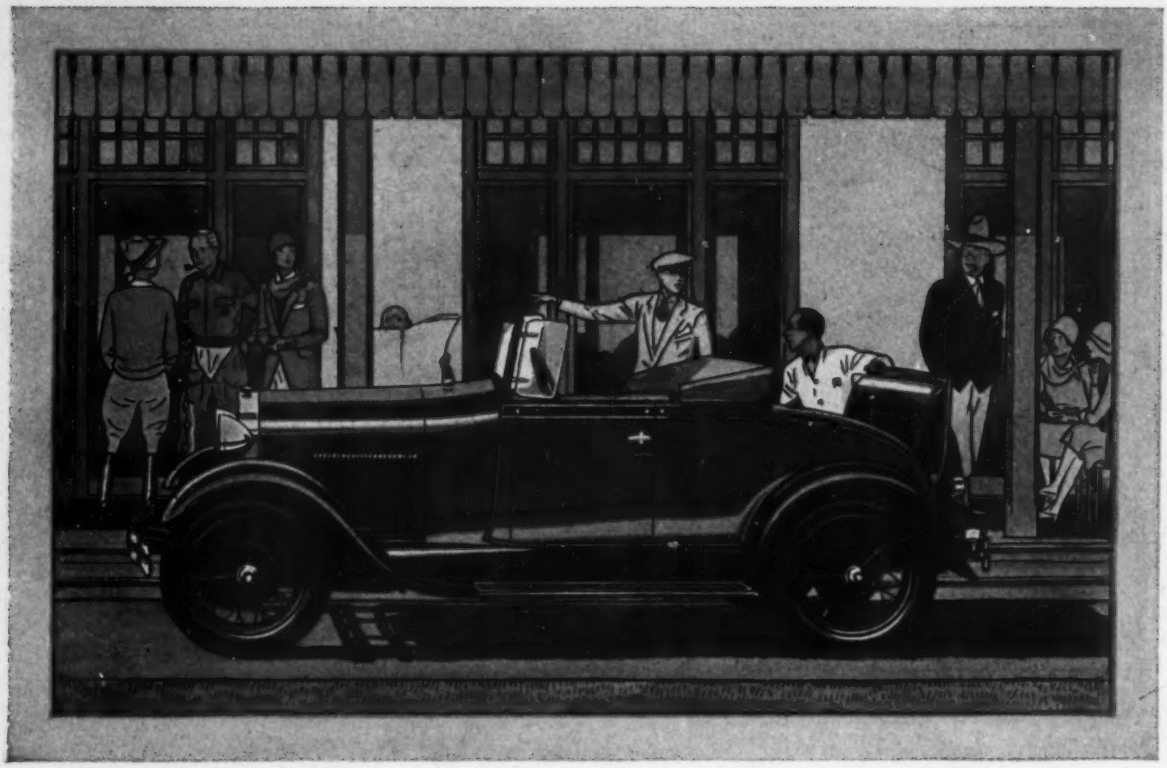
Fifteen different vegetables in Campbell's Vegetable Soup. Even the best home-made vegetable soup does not contain anything like that number. So hearty and substantial that it is served as a meal in itself by millions of women.

* * *

Here's an ideal luncheon or supper—so tempting and convenient for those "in-between" meals. This soup is wonderfully healthful for the children, too. 12 cents a can.

Ask your grocer for any of these Campbell's Soups

Asparagus	Mock Turtle
Bean	Mulligatawny
Beef	Mutton
Bouillon	Ox Tail
Celery	Pea
Chicken	Pepper Pot
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato-Okra
Julienne	Vegetable
	Vegetable-Beef



Fresh and relaxed at the journey's end

ONE of the fine things about driving the new Ford is the way it takes you over the miles without fuss or fatigue.

Mentally you are at ease because you are sure of the mechanical performance of the car. No matter how long the trip, or rough or devious the roadway, you know it will bring you safely, quickly to the journey's end.

The steering wheel responds readily to a light touch. Gears shift smoothly and silently. Brakes take hold quickly and firmly even on rain-swept pavements.

Unusual acceleration, speed and power are especially appreciated in emergencies. A space little longer than the car is all you need for parking.

These features simplify the mechanics of driving and, together with reliability, add a great deal to the mental comfort of motoring.

Physically, too, you will feel fresh and relaxed in the new Ford because it is such a roomy, easy-riding car.

The restfully tilted seats are made generously wide and are deeply cushioned, with coil springs of both straight and hour-glass type. The backs are carefully designed to conform to the curves of the body.

Perhaps the most outstanding feature of the new Ford is found in its riding comfort. Somehow it seems to just glide along, as if every road were a good road. Even on comparatively rough stretches there are no hard jolts or bumps nor exaggerated bouncing up and down.

One reason, of course, is the use of four Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers—two in the front and two in the rear.

Of even greater importance, however, are the low center of gravity, the carefully planned balance of the car, and the many advantages of the transverse or crosswise springs.

Ford

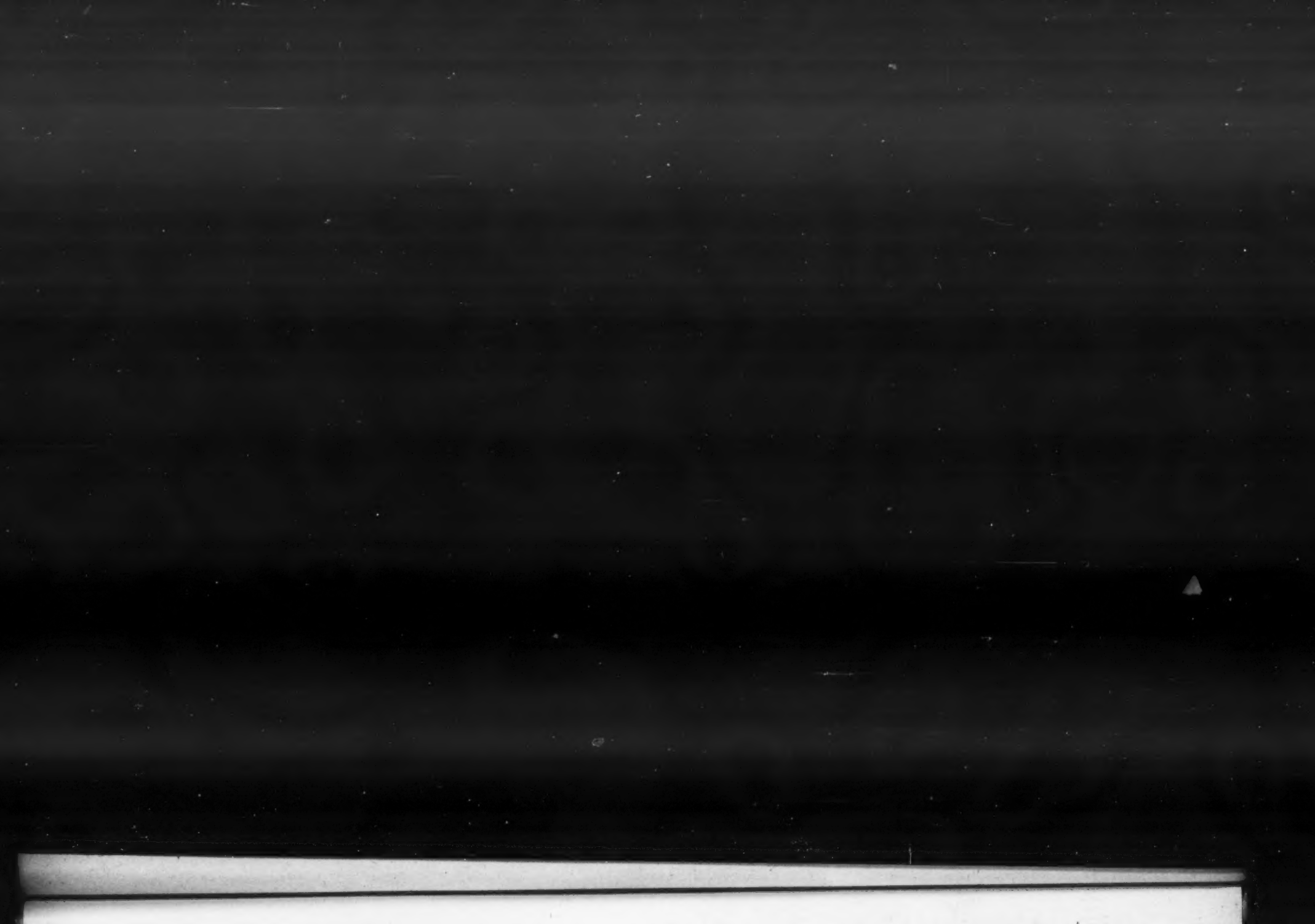
FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

These springs rest on their flexible ends with the heavy center part uppermost. Thus the very weight of the springs receives the benefit of spring action instead of hanging below as dead weight and increasing the hammer-like blows of road impacts.

Another element in decreasing unsprung weight (the weight carried below the flexible ends of the springs) is the construction of the front axle and rear axle housing of the new Ford. Through the use of fine steel, special heat treatment, and electric welding, they are made of exceptional strength, yet kept comparatively light in weight.

All of these factors mean more comfort for you personally and also contribute to better performance and longer life for every mechanical part.

Attractive colors give added charm to the trim, graceful lines of the new Ford. Shown above is the new Ford Roadster in Bonnie Gray. On the left, is the new Ford Coupe, finished in Andalusite Blue.



question but that he worships you. The situation doesn't fall under the heading of the eternal triangle. It's a hub, rather, from which radiate several broken and uneven spokes."

"It's hard to resolve human feelings into the simplicity of A-B-C's," she said. "I can't just say I loved Herbert because I was married to him, and because he was the first person I ever loved, or that no matter how many other people there might be later in my life, I will always return to him in my heart, just because he *was* the first person whom I loved, and expect you to understand." She brushed with elementary strokes through fog in her effort to be explicit. "I love Tom Hollander too, just as much as I loved Herbert. It isn't nice, but it's the truth. Love isn't a unit, a single emotion tightly wrapped up in one word. It's a hundred feelings and desires, and any number of little human hurts that are longing to be made well again." A certain bitterness crept into her manner: a bitterness of revolt. "It's quite all right to love your father and your mother equally; in fact it's held wrong not to—exactly fifty per cent of your parental love must go to each one. Brotherly love must also be reduced to proportionate fractions. The love for one's neighbors is presumably scattered into legion. But if a woman announces that this otherwise divisible quality is spent upon more than one single man—"

HER laughter wasn't very pleasant to hear. Lieutenant Valcour felt rather upset; there was something so disturbingly reasonable in her attitude. It was useless to parade before her the different *clichés* of what any universal acceptance of her implied philosophy would do to society. And like most people who had gotten what they wanted, he didn't know even faintly what to do with it. He couldn't come out flatly and ask her if she was planning to marry Hollander, and apart from the insight it gave him into her character, there hadn't been any special advancement toward a definite solution of the problem of who did kill her husband, and for what motive.

"You have been very patient with me, Mrs. Endicott, and very kind. To an extent, I am beginning to understand you. . . . . I wonder if you cannot think of any reason why your husband should have joined you up here in the attic when he found you here yesterday afternoon."

Mrs. Endicott was still too drugged with abstractions to attend very kindly to the mechanics of detailed fact.

"Well," she said, "it wasn't to commit suicide."

"You mean that he must have been just looking for something?"

"There's hardly any other plausible explanation."

"But does he keep things up here?"

"He may have. This is his trunk."

She moved off toward the window, disinterested in anything further that he might care to do.

Lieutenant Valcour righted the upended trunk and raised its lid. There were some papers lying loosely in its upper tray. He studied them curiously, until he came across a certain one that caused him to draw his breath in sharply. He folded the paper and put it in his pocket. Then he closed the trunk. His manner, as he approached Mrs. Endicott, was implacably stern.

"I want you to tell me," he said, "just where about this house you have hidden Marge Mylen."

Chapter Twenty-Nine—6:30 A. M.

MRS. ENDICOTT stared sharply at Lieutenant Valcour. She was suddenly tensely alert.

"I think," she said, "that you have gone mad."

"Do you still maintain the pretense that when you were on the sill of your window and looking toward your husband's room you saw nobody on the balcony?"

"There is no reason why I should alter the truth."

"I shall be as patient with you, Mrs. Endicott, as you have just been with me. Listen carefully to me, please, and I will tell you why it is I believe Marge Mylen killed your husband, and why I think you have given her sanctuary after the crime by concealing her some place within this house."

"I've no alternative but to listen, Lieutenant. But you are wrong—absurdly wrong."

"We will start with the initial premise, Mrs. Endicott, that Marge *did* murder Harry Mylen in that canoe episode on the lake. I know that she has been paying blackmail to her stepmother, Madame Velasquez, for a long while, probably since the time of the crime itself. Well, a woman of her type doesn't pay hush-money easily; she makes very certain, first, that the blackmailer really has the goods on her. Which made it simple for your husband."

"Herbert? Are you suggesting the fantastic idea that Herbert was trying to blackmail her?"

"People are blackmailed into giving up more things than money, Mrs. Endicott. I'm not suggesting that your husband was after money, but I do suggest that to further some abortive purpose Mr. Endicott held the postscript forgery that you made over Marge Mylen's head as a threat. I have just found that letter in his trunk, and it is now in my pocket."

"Abortive purpose— Don't go on just for a moment, please; I'm trying to make it fit—"

"It's something along the lines of cruelty that I'm suggesting—some special cruelty."

"Perhaps. Herbert liked to see things squirm. He was subconsciously Sadistic."

"He probably drove her pretty far, because she made up her mind to get that letter—he undoubtedly greatly magnified its importance as evidence to her—no matter at what risk to herself. I don't really believe that when she came here last night she had any intention at all of actually killing your husband. What she wanted was that letter. Did you let her into the house, Mrs. Endicott?"

SHE merely smiled a bit acidly, and kept her lips tightly compressed.

"Because if you didn't," Lieutenant Valcour went on, "she must have stolen a key from your husband. At any rate she was in the house here and searching for the letter in Mr. Endicott's room sometime around seven last night. Mr. Endicott should have been miles away up at her apartment, according to appointment, and leaving her a clear field. She had planned the whole thing out pretty carefully, because she left a note for Madame Velasquez, who was due to arrive at the apartment for a visit last night. Marge implied in the note that it had been written after seven, when, as a matter of fact, it must have been written considerably earlier and planted in the apartment either as an alibi, or as an explanation to Mr. Endicott of her absence. It would certainly have sent him hurrying off to the Colonial in search of her. It wasn't successful, of course, as he was undoubtedly delayed because of the quarrel he had with you, and was here in the house instead of up at her apartment as she had expected he would be. Don't you see that it rather all fits in?"

"Quite; but I still fail to understand what possible connection it can have with me."

"It has every connection with you, Mrs. Endicott, because unless we can prove that Marge Mylen fired the shot this morning that killed your husband, it will be unpleasantly necessary to establish the charge against yourself."

"I am probably very stupid, Lieutenant, but it is incomprehensible to me why I should shoot my husband around two or three o'clock this morning because Marge Mylen was searching for a letter in his room at seven last night."

"Consider the problem, please, as two separate crimes and follow it through on that basis. At seven o'clock last night we have Marge Mylen searching the pockets of your husband's clothes in his closet. He comes into the room, and she finds herself trapped in the closet. He opens the door, and the sudden terrifying sight of her gives him a heart attack. She believes him dead and drags him into the closet so that his body will not be found until she has had a chance to escape. She hasn't returned to her apartment, you know, all night, so it's quite possible she has either taken flight or is in hiding some place in the city."

"Then I can't, as you have suggested, be hiding her in the house."

IT was Lieutenant Valcour who now assumed the rôle of teacher, with Mrs. Endicott as his young pupil.

"Not under that supposition. But if she did escape from the house at that time, what have we left? You found the scrap of paper on which she herself wrote a hinted threat in an effort to divert suspicion. You called the police, and we found Mr. Endicott. Your suspicions jumped unerringly to the man who was uppermost in your thoughts: Mr. Hollander. He, you said to yourself, had done this thing to save you. Consequently, when you learned that Mr. Endicott had been revived and was expected to make a statement, you shot him to prevent his accusing Mr. Hollander, and you arranged your alibi with considerable ingenuity by only pretending to have taken the narcotic."

"It makes quite a case, doesn't it?"

"Yes, Mrs. Endicott, quite a case."

"And the alternative? You did suggest that there was an alternative."

"That Marge Mylen has never left the house at all. That she is still here. And this is what the prosecuting attorney will offer to the jury: that with your knowledge she got onto the balcony through one of the windows in your room, shot Mr. Endicott, returned to your room, and was hidden by you some place around this house."

"All of which is unfortunately negatived, Lieutenant, by the fact that it was my slipper you found outside the window, and not hers."

"The prosecuting attorney can alter the action of the scene to suit that, Mrs. Endicott. After Marge Mylen got onto the balcony you were terrified at the thought of what you had become a party to. You made an effort to recall her, when the shots were fired and threw you into a panic. You dropped your slipper and got back into the room." Lieutenant Valcour became quietly persuasive. "Which of my two theories shall I believe? I can make you no promises, Mrs. Endicott, because any confession which has been given under an understanding that there will be an amelioration of punishment loses value in court. But I can suggest to you that if you choose to make things easier for justice the act may prove beneficial for yourself. There are more unwritten laws than the common one so generally known."

Mrs. Endicott looked at him queerly.

"You don't worry me," she said, "at all. Any course that I might take can have but a common, a desired ending. The method of achievement is utterly inconsequential to me, as long as the ultimate result remains the same."

"Come downstairs with me, Mrs. Endi-

cott," Valcour said. "As soon as my men have thoroughly searched this house, you will be formally charged."

Chapter Thirty—7:11 A. M.

LIEUTENANT VALCOUR was once more in his shoes. Even in their laceless condition they restored his confidence in the relative fitness of things.

Mrs. Endicott preceded him down two flights of stairs and to the door of her husband's room, which Lieutenant Valcour opened. He looked inside and saw Cassidy sound asleep, seated on the large mahogany chest by the window. And he did not blame Cassidy so much as he envied him.

"Cassidy!"

"Sir—"

"Put your gun back, Cassidy."

"Yes, Lieutenant. I must have dropped off for a cat-nap."

"We can discuss that later. I want you to take Mrs. Endicott down to the entrance hall with you and leave her there in charge of O'Brian. She is under arrest."

"Yes sir."

"After that, warn the men on the servants' entrance and garden door to keep on their toes. If anyone tries to get past them on any pretext whatever, they are to stop them. Look up Hansen—he may still be in the back yard—and then both of you come back here. We will then search the house."

"Yes sir."

Lieutenant Valcour went into Endicott's room and closed the door. The perfumed sheet of notepaper, which he had twice been prevented through interruptions from reading, caught his attention at once. He read the letter through.

"I don't believe you," it began, without any preliminaries, "and right from the start I tell you I think you are a liar and a louse. Harry never wrote your wife no such thing, and even if he did, it proves nothing, anyway. Nobody can prove a *thing*. You think it is funny to scare me, and if you do it any more I am going to show you just how damn funny it is. I am through with you just the same way that your wife is through with you, and you are a nasty rat.

"Marge."

NOT really, Lieutenant Valcour decided, an essentially nice person. He folded the letter and put it in his pocket to keep company with the postscript forged by Mrs. Endicott.

Again he felt that curious presentiment of impending menace which had gripped him at odd intervals throughout the night. Strange that it should possess him most strongly in this silent room. But wasn't that just the association of ideas? Endicott—dead on the bed over there, and the path of that death-dealing bullet cutting through that corner over by the other window. He sought relief from a return of it by a mental mopping up. It didn't do to linger on presentiments. . . . .

They came from that corner, really: those definitely significant waves of warning, as insistent as the scent that had led him to find the letter from Marge Mylen in the desk—but they weren't a scent; nor were they anything so definite as a letter; they were (the astonishing thought thrilled him disagreeably) *Marge Mylen*—her personality—herself. . . . . Nonsense, nonsense—the room was empty. . . . .

He forced himself to think of the two little bewilderments that had troubled him in connection with the thoroughly bewildering Roberts. That pregnant look she had given him—what had it really meant, more or less, than an intense urge on her part to erase any spell of fascination which Mrs. Endicott might have cast upon him, and to plant in its place the seeds of suspicion of Roberts' own sowing?

Now of greater inconsistency had been Roberts' suggestion of Hollander as the proper friend to stay with Endicott; for Roberts assuredly had held a fantastic passion for Endicott—fantastic in its abnormal inter-relationship of his personality with that of her war-killed brother—and she had just as assuredly been convinced that a *liaison* existed between Hollander and Endicott's wife. There was but one solution: Roberts had never observed Hollander and Mrs. Endicott together, and she had hoped, should morning bring a meeting, that under the natural dramatic effect of the setting there might be some betrayal. And there could have been in her mind no thought of any real danger to Endicott from Hollander, for had there not been a nurse and two policemen close by on guard? Mental fingers, that's what they were, plucking at his nerves and forming dissonances that chilled him queerly. He *wasn't* alone—but he must be; the room was empty.

He would think of that Mr. "Smith," who lived with Hollander. One could suppose (with reasonable assurance that the supposition would later prove to be the fact) that Hollander was in some genteelly illicit profession such as bootlegging, and that Mr. Smith drummed up Hollander's customers for him among the night-clubs—incidentally relieving some of the more foolish of them of their jewels. Mr. Smith might well have believed, at that moment when Lieutenant Valcour went to the telephone in their apartment, that if Hollander's goose was cooked his own might be cooked too, and a blackjack had then seemed the simplest expedient for fading swiftly out of the picture. . . . .

The room was empty—the room was empty.

HAD there truly been no one on the balcony, as Mrs. Endicott had said?

The shot had assuredly been fired from the direction of that window above the large mahogany chest— Above?

Presentiments were banished before the lash of fact. The lid of that chest was *not quite closed*. And the object holding it open, for the space of perhaps half of an inch, was the small black muzzle of a gun.

Lieutenant Valcour's hand moved indolently toward the upper left pocket of his vest, in which there rested a flat, efficient little automatic of small caliber.

He knew what had happened—that due to his stillness for the past five minutes, the murderer had thought the room was empty and was attempting to escape. His hand moved more quickly, but not quickly enough. The lid opened wider—eyes—a face—a little shock of alarm, of terror—all ever so much more quickly accomplished than it takes to tell. The lid slammed up—

"Quit it, Lieutenant, and put your hands down flat on the top of that desk."

"You're Marge Mylen, of course," he said.

He flattened his hands on the desk's mahogany surface and stared curiously at her sultry beauty as she sat on the rim of the open chest. Flamboyant, that's what she was, and terribly bizarre from the effect of a shingled ripple of bleached blonde hair above her Spanish, night-filled eyes.

"You have put yourself in my way, Lieutenant." Her voice was as disagreeable as the clash of dishes in a cheap restaurant. "And I am going to kill you and escape."

"I see," Lieutenant Valcour said politely, "that you believe in threes."

"How?"

"Your husband, Mrs. Endicott's husband, and now myself. One—two—three. It is a pity that for the sake of symmetry I am a bachelor."

She enjoyed for a full moment of silence—luxuriated in it, really—the sense of power which she held over this man. She had always enjoyed the power exerted by her body, and it was refreshing to drink quietly for a while of this different sort of power which, through the medium of the pistol held unwaveringly in her hand, controlled the services of life and death. She would shoot him soon. . . . .

Lieutenant Valcour hoped that Hansen would not blunder.

He could see Hansen quite clearly now, all but pressed against the outside of the window just behind Marge Mylen. So Hansen, he reflected, had found that there *was* a way to climb up onto the balcony from the garden down below. What a handy thing it was, at times, to have been a sailor! Lieutenant Valcour fervently hoped that—the usefulness of the rôle having been accomplished—Hansen would promptly stop being a sailor and become a policeman. He couldn't and didn't expect that Hansen would shoot a woman down in cold blood; nor would Hansen dare to startle her by throwing open the window or by crashing in its glass. Could Hansen shoot through the glass and knock the pistol from her hand? Maybe once, Lieutenant Valcour thought unhappily, out of every twenty times. And she certainly wouldn't refrain from pulling the trigger while Hansen practiced twenty times.

"Tell me," he said, "how you ever managed to breathe inside of that chest."

"The back of it is broken." The casualness of the question had startled her into an answer.

"Your own back must be pretty well broken too." . . . . Was Hansen, the idiot, going to smash the glass after all with the butt of his gun? Hansen was staring very intently at him, seeking advice. He all but imperceptibly shook his head in negation. "And what did you have in the paper bag you carried when you came here, and from which you tore that scrap of paper upon which you wrote the misleading note?"

"This gun."

"You carried the gun in a paper bag?"

"I was smart, was I not? Who would think that in a cheap paper bag there was a gun?"

"Not even a disciple of the fourth dimension." Hansen was aiming now at her wrist. It was absurd; he faintly shook his head again—no—no. "How did it happen that Mr. Endicott had his overcoat on, but you had his hat?"

"I wear it for a better disguise. I have the dust on my face—there is the hat—it fits well over my *cloche*. The effect is astonishing."

"I see; and so when Endicott came back into the room to get it, he couldn't find it and thought he must have left it in the closet."

"Yes—yes. You are a smart man, too."

"And you entered the house with a duplicate key which you had had made from one of Endicott's?"

"Dear heaven, yes—how else?"

IT did not please her that her climax should come at a commonplace moment, when inconsequential questions were being asked and equally inconsequential answers being given. It was not bravura: the man was genuinely unafraid. And she wanted him to be afraid. One shouldn't just dribble from the world; there should be a blaze, a scene—

Then Hansen rapped, quite gently, upon the panes.

Inspiration? Genius? Perhaps. Lieutenant Valcour's Gallic blood swept back to the nation of its source, and he could have kissed that dear, that brilliant Hansen upon the both of his ruddy, his intelligent, his Nordic cheeks.

She whirled as if something had flicked her. Blue serge—brass buttons—a glinting shield! She pulled the trigger. . . . . But the muzzle of the gun was in her mouth.

Lady Violet Astor

Hers is the serene beauty of the English countryside—hair golden as ripe wheat, eyes violet blue and skin as pink and white as a hedge rose.

She is one of the most beautiful and brilliant hostesses in English Society. She often entertains royalty in her magnificent London house.

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Daughter of an Earl, Lady Violet grew up amidst the pomp of vice-regal courts. Now she is one of London's most brilliant hostesses. But she loves best country life—gardens and flowers, fishing, golf and riding to hounds. She is a devoted mother and her good deeds bring sunshine into countless lives.

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You can buy them everywhere, Pond's four delightful preparations—the famous Two Creams, new tonic Skin Freshener and soft, snow-white Cleansing Tissues for removing cold cream.

Chapter Thirty-one
8:37 P. M.—Five Years Later

MRS. HOLLANDER thought for a moment of simply dialing the operator and saying: "I want a policeman."

It was what the printed notices in the telephone directory urged one to do in case of an emergency. But it wasn't an emergency exactly, nor—still exactly—was it a policeman she wanted. She wanted a detective, or an inspector, or something, a man to whom she could explain her worry about Thomas, and who could do something about it if he agreed with her that Thomas was in danger.

Mrs. Hollander wanted most of all a man like Lieutenant Valcour, who had so ably handled that wretched affair five years ago when she had been married to Herbert, and Herbert had been shot. She wondered now whether Lieutenant Valcour were still on the force, and decided to find out. She dialed Spring 3100. She grew nervous while waiting.

"This is Mrs. Thomas Hollander speaking," she said, when the same type of impersonal, efficient voice answered her as had been the one five years before. "I am phoning to inquire whether a Lieutenant Valcour is still connected with the police force . . . . I beg your pardon? Oh." She gave the address of her apartment-house on Park Avenue.

"This is Mrs. Thomas Hollander speaking," she began again, upon a second voice saying, "Hello!" "And I am trying to get in touch with a Lieutenant Valcour, who—I beg your pardon? . . . . You *are* Lieutenant Valcour—Inspector, is it? But how perfectly efficient! I am worried, Inspector, about Mr. Hollander, and I wonder whether it would be possible for you to come up and talk it over with me. . . . . No, he hasn't disappeared. I know exactly where he has gone, but I have reason to believe that something might happen to him . . . . Yes, I am the Mrs. Hollander who was formerly Mrs. Herbert Endicott . . . . Yes, that dreadful affair. . . . . Oh, you will? Thank you very much."

Inspector Valcour smiled a curiously satisfied little smile all to himself as he sat in a Department limousine, chauffeured by a Department driver, and sped smoothly north along Lafayette Street on the way to Mrs. Hollander's address on Park Avenue.

And he thought of many things.

He thought of Marge Mylen and of Herbert Endicott, who were dead; and of Madame Velasquez, who also had died.

He thought of Mrs. Siddons, returned to her native New England hills, sinking her body and her being into their granite harshnesses and drawing amazing sustenance from them, as will a flower that grows in the imperceptible fissure of some solid rock.

He thought of Roberts, whom he had never seen again, and of whom he had never again heard, after the violation of the Sullivan law had been charged against her, and her sentence suspended. She had gone back to England, probably, to lapse into a proper background for her neurotic broodings.

And that partner of Hollander's—the Southernistic Mr. Smith. He had faded entirely, never to return; nor was the fact of any consequence at all. He had been at most an unimportant side issue.

But most of all Valcour thought of Mrs. Endicott, who was now Mrs. Hollander.

The annals of history and the annals of crime were fringed with women just like her. Beautiful, astonishing women, who revolved with their uncertainties like satellites about the world of normal beings—trailing their baleful, striking brilliance like an impalpable poisonous gas across the surface of every person whom they plucked and tortured within the intricate enigma of their hearts. The law never could touch her; nor could a person, either. She would escape. She would always escape, with the subtlety of mercury slipping between impotent fingers.

FOR she *had* escaped. There wasn't any doubt in Inspector Valcour's mind about that. She had been the focal point five years ago in that Endicott case, no matter what the law or men might say. Her forgery of that postscript had had a deeper, a more deliberate intention than the mere breaking up of any affair between her husband and Marge Mylen: it was to have been a breaking-up of all of his affairs—of him.

She was the true murderer of her husband, and not Marge Mylen. She had simply spread the powder train to a suitably lethal explosive and had then applied the match. The movements of the others had been nothing more than gyrations performed by stringed puppets. And she had held the strings. Some of her puppets had died, committed suicide, or been killed. And it didn't matter in the least. The world was ageless, she herself was ageless, and plenty of puppets grew perennially every spring.

Inspector Valcour wondered, as he descended to the curb and prepared to enter the lift to her apartment, whether Thomas had become a puppet too.

(A fascinating new adventure of Inspector Valcour will be ably described by Rufus King in an early issue.)

RACKETEER

(Continued from page 39)

snitched it," Mannie said. "Bellboy. Hiding out ever since. Scared down to a whisper. All he wants for his end now is enough to start traveling quick and keep going for a long time. I could make ten thousand decks easy out of what he's got there. And a grand gets it without any trouble."

"That's good enough," Connie said. He took a roll of bills from his pocket, stripped off a thousand-dollar note, and handed it to Gersch. "Day after tomorrow," he reminded him. "Before noon. Here. Two like that. Right?"

"Right," said Gersch. "Thanks, Connie." He waddled out.

Connie returned to the bedroom and brushed his hair carefully.

"What's it like outside, Mink?" he called.

"Clear," said Mink. "Not too cold. A light overcoat will do."

A FEW minutes later Connie came out dressed for the street. Mink slipped on his overcoat and took up his hat. Together they went down to the lobby, and strolled out. Three blocks to the Hascumb Theater. Electricians were at work setting bulbs in a new sign. The lobby display heralded the opening that night of "Diamond Daddy," a new musical comedy featuring Madge Thurber, produced by Stephen J. Kirby. Connie stopped in front of the theater.

"See if Steve's in," he explained to Mink.

"I'll wait here," Mink said, stepping into the lobby.

Connie nodded and walked into the theater—the auditorium dark, the chorus and two principals going through a dance-number on the stage. Connie located the outline of Kirby's head at a seat halfway down the orchestra, and called him softly. Kirby got up and came back. He was drawn and weary-eyed.

"What's it look like?" Connie inquired.

"What do the damn' things always look like a few hours before you have to ring up on the opening night?" Kirby said querulously. "It looks like hell on a foggy night with the fires banked."

"Bad as that?" Connie asked.

"Oh, we'll give a show," Steve said. "May be a hit. I don't know. Nobody knows. Where have you been all the time?"

"Around," Connie said.

"Not around rehearsals," Steve said.

"No," Connie answered. "No. That was not the idea, Steve."

"Oh," said Steve.

"How's Madge?" Connie asked.

"All right," said Steve.

"Going to get by?"

Steve shrugged. "She might," he said. "Good personality. Her singing isn't so hot."

"Dances pretty well," Connie said.

"Well enough," said Steve. "Plenty better in many a chorus. I've done the best I could by her."

"Good publicity break," Connie said approvingly.

Steve nodded. "Plenty of that," he said. "I'm afraid she's going to get pretty bad notices, though. Look, Connie: if we don't top twenty-eight thousand the first week—"

"I know the chorus and all the verses," Connie interrupted him. "I'll hold it up for four weeks at least, Steve. If it don't catch on by then—"

"Oh, sure," Kirby said, brightening at once. "That's chance enough. It might hit, at that. You never can tell."

"You never can," Connie agreed. He turned to leave.

"You fixed for tonight?" Steve asked.

"Not coming," Connie said. He grinned. "It's enough to pay for it, Steve. I'm not going to sit through it too." He went out into the lobby.

Mink Davis was standing in front of a frame carrying a large "action" picture of Madge Thurber. There was a scowl on Mink's face. He started when Connie stopped beside him and spoke.

"You never took to the kid, did you, Mink?" he said.

Mink shrugged. "Your women are not my business," he said.

Connie nodded. "That's true too," he agreed. "Look, Mink, I'm going to stop in at Ed's for a while. Bring the bus around and meet me there."

Ed's was a restaurant. Not a pretentious place—perhaps forty tables in all. It was notable only as Connie Lamont's official headquarters. He entered and sat at a table in the corner. A slender, well-dressed young fellow got up from a near-by table and joined him. His name was Jack Hustwon. He was a detective. Connie greeted him pleasantly.

"How you doing?" Hustwon inquired.

"As usual," Connie said. "Up and down. You know. Just manage. How by you?"

"Not so good," said Jack, frowning. "They're riding me pretty hard."

"What about?" Connie asked.

"Buffalo Young," said Hustwon.

"Oh," said Connie. "I wonder what ever became of Buffalo?"

Gene Markey, who with Elsie Janis wrote "Listen, Baby!" and the other splendid stories about *Al West* and *Margie*, has written a story of society people and stage people—and some others—which will thrill you from the first page.

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by Gene Markey,

in an early issue.

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"Why stall with me?" Jack said shortly. "We've got to have him, Connie."

"Who?"

"Buffalo."

"Why?"

"He killed that girl cashier over in Brooklyn. That got a lot of stuff started up top. It's gettin' down to me now, and I've got to do something."

"What are you going to do?"

"Get Buffalo."

Connie laughed. "How you talk!" he jeered.

"You think it's a comedy?" Jack asked. "I'll give you another good laugh. If we don't get Buffalo, we're going to make a showing by knocking off an alky cooking plant not far from Hawthorne Avenue out beyond Jones Street. It seems a damn' shame to do that, Connie."

Connie said nothing. He was thoughtfully making marks on the tablecloth with the point of a lead pencil.

"Must be better than a half-million dollars in that place," Jack went on, "counting the big stills and the stuff that's stored there, and all."

"People back of that spot might warm things up for you," Connie suggested.

"Don't doubt it," Jack agreed. "They're pretty well hooked up, and they could bear down. What's the difference? If I don't get into a jam about that, I'll get squeezed because they want Buffalo Young, and I haven't found him."

"You'll never find him," Connie assured him.

"*Never* is a big word," Jack reminded him. "Still and all, maybe you're right," he sighed, and rose. "I hate to be a nuisance to people trying to get along," he said regretfully. "But if I can't deliver Buffalo Young, why—"

"Wait a minute," Connie said thoughtfully. "You wont be doing anything out around Hawthorne Avenue for a day or two, will you?"

"I'm listening," Jack said, smiling.

"Keep at it," Connie said, smiling back. "You might hear something."

"Today?" Jack asked.

"Maybe," said Connie, nodding. "Maybe tomorrow."

"I might be deaf by tomorrow," Jack warned him.

"Oh," said Connie. "That bad?"

Hustwon nodded. "They're making it pretty hot for me," he said. "I'm in a hurry."

He strolled away. Other men came in, talked with Connie, and went away. Some sat for coffee and cigarettes. Others talked standing, and left immediately their business was finished. Mink Davis came in.

"Car?" Connie asked.

Mink nodded. Connie got up and was helped into his coat. He followed Mink Davis to the big blue sedan at the curb in front of the restaurant.

Mink got in behind the wheel. Connie sat in the back seat.

"Over to Sullivan's," he said.

SULLIVAN'S was a gymnasium training headquarters for local fighters. Connie went in and watched the work in the gym for a minute, then descended to the dressing-room. There he found young Ted Futrelle, freshly dressed, brushing his hair. Ted was a bantam, a pleasant-faced, naïve youngster of eighteen.

"How they coming, Ted?" Connie asked.

"Oh, fine, Mr. Lamont," Ted assured him. "I'm in grand shape. I was down to weight yesterday. I'm about a half-pound under today. Didn't have any trouble making it this time."

"Good!" said Connie

"Going to take it easy tomorrow and the next day," Ted said. "Don't want to stale off."

"That's the stuff," Connie said. "Think you can take Cusack this time?"

"I know I can, Mr. Lamont," Futrelle said earnestly. "That isn't just talk. I learned a lot about him the last time we fought. I know I'm going in stronger this time than I was then. I can stop him."

"He's tough," Connie said doubtfully.

"I know he is, Mr. Lamont," Ted said. "I've got his number, though. Honest, I have. I'll take him this time. Sure! You know I wouldn't tell you that if I wasn't sure of it."

"Hmm!" said Connie. "Which way you heading, Ted?"

"Home," said Futrelle.

"I got the bus outside," Connie said. "I'll drop you."

"Oh, sure!" said Futrelle. "That's fine. Thanks, Mr. Lamont. I'll be right with you."

HE put on his coat and hat. With Lamont he went out into the street and they got into the sedan. Connie gave Mink Davis an address on the upper East Side.

"How's your sister?" Lamont asked.

"Oh, she's fine," Futrelle said. "Good as ever. She was up and around within two weeks."

"Nothing to that appendix operation if you have it done in time by a good doctor," Connie said. "That Doctor Hogarth is one of the best surgeons in the city."

"I know it, Mr. Lamont," Futrelle said gratefully. "We're all of us mighty thankful for your gettin' him for her. It was kind of silly, I guess, but we were all of us scared to death."

"That's all right, Ted," Connie said. "Glad to be able to help out."

"You sure did, Mr. Lamont!" Futrelle said. "Listen, I want you to tell me on the level, now: What does he charge for doing a thing like that?"

"Oh, that's all right," Connie said. "That was on me. I took care of it."

"I know you did, Mr. Lamont," Futrelle said. "Doctor Hogarth told me. I want to give that back to you when I get paid for my scrap with Cusack. I'm gettin' eight hundred for that, you know."

"Yes," said Connie. "I know. I'll tell you, Ted—I don't think you're quite ready to take Cusack yet."

"I am, Mr. Lamont!" Ted insisted. "Honest, I am. I never knew anything in my life as sure as I know that."

"My money says different, Ted," Connie said shortly.

"Aw, Mr. Lamont!" said Ted. "You aint bettin' against me?"

"Plenty," said Connie.

"I wish you wouldn't do that, Mr. Lamont," Ted said, grieved. "I'm going to lick him. Sure."

"No," said Connie.

Futrelle began to tremble. "Listen, Mr. Lamont," he said, his voice quavering. "You've been awful nice to me, but I can't—"

"I can be nasty as well as nice," Connie reminded him. "The checks are down on this thing."

"Aw, gee, no, Mr. Lamont," Ted said, his lips quivering. "I never did anything like that, Mr. Lamont."

"You'll do it this time, kid," Connie said tersely. "Now don't go Y. M. C. A. on me, young fellow. I'll see that you're taken care of, good and plenty. You wont lose a thing but this one fight. You'll lose that, or—well—we wont go into that. You've been around—you're a wise kid—you know what happens."

"Aw, why didn't you let me know?" Ted wailed. "You could've bet on me and won. I can take him. I know I can."

"You string with me, and you'll get your chance to take better than him," Connie assured him. "This time you lose."

"I wont do it," Ted shouted. "I'll be damned if I will!"

Connie shrugged. "You were in the amateurs with Spider Casey," he said. "Do you remember what happened to him the week after he knocked out Whitey Julian?"

Futrelle nodded. "You didn't do that, Mr. Lamont?" he whispered, terrified.

"Do what?" said Connie. "Did I say I did anything? Some of the boys around town dropped a wad on Whitey when Spider knocked him kicking. You haven't heard of him trimming anybody else, have you?"

"I didn't believe it," Futrelle said. "Spider told me, but I didn't believe it! I thought it was just a bunch of hopheads beat him up for what he had on him."

"That was probably it," Connie said pleasantly. "A boy has to watch out for these coke-sniffers around town these days. You wouldn't want to trim Cusack and then bump into a mob like that in the dark some night, would you?"

Ted said nothing.

"Would you?" Connie persisted.

Ted shook his head. He strangled a sob. "No sir," he whispered. "I guess not."

"The way I figure this fight, Cusack's going to win by a knockout," Connie said. "Of course, he might get the decision, but you never can tell what these judges are going to do. Cusack's got an awful kick in that right mitt of his. If he ever pushes the button with it, you wouldn't have to be much of an actor to listen to ten, and make the boys believe it. Would you?"

"No sir," Futrelle said huskily. "I guess not."

"Your guessing isn't good enough," Connie said. "Not when the checks are down."

"All right," said Ted.

"Fine," said Connie. "I thought you'd be a sensible kid. And look, Ted, if you get to thinking this thing over by yourself between now and fight night, don't forget to remember Spider Casey. He did some thinking all by himself, and forgot to remember a thing or two he should have kept in mind."

THE car stopped in front of an apartment house. Futrelle got out and stood on the sidewalk, staring stricken at Lamont.

"See you at the fight, Ted," Connie said pleasantly. "Good luck! You'll have it, if you want it." He closed the sedan door and spoke to Mink Davis.

"Brennan Arms," he said. "Stop at a cigar-store or some place where there's a phone on the way over, and see if they got the second at New Orleans yet. It ought to be in by now."

Mink phoned from a booth in a corner cigar-store.

"Red Rover," he said shortly, as he came out and got behind the wheel once more.

"Good!" said Connie. "What did it pay?"

"Twenty-eight ninety," said Mink, as he swung the car out from the curb.

"Hmm!" said Connie. "Nice price."

Mink said nothing. He drove across to the West Side and stopped in front of the Brennan Arms.

"I'll be here awhile," Connie said as he got out. "Come back in about an hour."

Mink nodded and drove away. Connie sauntered into the lobby, and went to a coin booth. Closing the door, he called a number.

"I want to speak to Hustwon," he said softly. "Jack Hustwon. Never mind who's calling. Put him on. Hello, Hustwon? Never mind who I am. Got a pencil? Write this down. 'Maggie Schwartz—S-c-h-w-a-r-t-z. I know you know her. 287 Sevier Street—S-e-v-i-e-r—New Orleans. What? Never mind telling me. Listen to me. Have somebody call around at that address in New Orleans and then tear up the book on that Hawthorne Avenue thing. That's it."

He hung up the phone and stepped out. At the desk he spoke to the operator.

"Tell Miss Malloy that Mr. Lamont's in the lobby."

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FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST *for* HEALTH

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He had tea in the Venetian Room with Helen Malloy and her mother. Helen Malloy was twenty, a slim, eager blonde girl with large gray eyes. Her mother was a statuesque woman of fifty who stabbed at thirty with clothes, cosmetics and manner, and came within five years of hitting the mark. She had been a show-girl in her teens and early twenties. A marriage with an elderly, moderately wealthy wholesale grocer had given her Helen, a divorce and a ten-thousand-a-year settlement, all within the space of two years. A nurse, a governess, and boarding-schools accounted for the first nineteen years of Helen's life, while Mrs. Malloy got along in London and New York on what remained of the ten thousand a year and her wits.

For a year Helen had been in New York with her mother, studying singing. She was engaged to Connie Lamont.

Over the tea-table he told her of the architect's visit that morning, and recounted the progress being made on the California place. She was girlishly rapturous in discussing the plans.

"Think you wont be bored out there?" he asked.

"With you, Connie!" she exclaimed.

He reached across the table and patted her hand. "Nice thing!" he said. "Think of anything you'd like to have in return for that pretty speech?"

She nodded, her eyes shining. "Seats for the opening of 'Diamond Daddy' tonight."

There was a pause. A glance of understanding passed between Mrs. Malloy and Connie.

"I'm tied up tonight, honey," Connie said regretfully. "I don't know—"

"Mother and I can go," she said. "I'm crazy to see it, Connie. Really I am. I've been reading about Madge Thurber. Did you see about it?"

"What?" Connie asked.

"The way she got her chance," Helen said. "The producer—I forget his name—"

"Kirby," said Connie.

"That's it. Mr. Kirby overheard her practicing singing in her apartment, and he liked her voice so well that he got an introduction, and asked her to try a part for him. She'd been just a show-girl before that. She rehearsed the part for him and made such a hit that he's featuring her. Isn't that marvelous?"

"Funny things happen," Connie said.

A page came to the table with a telephone slip for Helen. She read it and got up.

"It's Amy calling," she explained. "I wont be a minute."

CONNIE and Mrs. Malloy watched her until she had passed from the room. Mrs. Malloy sighed and shook her head.

"I was a fool to let you go through with this, Connie," she said regretfully. "You can't put it over."

"The hell I can't!" Connie snapped. "I can put over any damned thing I want to."

"She worries because you're a gambler," Mrs. Malloy said. "If she knew about the rest! Honestly, Connie, sometimes I think that girl still believes in Santa Claus."

"She wont have to worry long," Connie said, grinning. "I've given her my promise to quit gambling after we're married."

"Are you really going to take a powder on the whole racket, Connie?" Mrs. Malloy asked incredulously.

"Getting out of everything," Connie assured her. "From the time we start on our honeymoon, I'm washed. All through with everything. I've got plenty salted to ride easy for the rest of my life, if I hang on until I'm a hundred. I know perfectly well, too, that if I don't get out, it's only a question of time till somebody around this town will grow big enough to put me on the spot. That's one little slug-party I'm going to miss by not being here."

"I don't know," said Mrs. Malloy, worried. "She's bound to find out about you some day, Connie. And she's such a trusting little high-notioned nitwit—"

"I can talk her out of anything she'll ever find out," Connie said scornfully. "The stuff she couldn't forgive, she'd never believe anyhow."

"I hope you make it, Connie," Mrs. Malloy said earnestly. "It isn't so easy to get clear, once you've been mixed up. You taught me that."

"I'll get clear," Connie said grimly. "I've never missed out yet on anything I've tried to do. Once I cut and run for it, I'm just a happily married retired business man for the rest of my life. What about this 'Diamond Daddy' business tonight?"

"I suppose it'll be all right," Mrs. Malloy said wearily. "She's just as thrilled as she can be with all that publicity guff about Madge."

"She's liable to hear some wise-cracks around the lobby between the acts," said Connie glumly.

"It's simple," Mrs. Malloy said. "Tell her you can't get seats."

Connie flushed. "You'll get a laugh out of this," he said. "I hate like the devil to tell her there's anything I can't do. No kidding. I've got many a kick out of being a big shot around this town, but nothing ever gave me as big a wallop as her thinking I'm a high guy who could spit on the sun and put it out if the light bothered her eyes. I'm just plain sap cuckoo about that daughter of yours."

"All right," said Mrs. Malloy. "Get the tickets, and I'll try and keep her clear of the gossip."

HELEN returned to the table. "Amy and her mother are sailing tomorrow night," she said. "They're going to England first, but they think they'll be in Paris when we're there. Connie, you haven't met Amy, have you?"

Connie shook his head.

"She's the dearest thing!" Helen rattled on. "And her mother's just the loveliest person you ever saw. I spent the Christmas holidays at their house every year while I was at Riverhead. Amy and I roomed together."

"We'll look them up," said Connie, "when we get to Paris. Sorry I can't be with you tonight, but I'll have two for 'Diamond Daddy' left at the box-office in your name."

Connie dined at Ed's place. There were several at the table with him. A motion-picture star, the manager of the current heavyweight champion, one of the season's top jockeys, a fight promoter from the Pacific Coast, a morning-paper sporting editor, two nationally known gamblers, and Mink Davis.

Mink showed a characteristic common to the cat tribe, in that he became much more alert, alive, with the arrival of night. After dark he was never very far from Connie Lamont, and seldom nearer than, say, fifteen feet. He did not, for example, sit at the same table with him at Ed's. He sat by the wall, two tables removed, smoking cigarettes, drinking black coffee, and watching, watching, watching.

Connie stayed late, gossiping, sipping black coffee, smoking cigarettes. The talk was of fights, racing, poker, craps, show-business, stories of big sums quickly lost and won, weird tales of luck good and bad. It was near to ten o'clock when a young man entered the restaurant, went directly to Connie, and spoke to him in whispers.

"Well, I'll be damned!" said Connie, when the young man went out.

"What is it?" the fight manager asked.

Connie sighed. "Tough!" he said, shaking his head. "They got Buffalo Young."

A chorus of sympathetic exclamations.

"Got him down in New Orleans," Connie went on sadly. "He was holed in down there with Maggie Schwartz."

"It'll be a hard rap to beat, wont it?" one of the gamblers asked.

Connie nodded. "He'll burn," he said sadly. "Too many people saw that thing over in Brooklyn. Bad business—rubbing out a girl."

"He must have been hopped to do anything that raw," the fight manager said.

"Shame!" said Connie. "Buffalo wasn't a bad kid. I liked him."

ABOUT eleven o'clock Connie left Ed's with the two gamblers. Mink Davis drove them a few blocks to a midtown hotel, where a stud game was running. Connie played listlessly for a couple of hours, and dropped seven thousand dollars. He bade the crowd good-night then, and with Mink Davis in attendance descended to the lobby.

On the way to the street, he was hailed by an acquaintance who spoke of the "Diamond Daddy" opening.

"How did it go?" Connie asked.

"Lousy!" said the acquaintance. "Hasn't got a chance. Plenty of good scenery and costumes, and some fair dancing. But the book's a bust, and the music's just a lot of cheap rewrite. Aint a song-hit in the show."

"How was Madge?" Connie asked.

The acquaintance made a face, and shook his head. "Not so hot," he said. "She's a good enough show-girl, Connie. That's all."

"Well," said Connie, "she had her shot at it."

He went out to the car with Mink Davis and got in. "Where they working tonight, Mink?" he asked.

Mink named an uptown side-street address.

"Let's go," said Connie.

Mink started the car and drove north. At a traffic stop, Connie spoke. "I'm peddling that Hawthorne spot, Mink," he said.

"Yeh?" said Mink.

"Sawing it off on the Blandless bunch," Connie explained. "I haven't closed with them yet, but I'm going to within the next two or three days."

"Gettin' your price?" Mink asked.

Connie shook his head. "No," he said. "I'm letting it go for half what it's worth. Getting cash, though. That's what I want right now. Cash and plenty of it."

"How long you goin' to stay in Europe?"

"Don't know," Connie said. "Take it easy for a while."

"They forget you awful fast in this town," Mink warned him.

"Maybe I wouldn't care if they forgot me altogether," Connie said.

"Oh," said Mink. "A one-way ticket, huh?"

"You can't tell," Connie said. "Only one place a guy can go and be sure of not coming back."

"Umm," said Mink. "You've been duckin' *that* trip for a long while."

Connie laughed. "Lot of guys willing to pay my fare, too. Huh, Mink?"

"You said it!" said Mink.

SOME distance uptown they parked the car and walked two blocks along a quiet residence street. A man came from the shadow of an areaway and spoke to them. They followed him in through a basement door, and went up two flights, passing several openly armed men on the way. Then into a large, well-lit, crowded room. A portable crap-table there. Fifty or sixty men. More openly armed guards. Money. Money in sight. Money in men's hands. Big money. Fistfuls of thousand-dollar bills. The scene of the biggest crap game in the country. The game that was run each night in a different spot, moving thus to forestall any carefully planned hi-jackers' *coup*.

Activity ceased for a moment when Connie entered. A brief tribute of respectful silence. Then calls of greeting from the big shots

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—because he is the fourth Cornelius Vanderbilt in one of America's oldest and most distinguished families. Because he has struck out for himself and achieved an independent career, and as a journalist is familiar with people everywhere. Because he has driven across America twenty-three times and his hobby is remote places and interesting types.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

—because, as the most brilliant of America's younger novelists, he was the first to discover and portray an enchanting new type of American girl. Because, at the age of 23, he woke up to find himself famous as the author of *"This Side of Paradise."* Because no other man of his time writes so sympathetically, skilfully, and fascinatingly about women.

Three distinguished Judges choose the

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using Woodbury's Facial Soap

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in the place. A buzz of whispered comment from the lesser fry. The crowd made a way for Connie to the table-side. As he approached, he saw a swarthy, black-haired, heavy-set man holding a fistful of thousand-dollar bills. Connie grinned.

"Well, well, well!" he said. "Look who's here! Hello, Jerry. When did you get in?"

"This morning," the heavy-set man said. "I was afraid you weren't going to show up."

"Been here earlier, if I'd known you were around," Connie said.

"Think I'm soft, huh?" the heavy-set man asked.

"You weren't very hard last time, Jerry," Connie taunted him.

"That gravy you got off of me was just a loan," the heavy-set man declared.

"You came to collect, huh?" Connie said.

"That's it," said the heavy-set man. "Let's go."

The crowd massed behind them. The play began. The heavy-set man was Jerry Corvadis, a gambler from the Pacific Coast. On his last visit East, Connie Lamont had taken a hundred and thirty thousand dollars away from him in a crap game.

"Now," whispered an onlooker, as the dice skittered across the green table-top. "Now, we'll see something."

They saw Connie Lamont take eighty thousand dollars in cash from Corvadis in less than two hours. Neither man handled the dice at any time. They stood at the table side by side, and made their bets in a conversational tone.

"You're poison to me!" Corvadis declared after the roll that broke him.

"Drop in again sometime, when you're feeling fat," Connie said. "Always glad to see you."

"I should think you would be!" Corvadis exclaimed.

Connie left a little time after Corvadis. When he and Mink Davis reached the street, it was still an hour short of dawn. They got into the car.

Connie yawned. "I think I'll call it a night, Mink," he said.

"Back to the Cruger?" Mink asked.

"Yes," said Connie. "I'm going to turn in. Stop on the way some place and pick up the morning papers. I want to see what the critics did to Madge."

"They did plenty, I guess!" Mink said harshly.

"Probably," Connie agreed. "She was a sap to waste all that good jack trying to put herself across in the show business. The piece is a flop, and it will nick me for seventy-five or a hundred g's at the very least. She might just as well have had that in cash or some good property. I gave her her choice, but she would sing."

Mink turned as though to speak to Connie. His right hand encircled Connie's shoulders affectionately. There was a flash of flame, and a very slight report. Mink's weapons were equipped with silencers. Two more flashes. Two more slight reports. Then silence save for the hum of the motor. Mink faced forward again, slipped the automatic back into his holster, and drove once more with two hands on the wheel.

He drove to a remote spot in a park far uptown. There he stopped the car, switched off the lights, and worried Connie Lamont's body out of the machine. He dragged his victim into a thick clump of bushes fifty yards from the roadside, rifled the pockets of their rich store of cash, returned to the machine and drove away.

MADGE THURBER was alone in her apartment. Just dawn. Morning papers strewn over the floor. The house phone rang. At first she ignored it. The ringing continued. She gave an exclamation of anger, rose from the large lounge chair in which she had been sitting, and crossed to the phone.

"I told you I was not to be disturbed," she said hotly. "Who? Oh, I see. All right. I'll speak to him. Hello. Mink? Yes. What is it? I'd rather not see anybody this morning. Not even you! Were you there last night? What? All right. Come ahead."

A minute later she heard the elevator door in the hall being opened and closed. Then her apartment-door buzzer sounded. She opened the door, and Mink Davis stepped in.

"What's on your mind?" she asked.

Mink looked at the papers scattered over the floor.

"I'm sorry, kid," he said huskily. "They raised hell with you, didn't they?"

"I'll say they did," Madge agreed bitterly. "I didn't expect to be a riot, but—my God! Have you read them?"

Mink shook his head. "I heard about it."

"Sure!" Madge exclaimed. "Everybody's heard about it. They're laughing all over town. The biggest flop in ten years. I don't know what I'm going to do, Mink. I'm ashamed to see anybody. First Connie passes me up, and then this."

"He'll never pass anybody else up!" Mink said savagely.

She stared at him. "Mink!" she whispered fearfully. "Did they get him?"

"They didn't," Mink said. "I did."

"Mink!"

"Think I was going to let him get away with it? Tossin' you off and then takin' a powder on all of us? That's what he was fixin' to do. Marry this dumb doll he fell for, and fade with most of the loose cash in town. I've been near knockin' him off a dozen times since he tossed you, anyhow. Tonight I let him have it. Look, kid."

HE drew a roll from his pocket and held it out for her to see. "Near ninety grand in cash I got off of him. All cash! You don't ever have to meet any of these people you're ashamed to see. Come on with me. There's plenty of nice places for people with ninety grand in cash. What do you say?"

She backed away from him. "Mink, you're crazy!"

"Sure I'm crazy! Crazy about you! I always have been. You know that; you're wise. Why wouldn't I be crazy, hanging around and keepin' my mouth shut all the time you was with him? Wouldn't that drive any guy crazy? I don't know how I ever stood it! That's off now. What do you say, Marge? Give me a break, huh? You've got nothin' to stay for now. The show's a flop. You got the razzberry in every paper in town. Come on with me. Will you? I can't wait for you any longer, Madge. I can't do it. I've stood all I can. You've got to come with me."

"Wait a minute, Mink," she begged. "Easy, now. Take it easy. We've got to use some brains about this."

"Will you come with me?" he pressed. "That's all I can think about."

"That's the trouble, Mink," she said rapidly. "Somebody's got to think about something else. Now listen to me. Will you?"

"Will you come with me?" he repeated.

"I'll come *to* you," she promised.

"What do you mean?"

"Have sense, Mink!" she begged. "We can't both make a get-away on top of this. I can't go now. Not this morning. I've got to stick to this show until it closes. That'll be a week, anyhow. You know what'd happen if I wasn't there for the show tonight. Connie missing, and me gone! Every bull in the country would be out for me."

"I'll hide out in town until you're set to go," he said. "I aint goin' to leave without you."

"They'll be looking for you by noon tomorrow," she said. "When Connie don't show up, you'll be the first one they'll hunt for."

"Let 'em hunt and be damned. I can stay dark. I'm not goin' to lam until you're

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ready to go. You will go, wont you, Madge? Ninety grand in cash! That's a lot of dough."

"Sure I will, Mink," she promised hastily. "Why wouldn't I? I've got nothing keeping me here now. And I know the way you feel about me."

"I can't stand it any longer," Mink said. His voice had in it something of the plaintive quality of a tired child's.

"Do what I tell you, and we'll get away with it," she said desperately. "Will you? Will you do what I tell you?"

"Sure," said Mink. "Anything you say, if you'll only come with me, Madge."

"I will, Mink," she promised. "Just as soon as I can get set. The first thing for you to do is to get out of here."

"In a minute," he agreed. "Madge, I wished you could 'a' seen him after I gave him the works. It would have done your heart good! Honest, I used to hate that guy so bad when you were with him that—"

"I know, Mink," she said. "But we mustn't talk about that now. We haven't got time. You must get out of here and get into hiding. Get out—get out now—right now, Mink!"

"I could do with a drink," he said. "Just give me a drink, Madge, and I'll—"

"No," she said vehemently. "Go! You promised me you'd do just as I told you, Mink."

"All right," he agreed reluctantly, moving toward the door. "I'll get to you on the phone, Madge."

"Don't take any chances," she urged.

"Do you need any dough?" he asked, his hand on the door-knob.

She hesitated. He took five one-thousand-dollar bills from his pocket and handed them to her. "That will carry you," he said.

He grabbed her in his arms and kissed her savagely.

"Make it as quick as you can, will you, kid?" he muttered huskily. "I'm crazy about you."

The door slammed behind him. Madge stood looking at the bills in her hand. She heard the elevator door open and close. After a moment she looked out into the hall. It was empty. She shut the door, went to the telephone, and called a number.

"I want to speak to Mr. Hustwon," she said. "Jack Hustwon. . . . . That's right. . . . . Hello, Jack? Madge Thurber. . . . . All right. Listen, Jack—"

IT was full daylight when Mink Davis let himself into the hallway of a rooming-house in a mean neighborhood. He climbed two flights of stairs and stopped to put his key in the lock of a room door. A man stepped from the darkness of the bathroom across the hall, and jammed a gun-muzzle against Mink's side.

"Reach, Mink!" he said sharply. "Get 'em up!"

Mink's right hand went for the gun in his shoulder holster. The other man's weapon spoke. Mink grunted and slumped to the floor. The other man knelt by him, and rapidly went through his pockets. There were cries throughout the house. Doors opened. The man who had shot Mink Davis stood up.

"Quiet, everybody!" he called out. "This is a police job. Nobody's going to be hurt. It's all over. I'm Detective Hustwon, a plain-clothes man. Everybody keep away from this body now. Don't touch it till the coroner comes."

"Is he dead?" a man peering from a door on the floor asked fearfully.

"I'll say he is!" Hustwon said emphatically. "I gave it to him right in the pump. Can't afford to fool around with his kind."

AT a few minutes past noon that day Detective Jack Hustwon sat at a table in the living-room of Madge Thurber's apartment. Madge was seated across from him. He was counting thousand-dollar notes off a roll and handing them to her.

"Thirty-eight," he said. "Thirty-nine, forty. That's your cut, kid. Right up the middle. I took eighty off of him. I left a few grand in his kick just to make it look good."

"You're a white guy, Jack," Madge said, holding the money.

"It pays," said Hustwon, complacently. "I always shoot square. Anybody makes it for me gets their cut. How does the show look?"

"Terrible," said Madge.

"I heard it was bad," said Hustwon. "That needn't worry you for a while."

"No," said Madge. "I'm set for a while. Have a drink, Jack?"

"No, thanks," said Jack, rising and reaching for his coat. "I haven't had a drink in over eight years. Pays to keep a clear head at this racket I'm in."

YOU CAN'T PLAY IT PEACEFULLY

(Continued from page 49)

suggests Breeze, "I'd pass and leap lightly through the window."

"Are you passing?" asks Miss Morfit, impatiently.

"Yep," says I. "This quarterback passes. You run with the ball, partner."

"Two spades, darling," declares Graves, after going into a long huddle with his hand.

"Two spades, darling!" I yelps. "What is this—a private bid between you and your egg-scrambler? How am I going to make any assumptions and deductions if—"

"With that fist of yours," cuts in Emerson, "any assumption would be a presumption. Why don't you throw those cards in and call for a bowl of chicken chow mein?"

"Please," I begs. "It isn't necessary to tell the world that the eight is the highest I hold. I'd much rather Angela didn't know that five hearts to the seven was my best suit. Let's be fair."

"Three diamonds," mutters Miss Morfit sourly.

"I'm afraid," says Mrs. Graves, "that I'll have to bye. You wont be angry with me, Harold, will you, for not holding the ace of hearts or the ace of clubs? And I so want to be helpful to you!"

"What this game of contract needs," decides Breeze, "is less secrecy. Here we've already had three bids and I haven't found out yet what time the last accommodation leaves Siloam Springs, Ark., or who threw the cat in Grandma Gimple's gruel."

"What do you do, partner?" asks Angela.

"I'll double my original make," says I. "I never have any luck with cards when thirteen of 'em are dealt me."

"Four spades," offers Graves. Miss Morfit passes and it looks like it's all over but the post-mortem when Gracie suddenly kicks in with a defiant, "Five spades."

"Double!" I snaps.

"What on?" gasps Emerson.

"I don't know," says I. "It just seemed a good idea—a sort of a whimsey from Never-never Land. Haven't you ever had the whimseys?"

"I believe not," returns Breeze. "You see, our family was so large we hardly had enough measles to go around, let alone the whimseys. As I recall it we did borrow a measle or two from the neighbors but even so I had to be content with croup."

"This has indeed developed into a game of information," remarks Angela frigidly. "Are there any more family reminiscences that go properly with this deal? What do you do?" she demands of Graves.

"Me!" splutters Harold, caught with his hair down. "I'm in the produce business. Oh, I beg your pardon. I pass."

New facts about CLEANING TEETH

DO YOU KNOW....

that there are thousands of tiny crevices in healthy, normal teeth and gums?

that no toothbrush can get down into these microscopic places?

that food particles and mucin deposits lodge in these crevices and may start decay?

that the real test of a toothpaste is its ability to cleanse these crevices?

A REMARKABLE scientific discovery has recently brought to light some new facts about cleaning the teeth.

A scientist carefully measured the power of toothpastes to penetrate the tiny crevices in teeth and gums where food particles lodge and where decay begins.

He found that some dentifrices merely scrub the outer surface of the teeth. Others go partly down into the larger crevices. *Then he discovered that Colgate's has a higher penetrating power than any of the leading dentifrices on the market today.*

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BOTH ladies doing likewise, Miss Morfit leads her ace of carats and Gracie spreads her hand. It's not so bad as thirteen cards go but there's not a spade in the mess nor a quick trick in any suit.

"Why did you go up, darling?" asks Graves, gently pained. "You know you didn't have to."

"Don't you understand, sweetheart?" comes back the bride. "I raised your spade bid just to show you I was blank in them. Don't you remember what Mr. McGullible said about the overbid—"

"I'm sorry," apologizes Harold. "Forgive me for misleading you."

"Don't you do it," says I. "If you let him get away with this, he'll put you down for a soft spot and act around the house like he had a right there."

"Gracie's bid was perfectly correct," horns in Emerson. "She was conveying the information to her partner that he was in no danger of losing any trump tricks to the dummy."

"Can I be of any help to you folks?" inquires Angus, drifting over from the Frau's table.

"I'm afraid," says I, "you're a bit late; but you might stick around and haul away the ashes."

"Suppose," suggests Graves, "we face our cards up and let Mr. Gullible tell us what the bids should have been."

The idea clicks, and Angus looks the mitts over. It seems that, with one brilliant exception, nobody's done right by their cards and spades. Graves' hand called for a heart bid on the second round to indicate something or other. Angela should never have opened the diamond suit and Gracie was all wet from the jump-off.

"How about me?" I asks, calling attention to the all-American bust I'd dealt myself. "I passed. Would you have done the same?"

"Unquestionably," returns Angus.

"Wonderful!" murmurs Breeze, throwing an arm across my shoulders. "May I be the first to congratulate you, old friend?"

"At the public reception I shall hold a little later," I replies with a trace of justifiable hauteur. "It's positively uncanny the way I catch on to these intricate games. The very first hand I get—and I play it as an expert would! —Oh, Jennie!"

"What's the trouble now?" frowns the Missus.

"Come over and kiss me," says I. "Daddy's conquered contract."

DAZZLED by my initial success, I had permitted myself to become a trifle overoptimistic. In the following weeks I discovers there's slightly more to contract than the passing of punk hands, but eventually I get a head-lock on the game and learn to like it. There's a kick in mating up a couple of mitts for a slam and a thrill in jarring the enemy loose from prominent penalties that go big with this old patron of indoor sports.

But alas, every ointment has its fly—let us catch him, you and I. As I feared, this postgraduate auction puts a terrible strain on the *entente cordiale* between partners and when that partner happens to be a wedded wife with a mind of her own and a half interest in yours—well, I bring home so many presents the neighbors must figure I'm either trucking for Santa Claus or robbing the parcel post in a big way. However, I'm not the only sufferer from contractivitis in our select circle of addicts.

I'm in conference one day with Emerson when young Graves, who has an office in the same building, shuffles in and drapes himself gloomily over a chair. As a happy bridegroom he rates about Z-minus.

"Gosh, you look sunk," remarks Breeze with his old-school delicacy. "Who let the water into your starboard bunkers? Or is it that you are paying the wages of gin?"

"Methinks," says I, "the dew is off the petal and the glister off the rose. What happened? Did she come to breakfast in a soiled kimono or did you get personal with the biscuits? Or perhaps—"

"Listen," cuts in Harold, "isn't it possible for a married couple to play bridge together without quarreling?"

"Well," returns Emerson, "there was a case reported from Cedar Rapids, Ia., several years ago but it developed later that it wasn't her husband she was playing with at all, but an uncle who had eight million dollars and arterial sclerosis."

"You and Gracie scrap!" I exclaims. "I can hardly believe it. Where was the Armageddon staged?"

"At the Abbotts'," replies Graves miserably. "It's the first quarrel we've had, and it was my fault."

"It would be," I assures him, "especially if it wasn't. Why don't you carve yourself a piece of crow and acknowledge the succotash?"

"I've tried to," wails Harold. "I called her up a few minutes ago and she hung up on me. She'll go to her mother's. She'll leave me." And he flings himself out of the office.

"Don't forget," I calls after him, "we're expecting you and Gracie for dinner tomorrow evening. . . . . You know," I remarks to Breeze, "I'm kind of sorry for those kids. I like 'em both and—"

"What's the matter with you?" growls Emerson. "Is there anything strikingly unusual or wildly tragical about a pair of saps going to the mat at a card game?"

"Hardly," I returns, "but they'll find the first year of marriage tough enough without this added entry."

"Probably," shrugs Breeze, "but there's nothing in Jones on Negotiable Instruments that makes it mandatory for them to shoot auction. If they can't control their tempers they ought to confine themselves to hot heats of parchesi."

"Lovely," says I, "but what are you going to do around here this winter if you don't play contract? You'd be about as welcome as an assessment for a new street. I wonder," I goes on, thoughtful, "if it would do the Graveses any good to see a real scrap over cards."

"Huh?" grunts Emerson.

"Jennie," says I, "is always telling me I'd never fuss at bridge if I had any idea of the impression it made on onlookers."

"I don't see," comes back Breeze, sarcastic, "where that thought has caused you to scrap any of your battleships."

"It hasn't," I admits, "but then I'm too old a sea-lion to be taught balancing tricks. Maybe, though, it would have some effect on a pair of youngsters just beginning a battling career."

"What are you driving at?" demands Emerson.

"This, my old one," says I. "Gracie and Harold'll be at the house tomorrow evening. How about you and me getting our vixens into a rubber and faking a rip-roaring row that'll curl the paper off the ceiling? Who knows? Maybe the sight of a regular knockdown drag-out'll sufficiently disgust the Graveses to bring 'em to their senses. How about it? Will you sit in?"

"Maybe," grunts Breeze; "but why go to the trouble of faking a fuss when it's an odds-on bet there'll be two or three, anyhow, in the regular routine?"

"Because," I explains, "I want this to be a classic that'll go clattering down the corridors of time. We'll rage all over the premises, tear up decks and heave 'em across the room, overturn the table and commit such other acts of infamy and violence as our ingenuity and the mood of the moment suggest. If Harold and Gracie don't take the veil after the shambles I have in mind, they're beyond all hope."

"Is it your idea," inquires Emerson, "to let the gals in on the frame-up?"

"Hell, no," says I. "They're no Leslie Carters. We'll do the acting and let them strut their stuff on the up and up. Fear not. They can handle themselves in the clinches. Of course, after the curtain's down, we'll laughingly spill the hoax to 'em."

"I'm afraid," hesitates Breeze, "that Chérie might not quite get the rare humor of—"

"Forget it," I cuts in. "If you get into a jam I'll pay for what it costs you to square yourself. . . . . The plan of action's simple. I let out a yelp about some play or other. You take my side. That automatically arrays your pain in the ribs with Jennie, and we're off."

"All right," says Emerson, "but why I should go to all this trouble over that pair of punks is more than I can understand."

"It's for the sake of dear old science," I points out. "We'll discover what influence, if any, mind has over what's the matter."

THE Graveses show up at the house as per schedule. While they've apparently buried the ax, there's still the restraint between them that goes with a newly made peace. The dinner passes with but few words from either of 'em.

"And now to contract," says I, jovially. "We'll cut in and out."

A questioning look flashes between Gracie and her husband—"Will you behave yourself if I play with you?"—and we all proceed toward the table in the living-room. As the breaks have it, the Graveses lose out for the first rubber and we're just about to start with the Emersons when in ambles Angela.

"Don't let me disturb you," babbles Miss Morfit. "I've got the most wonderful book of pencil bridge problems to show you. It's marvelous. You play all the hands by yourself and—"

"We're just starting a hand of our own." I frowns. "Would it be just the same to you—"

"You play right ahead," says Angela. "If you don't mind, Jennie, I'll go back to the sun-room and finish up a problem I'm working on. I'm so intrigued with it. I'm so—"

"Hop to it," I cuts in. "Maybe you can develop a system for cheating at the game without catching yourself at it."

Miss Morfit vanishes and we proceeds to get busy, with the Graveses hanging over us. Breeze gets the first bid but his hand's such a darb there's no chance for an argument. After all we want some fairly natural reason for launching our offensive.

WE get reason enough on the very next deal. Emerson again cops the contract, this time at three spades. He starts leading his trumps and Jennie, having but two of 'em, discards high hearts on the third and fourth rounds. On the fifth I get in with my ten of spades and instead of leading the heart the Frau's quivering for, I tosses out a club, a low one from the king twice.

"Don't you ever watch my discards?" snaps the Missus.

"Why should I?" I yelps. "You never know what you want. Half the time you're discarding from fright."

"You should play one-tenth as well as I do," retorts Jennie. "Of all the stupid—"

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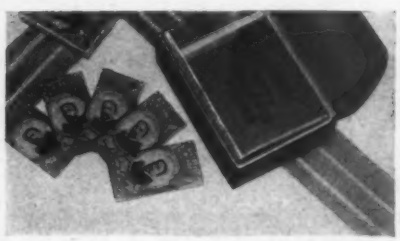
YES, it's the same man shaving on ten different mornings; ten different conditions of water, temperature, and nerves; ten different methods of lathering and stroking.

But his Gillette Blade meets all these changing conditions with the same even temper

So much dependable shaving comfort has been honed and stropped into this blade that eight out of ten American men have learned to expect—and get—a comfortable shave even under the worst possible conditions.

To meet that expectation Gillette has developed and perfected some $12,000,000 worth of new machines during the past ten years. They condition the Gillette Blade far more delicately and precisely than even the most skilful artisan could sharpen a shaving edge.

Conditions vary. But the Gillette Blade is the one *constant* factor in your daily shave. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.



THE NEW FIFTY-BOX. Fifty fresh double-edged Gillette Blades (10 packets of fives) in a colorful, useful gift chest. Five dollars at your dealer's.

★ **Gillette** ★

Gillette

NOW *Summer Camps!*

There are 165 camps in every good camping region described in pages 7-11. Parents should read these announcements carefully, and write immediately for catalogues. Now is the time to begin a well considered selection which will lead to a happy summer in just the right camp for your boy or girl—or for your own vacation.

Camp Directors are glad to answer questions, and arrange for personal interviews. To those who wish assistance, we offer our intimate knowledge of camps and camping—a free service to Red Book Magazine readers. We have visited hundreds of camps and through long experience in advising with parents, we know the most important elements to be considered in making a wise selection. Use the coupon below or write fully covering every factor that will govern your choice. Address:

The Director,
Department of Education

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE
420 Lexington Ave.
New York City

I am interested in receiving information about a camp for: (*Please Check*)

Boy..... *Age*.....

Girl..... *Age*..... *Adults*.....

Now Attending.....

School in..... *Grade*

Your Religious Affiliation.....

Health.....

LOCATION:

☐New England ☐West Central States
☐Connecticut ☐Rocky Mountain States
☐New York ☐Mountain
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☐Pennsylvania ☐Salt Water
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Special features desired.....

..... ☐ *Tutoring*.....

How much do you plan to pay for the camp season (about 8 weeks)?..... { *Under $250* ☐ / *$250-$350* ☐ / *$375 or over* ☐

Name.....

Street Address.....

City & State.....

.....

"*Pourquoi,*" oars in Chérie, "you no give her the heart?"

"Who's playing this hand?" I demands, angrily. "And when did you get to be an expert?"

"Maybe I'm not the expert," flares up Frenchie, "but I know more about the bridge than you have forgot." I'm delighted. The battle is being brought neatly to us.

"You horn out of this," barks Emerson at his mill stone.

"I say that which I wish," shoots back Chérie, "and *jamais la vie* can you make me close the mouth up. Jennie is right—"

"Right, your cow!" I snarls. "She's never been right in her life and her whole family was wrong before her."

"You leave my family out," blazes the wife.

"Tell that to the warden at Matteawan," I retorts. "I'm not on the pardoning board."

While Jennie's gurgling with rage and preparing another blast at me and mine, I slips a wink at Breeze and a glance at the Graveses. The youngsters are taking it all in and, seemingly, being properly shocked.

For five minutes more the argument blazes at all four corners, Breeze and I fighting with our backs to the wall. Neither of us is a match for our skillet-wrestlers when they really get warmed up but, battling as we are for the happiness of two young lovers, we refuse to give ground. Finally I make the gesture supreme—with a cry of rage I heaves a deck of cards across the room and overturns the bridge table. For a few seconds you could have heard an imaginary pin drop into a pile of cotton waste.

"I'm sorry, Gracie," says Jennie, with forced calmness, "that this should have happened when—"

"Don't apologize," returns the bride. "All men are alike. Harold's just as bad as—"

"Me!" shouts Harold. "When did I ever—"

"Don't think," cuts in Gracie, "that I've forgotten how disgusting you were at the Abbotts'."

"Well," growls Harold, "anybody would be disgusted if he had a partner who blocked herself—"

"I didn't block myself," snaps his little woman. "If you hadn't misled me by—"

"Misled you, nothing!" comes back young Graves, white with anger. "The trouble with you is that you don't know what it's all about. A backward Eskimo could play the game more intelligently than you."

"Please oblige me," says Gracie coldly, "by never talking to me again, ever."

"What a big balm man from Gilead you've turned out to be!" mutters Breeze in my ear.

I'm too crushed for a come-back. Instead of preaching a lesson in peace to the Graveses I'd merely succeeded in starting a fire under a couple of sleeping dogs. I guess war must be contagious. At any rate it seems quite impossible to make a pacifist out of a person by parading a brass band and artillery caissons under his window.

"Come on," says Emerson, generally. "Let's forget all about this and get on with the game."

"Not me!" I grouches. "I'm going where it's calm and quiet. You folks can play if you want to. I'm going back and help Angela with her problems."

I FINDS the flower of the Georgia Morfits in the sun-parlor. The book's in her lap, and she's looking straight ahead with unhappy eyes.

"How's tricks?" I asks.

"Terrible!" wails Angela. "The simplest hands to work out and I make errors a two-year-old child should be ashamed of. Bah!" She snatches up the book, tears it from cover to cover and heaves the pieces into the wastebasket. "Why keep it around? I get so angry I could scratch my eyes out."

What a game this contract is—you can't play it peacefully even with yourself!

OUR ECONOMY BUDGET

(Continued from page 73)

it up! Then his eyes got glassy, and he hit the floor face first with a clank like Babe Ruth smacking a home run.

The coronation ceremonies of Pandemonium proceeded at once.

"He was such a nice man, too," chattered Miss Gooseneck. "Oh! Some one spill water on him."

"Water, me eye," yelled the office janitor. "When I was on the B. and O., we usta—"

"Did he have children?" asked Miss Gooseneck. "I wonder if he'll die."

At this point the office manager came tearing in with two bottles of milk.

"Stand back, you fools!" he roared. "The man's weak from hunger. He ate no lunch. He's fainted from lack of food. Here, some one, help me force this down his throat. That's it. Call a cab! Send him home and phone his wife to have a doctor there!"

"Yes," said the doctor to Mrs. Crunch, "he can go out tonight all right, but he must not eat a thing! Five dollars, please."

The cab home was two twenty-five. They also docked him for a half-day and two bottles of milk.

"AND now, ladies and gentlemen and dear friends (may I ask the waiters to make less noise, please) of the Good Samaritans Club," began the toastmaster. "Now that we have all joyously forgathered here and have gratefully partaken of the bounties of this sumptuous banquet—"

"Joy, my eye!" grunted Emery, wrapping a squab in a napkin and sneaking it into his pocket.

"Sh!" whispered Matilda, giving him a kick under the table. "What's the difference? We're here, and that's all. Let's listen—"

"Our hearts," continued the toastmaster, "are gladdened and full. Likewise our stomachs. Soon we shall return aglow with contentment to the cheery firesides and the sanctity of our homes. Comes a thought now ere we go—a picture—a sad, sad picture of life's other side. Those thousands of poor unfortunates whom the war has left destitute in Pango Pango, and whose sufferings we are forgathered tonight to relieve. To do this requires funds. And so in the spirit of benevolence and charity which so freely moves us, we give gladly.

"Our worthy brother Ezra Dinklehopper will take charge of the donations. Who will be the first to contribute five hundred dollars? Thank you, Mr. Plotz! One hundred? Mr. Wagstaff? Thank you, Mr. Wagstaff. Fifty dollars? Ah—Mr. Crunch? I see our good friend Mr. Crunch. Can I put you down for fifty dollars? Thank you, Mr. Crunch! Mr. Dinklehopper will collect it! Thank you."

Two lamb chops followed the squab. And all the *hors de la purée aux croutons à la St. Germaine, pommes frittes, canapes,* and whatever else they serve at banquets, followed the lamb chops.

Feeling like a branch of the Automat, Emery rose to go. And at the speaker's next words he felt his bones turn to wet spaghetti.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the speaker in tones that stilled even the waiters, "it's my sad duty to announce that a diamond necklace belonging to Mrs. Van der Horseface is missing, and of course while we suspect no one here, yet it is our duty to insist that everyone in the room submit to a search."

Emery was fourth in line, and from the

98% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen are cared for with Lux Toilet Soap . . .

Photo by O. Dyar, Hollywood

MARY BRIAN, *Paramount*—"*The charm of a perfect skin is a business necessity to a star. Lux Toilet Soap keeps smooth 'studio skin' in perfect condition.*"

Mary Brian

Photo by C. S. Bull, Hollywood

JOAN CRAWFORD, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's famous and fascinating star, says: "I have tried innumerable French soaps, but never have I had anything like Lux Toilet Soap for keeping my skin fresh and smooth."

Photo by C. Hewitt, Hollywood

LOIS MORAN, Fox star—The next time you see her in a close-up, notice how lovely Lux Toilet Soap keeps her skin. She says: "Even the finest French soap could not leave my skin more wonderfully smooth than Lux Toilet Soap does."

Charming GRETA NISSEN has such beautiful skin. She says: "Lux Toilet Soap feels so delicious to the skin, and makes mine so wonderfully soft and smooth."

"*Lovely Skin is the Most Appealing Charm a Girl Can Have*," *Say 39 Leading Hollywood Directors*

IT ATTRACTS you instantly whenever you see it—a skin that is exquisitely smooth and lovely.

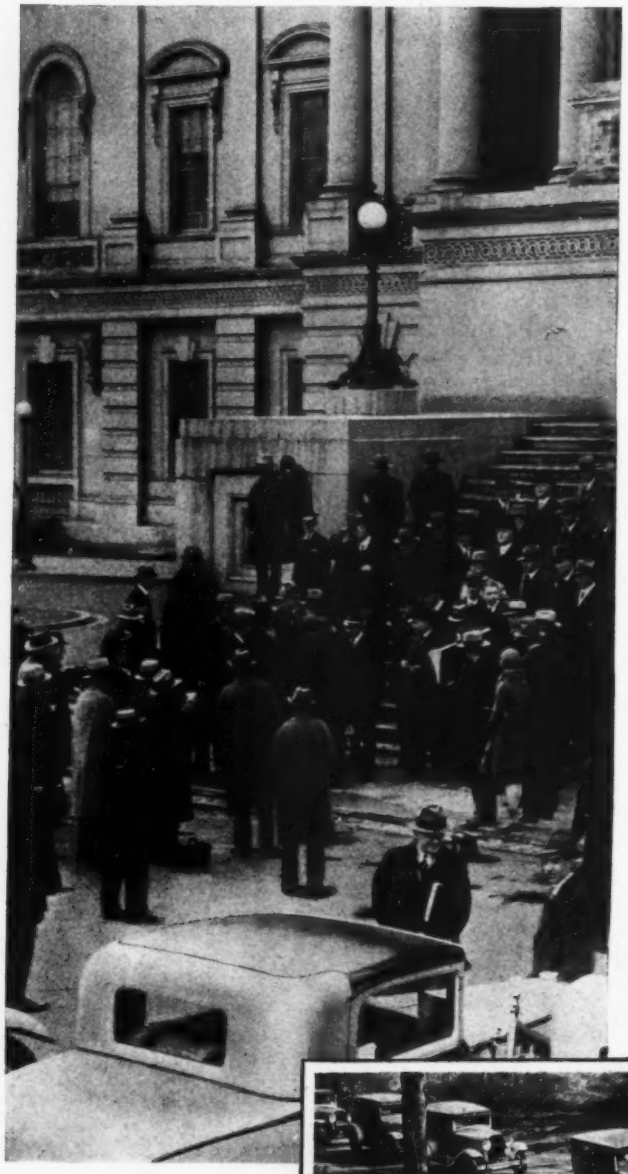
In Hollywood they know this so well! "I don't know a single case where a girl without really beautiful skin has been able to win enough popularity to become a star," says William Beaudine, director for Fox, voicing the experience of leading Hollywood directors.

Of the 451 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 442 use Lux Toilet Soap to keep their skin lovely. The next time you see your favorite screen star in a close-up, remember that *9 out of 10 screen stars keep their skin smooth with this white, fragrant soap*. And all the great film studios have made it the official soap for their dressing rooms.

Buy several cakes of Lux Toilet Soap—today. It is made by the method France uses for her finest toilet soaps, and lathers so generously, even in the hardest water.

Luxury such as you have found only in French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake . . . now 10¢

UNITED STATES SENATORS SILVER FLEET ON STEPS



Republican and Democratic Leaders Extend Official Welcome

Senators and Congressmen Sign Book of Good Will Greetings

15 Cars and 19 Pilots Pause on Demonstration Tour to Receive Greetings of Nation's Law Makers

Fifteen gleaming silver cars rolled up before the steps of the Nation's Capitol in Washington . . . Nineteen smartly uniformed pilots hurried into line before their shining hoods . . .

A courier hastened up the steps . . . disappeared through the great portal. .

Then . . . at the door . . . a group of men. Senators, Congressmen . . . lawgivers to the Nation. From below, a command.

The Silver Fleet stood at salute before the Congress of the United States.

* * *

Fittingly, the Silver Fleet . . . on parade before 120,000,000 people . . . was received in Washington by the elected representatives of the Nation.

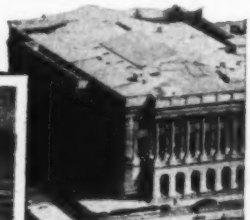
Congressman Tilson and Congressman Garrett, Republican and Democratic floor leaders signed the good will book. Senator Capper of Kansas and other members inspected the fleet . . . asked interested questions . . .

Then, while cameras clicked and news reels ground, the last signature was added, the last inspection made.

Pilots slipped again behind wheels . . . motors hummed.

A double blast from the Flagship siren . . . and the Fleet wheeled away . . . down Pennsylvania Avenue, lined with crowds to watch another notable procession.

From the broad avenues of Washington the Fleet heads South. Across Vir-



SOLONS GREET ADVENTURERS. ***Here's a view of some of the senators and representatives who greeted the Silver Fleet on Washington visit. Photo taken at the foot of the steps of the Capitol.***

HEADED FOR DIXIE! ***Photograph at the right was snapped as the Fleet rolled out of Washington and headed South for Florida.***

CAPITOL FROM THE AIR. ***Passengers in Goodrich plane which accompanied Fleet to Washington got this view of the Capitol. Members of both houses of Congress attended ceremony on the steps of the center wing.***

AND CONGRESSMEN GREET OF THE NATION'S CAPITOL

ginia, the Carolinas, Georgia. Over the marl roads of Florida's coast line. Through a gulf-state winter. Across the dry Southwest. Into a California spring . . .

On these cars are tires such as you can buy any day in the week . . . four ply, six ply, de luxe . . . run-of-the-pit casings identical to those any Goodrich dealer will show you . . .

The pilots are facing months of hardship, simply that you may see how Goodrich Tires perform on cars such as yours.

To demonstrate to you the unsurpassed dollar value of Goodrich Tires. Their rugged stamina . . . their great wearing power . . . their sure-footedness on any road . . . their enduring quality in the face of great obstacles.

So follow the Silver Fleet as it goes. Watch the dramatic record it unrolls. See tires just like those on the Fleet in the store of your own Goodrich Tire dealer . . .

Find out when the Fleet will reach your section of the country . . . And be on hand!

The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, Est. 1870, Akron, Ohio. Pacific Goodrich Rubber Company, Los Angeles, Cal. In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Company, Kitchener, Ont.

SENATOR INSPECTS FLEET. (*In oval*) *Senator Capper from Kansas inspects the 15 silver cars of the Silver Fleet with Lieut. Schaeffer.*

NO POLITICS IN THE FLEET! *Congressman Tilson, Republican floor leader, greets Commander Schaeffer, while Congressman Garrett, Democratic leader in the House, looks on. A non-partisan welcome from leaders of both parties.*

FLIES TO GREET FLEET. *Commander Schaeffer and his pilots were waiting to receive Congressman Davey of Ohio when he arrived by plane at Bolling Field to take part in welcoming ceremony.*

THREE GOODRICH TIRES to meet your mileage requirements (right to left). **Silvertown De Luxe,** for superlative style and outstanding mileage service. **The Famous Silvertown**—the standard quality tire of the Nation—the choice of millions of car owners. **Goodrich Cavalier,** a new low-priced, high-quality tire for hard drivers and keen buyers.

Goodrich Silvertowns

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Satisfaction Guaranteed. The School guarantees every graduate satisfactory instruction or his money back.
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You want to earn big money—steady promotion. Are you prepared for the position ahead of you? For a more responsible position at better pay, a fairly good education is necessary. To write a sensible business letter, to prepare estimates, to figure costs, and to prepare reports, you must have a certain amount of training. Many concerns will not hire men who are barred from promotion by the lack of elementary education.

If You Have Not Completed High School

and are under thirty, we urge you to do so at once. If you can't go back to your local high school, take our simplified High School Course. We use the same standard textbooks as your local high school and will give you equivalent training. Get at once the foundation training required for success and big money. YOU CAN DO IT.

If You Have Completed High School

you are ready to specialize in some well-paid trade or profession: Architecture—Drafting—Electrical—Mechanical—Business—Automotive Engineering, etc. A knowledge of higher grade work brings promotion. The work you are doing today fits you to continue doing it. Promotion doesn't mean longer hours—but shorter hours and more pleasant work. It is the reward of the man who has fitted himself for the bigger, more important positions.

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end of the room at which he stood, roars of laughter began to fill the hall.

"Ha-ha-ha!" they howled. "It's that funny Mr. Crunch! Always clowning. Stuffed his pockets with all sorts of food when he found out we were going to be searched. Ha-ha!"

"Ha-ha, 'at's what I call putting it over. He sure is a hot sketch."

"Ha-ha, that guy Crunch is a card. Give him a drink, and he's the life of the party!"

"He's original, what I mean. He's sure got a comical slant on things, that baby. Oops, what say? They found the rocks under a table? Great! Ha-ha-ha!"

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed Emery, dropping a Canadian dime in the coat-room saucer.

IT was a cold night. Emery and Matilda arrived home at one o'clock. A cheery blaze awaited them. The house was on fire.

"My heavens!" gasped Matilda. "I gave Junior the wrong matches to play with!" They rushed in. After a hard struggle, the fire was stamped out.

"Well, we're covered, anyway," said Emery, contemplating the damage with a sigh of satisfaction. "I hope there's lots of stuff ruined."

Matilda sat with her brows knit in deep thought. Suddenly she leaped up and exclaimed: "Oh, now I know!"

"Know what?" asked Emery.

"There was something we had cut down on. I just now remembered. It's the fire insurance, dear. The policy expired last week, and I discontinued it!"

The telephone rang in the police station. "What's'at?" said the sergeant. "Wild man running amuck in his pajamas? Where? Up in front of Ginsberg the glazers, makin' speeches to the mirror. Armed? No? Good! We'll have a squad right up to get him."

FOLLY DOLLY

(Continued from page 91)

between "office hours." But Goosie lay silently on her white bed in her white room with her face turned to the wall.

Slowly, slowly the blood seeped over Folly Dolly's face. She had always been so delicately careful to preserve and enforce physical privacy in their lives in that tiny immaculate apartment. She thought of the small handful of glittering garments that had composed her entire theatrical wardrobe that afternoon at the performance Goosie and Odette had witnessed.

Unable to bear it a second more, she turned and hurried from the room.

Sitting in her prim, pretty little sitting-room Folly Dolly had a second of rare philosophy. She thought: "You build and build. You put your life and strength into it, and cut out everything else—and then God blows for *fun*, and it is all down." She looked up and saw a hatted and gloved Goosie, tear-blotched, miserable-looking.

"I want to go to Benediction. I want to go to the Madeleine," said Goosie, and refused to meet her eyes. "I want to confess."

"So I am to be prayed over and confessed about," thought Folly Dolly. "Righto!" she said.

Candles, like golden stars burning on a black sky, and twilight rolling and surging in the little side chapels like small, pale, smooth eternal seas. The plucking and pricking of music on the wedge of pain that was Goosie's mother. So this was the end of self-restraint and everlastingly watching one's steps—yes, and even disinfecting one's very thoughts, trying to be worthy and build a clean, pretty, decent, colored-illustration life. Not easy, when you weren't so old, and lovely things, and moments, and vagrant longings affected you as they affect a normal woman. She had been in servitude of body and soul and spirit to a false ideal of loveliness.

Goosie coming back from the confession, as daughters come back from the marriage altar, not belonging any more to their mothers.

"I think I'll go to bed, Mother. My head's so bad."

NOT a word of the afternoon's experience. Only the everlasting new, flickering shamed evasion of her mother's eyes.

Goosie had adored, idealized, worshiped her mother. Now they would both have to live with the bare stalk of a snapped-off flower. . . . .

Back to the theater, to a gentle but triumphant Pie, a Pie with a new command in hands and eyes, where there had been supplication.

"Odette brought Goosie to the show this afternoon, Pie."

"Didn't she think you were divine, marvelous?"

His eyes had narrowed. There was a crack in the door of the home he coveted. He might slip by the child angel from the convent. He sensed pain. Folly Dolly was raw with it. This good-mother, white-tiled-kitchen, only-young-girls'-books-and-magazines-allowed-in-here sort of life was breaking up at last.

"Hardly!"

So she was going to be bitter. Not too bitter, he hoped. He coveted the atmosphere she created. Better than stray lodgings, hotels, casual *liaisons*. Dainty. He adored daintiness. His wife, living somehow and somewhere, and the wife of some one else, had been a sumptuous Latin sloven. No more of them. He adored order, refinement, flowers, shininess, spotlessness.

"If the new business catches on, can we come round to your place and throw a party?"

"*Yes!*" said Folly Dolly.

He'd got past the child angel. He was in! He wasn't the kind of man women sent out again! Silently, deeply, he exulted.

Folly Dolly understood. This was a break-away. Never had there been parties. Never had the colored life of the stage seeped onto the still white of her holiday life with her daughter. As the word went round of the party, everyone understood.

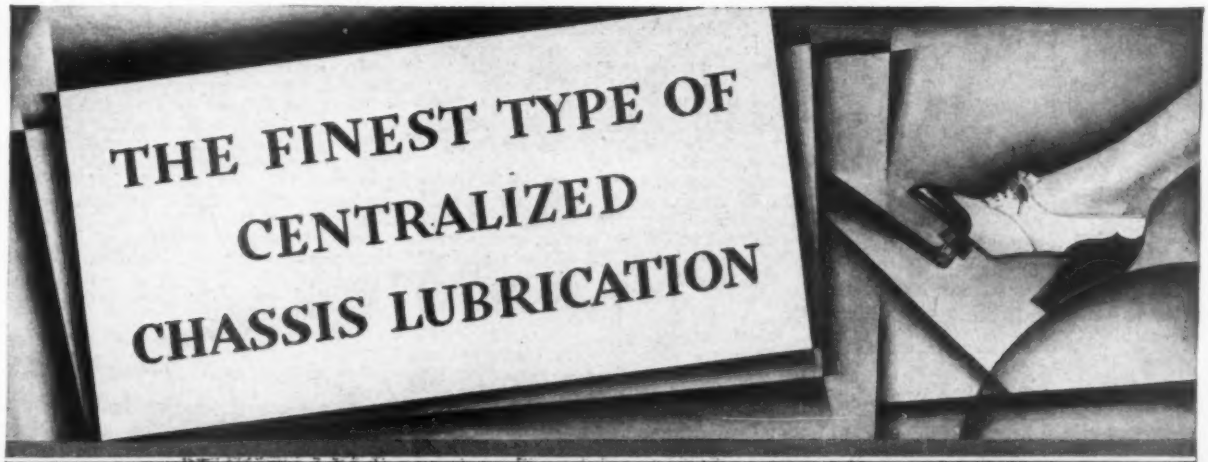
Pie, at last, was moving in.

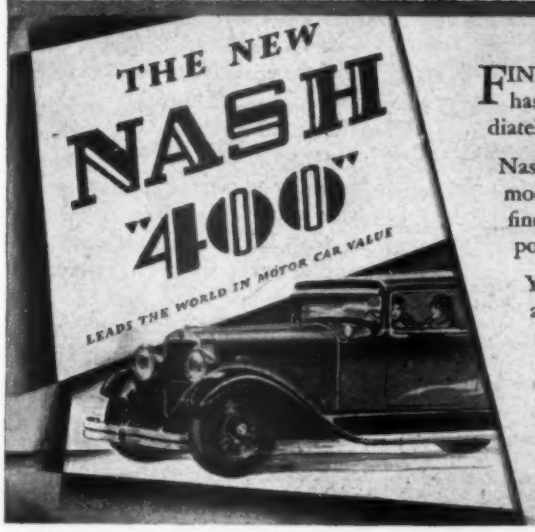
SHE let them in. The retreat was over. Holy or silly, whichever it had been, it was over. The world flowed over it; and life, a normal, friendly, gregarious, red-blooded, still-young woman's life. Yvonne Garnier carried *paté de fois gras*, Luella a loaf and pineapple. Pie was unloading champagne from the taxi. Smack down all the electric-light switches! Let there be light! Flowers! Pie had stacks of carnations. Flowers on the altar of his latest domesticity. Oh, this absurd, futile pain!

Well, Goosie would have to get used to life, real life and Pie, and the daily newspapers. No more little-princess-washed-in-milk business. She'd have to hear talk, and the things people laughed about. Pie wasn't crude. He just saw life as one-way traffic. Still, you wouldn't mollycoddle or "gooseberry-bush" a girl with Pie about.

He was scrabbing at the piano now with his neat, long-fingered hands. Picking out chords like laughs and chuckles and sighs. One could say of Pie's chosen companion: "She shall have music wherever she goes."

Well, Goosie would have to get used to parties now, parties at all hours with all kinds of people, and all kinds of noise. Jolly. . . . . Crazy, this ghastly conscious-





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A School for a Girl

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There are schools to fill all these requirements listed in pages 13-24. They invite correspondence.

For eight years our staff have visited schools in all parts of the country. The personalized information thus collected is at the service of our readers without charge, when they wish expert help in finding the right school to meet some special need. Address

The Director, Department of Education
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420 Lexington Avenue, New York City

ness of a break-up of a clean, sunny life that could have gone blessedly, sunnily, honorably on and on, carrying her victorious through difficult middle years into old age. . . . .

Heavens, how noisy they were! They made her hot, parched, bewildered with their noise in the blessed, chapel-like quiet of her *maisonette*.

They were all becoming possessive, taking the background of her home and working themselves onto it. That background which she had kept divinely private, utterly apart. She couldn't bear it. It was an outrage.

Champagne and rich food and the tickle-tickle of carnation scent at the nostrils. Higher talk, higher laughter.

How unhappy she was!

She crept away into the kitchenette and shut the door. Funny how comforting, how solacing, familiar shapes could be—cups, little gleaming saucepans giving her back her personality. She was a householder, a housewife. She paid the rent, bought new things. She had Goosie.

Pie's new tune. His jungly-giggly, catchy little new tune. All the things Pie knew about what people could be and how much they could enjoy, lay in that tune. Not here!

She sprang to her feet and rushed out.

Goosie sat in the middle of the party, in the middle of the tune, with the party and the tune running all round her. Goosie looked bewildered, frightened—and so young! Such a dewy kid! Some one had put a glass of champagne in her hand.

Pie slewed round on the piano-stool.

"Drink, *ma petite*," he said softly, prettily, so attractively, like a dear little cat purring to music.

"We brought her in to the party, Folly Dolly," said Yvonne Garnier.

Folly Dolly said to Goosie:

"Go to bed!"

Then to her guests:

"Go to hell!"

THEY said she looked like a madwoman. She bundled and bustled them out. Pie, Pie too, who had come to stay! An absurd, alien, incomprehensible whirlwind of outraged British respectability. They tried to argue, laugh it off; they got angry.

"Clear out! Clear out! Clear out!" she said.

She was very sick when they had departed. Then she crept back to the untidy room and sat shakily in it, among the overturned champagne bottles and the voluptuous scent of the red carnations. She felt as if she had been through a big revolution. Fearfully she took stock of what was left—how much of her world remained to her.

Now she would go and tell Goosie that she needn't come back for the holidays. She could stay at the convent with the gentle nuns, and go for promenades, and sit in the garden among the flowers and sew fine seams.

She paused on the threshold listening to the child's low sobbing.

"Goosie Goosie Gander," she whispered uncertainly.

The child sat up hysterically and held out her arms.

"Oh, Mummie! I wish I were dead—dead!"

Steady now. Steady!

"Monsieur the Curé said I was cruel, and a prig to judge. He said I was self-righteous and stuck-up. I'm so ashamed, so ashamed! I'm so sorry, Mummie. So sorry, Mummie! He said I *could* pray for you if I liked—but he didn't think God liked oily little prayers. Then when I saw you dance that lovely dance, and you looked so lovely and nice that I thought the other couldn't matter."

"What other, lovely?"

"Your swearing so at Odette. I thought you so wicked. I was so frightened. I told Monsieur le Curé how you swore. He said it was bad, but I was a prig. It frightened me—hearing you; I thought you'd go to hell."

Her contrition was so absurd, so complete, so sweet. She was so abased. Washing it all away with tears, squeezing it all away with ecstatic cuddles.

"I love you! Oh, I'm so ashamed! I don't want to go back to school. I want to stay and learn to dance like you. Could you teach me? I'll work and work and work. I wont mind if you—swear even."

Adorable oddity! Fumbling at life, getting the values all wrong—or all right. Who knew?

"Mummie—you're so beautiful! Like a lovely, lovely statue."

"Did you tell Monsieur le Curé I—danced?"

"Oh, no! It was the swearing that mattered."

"To the pure, all things are pure." Funny how the old sayings filled up the pauses in one's thoughts, so truthfully, always seemed to fit, comfort one, explain.

"I loved those gold wings you were, like a fairy tale. Mummie, I didn't know you were so beautiful. I should love all the girls to see you."

FOLLY DOLLY shut her eyes.

There were things you could not bear. They weighed you down with sweetness, with unbearable sweetness—like the hand of God Himself on your hair.

She crept onto the bed and shut her eyes. Silent, healing tears crept down her face.

Things mattered to women, mattered more than men. Little round, gleaming saucepans, dainty china, flowers, things you built up all yourself, a tradition of housewifery, coziness, home-keeping, you passed on. A picture of life you believed in. Perhaps it wasn't much, not like real religion, or being charitable, or clever. To build a home for some one uninterfered with, uninterrupted. Peace—ineffable peace! The self-respect that comes from loneliness. It was marvelous! Just the two of them together and the blessedness of little things, little doings, building up.

The child stirred in her cradling arms, and sobbed sleepily.

"Mummie, I want to come every day and watch you dance—and darling Mummie, please—please—swear if you want to, any time."

Folly Dolly lay there smiling and feeling sleep steal over her like twilight—holding it back purposely just another minute, knowing that in the end it must blot out the glowing warmth of this already escaping moment.

A strange book made a tremendous hit. "DELUGE" was the name. Quickly it was a best seller, abroad and here.

The author, Fowler Wright, has written for us one of the most original and amusing stories we have seen. It is about *eugenics*, as that science will perhaps be worked out in the future, when a girl *must* marry the man chosen for her by a committee, whether she loves him or not. Don't miss

"P. N. 40"

by Fowler Wright

in an early issue of this magazine.

Awaken Your Beauty

with the creations of Helena Rubinstein

STRAIGHT to you from the laboratories of the world's master beauty specialist come these marvelous beauty-builders—the creations of one who has roused the beauty consciousness of millions of women.

Unguents that erase the years from ageing faces, lotions that urge the skin to renew itself, washes that banish impurities at the first touch. Here is a scientific answer to every need and every mood of your skin.

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Step 1—Cleanse and mold with Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream—it soothes, refreshes, revitalizes and protects all skins. Lifts away the tired drawn look. Molds contours back to youth. The only cream in existence beneficial to oily disturbed skin. 1.00, 2.00

Step 2—Clear—Animate with Valaze Beautifying Skinfood. Purifies, refines bleaches. Unexcelled for correcting freckles, tan and sallowness. 1.00

Step 3—Tone and Brace Tissues with Valaze Skin-Toning Lotion. It irons away lines, closes the pores, keeps the contours youthful. 1.25

These three preparations (3.25) constitute a most remarkable beauty value. Within two weeks this simple treatment will effect an amazing improvement in your skin.

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World-Famed Beauty Specialist

Helena Rubinstein's Beauty Guide

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Correct Oily Skin—Blackheads—Large Pores—Shiny Nose

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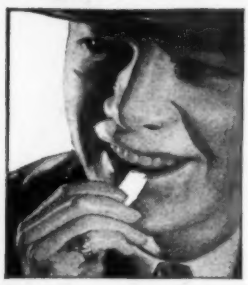

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Name.....

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THE MIRACLE

(Continued from page 79)

the marsh the place, not the road? If not, why should they counterattack a mere scouting patrol? There must be something behind it *Nom de Dieu!* Supposing they were trying trench-mortars or cannon on the marsh the night before, and wanting to hide their tracks? Yes, that might be it. Each day of this frost hardened the marsh.

The volume of fire redoubled. Every gun for miles was roaring now, and the air was full of the scream of passing shells. Another gray wave rose from the German wire, in column this time, rushing along the hillside to cut off the French patrol. Many fell, but the others ran on and spread fanwise among the rushes. Sarrail could see the sharp red spit of revolvers, and once or twice the flicker of steel. The French were trapped and outnumbered. Not a chance of—

A heavy fist hit him suddenly on the right side of his body. Despite himself, his head jerked sideways—there was no one there. Amazed, he looked down. A hand's-breadth of plaster had been split off halfway between his thigh and shoulder, and a red stain was spreading slowly over the white wool beneath. And there was something warm and salty in his mouth.

Instinctively he spat. A blob of red appeared between his feet. Then he knew, although he felt no pain.

He took a deep breath, and a knife stabbed through his chest up into his throat and brain. In that agony he choked and fainted. . . . .

IT was still daylight when his eyes opened. The pain was duller now, but constant, a deep ache all over his right side. He took small, cautious breaths. The taste of blood kept rising to his mouth, but he could keep his windpipe clear. Above all, not to cough or choke—and to wait for dusk.

He tried sucking the rubber tube, slowly, not more than a spoonful at a time. He was able to swallow. The liquid gave him strength, and his brain cleared. A bullet in the lungs—pretty bad. But there were worse wounds. If they carried him carefully, as he and young Mercier had carried Rousseau—at that, Rousseau had choked once. Yet Rousseau had recovered, was all right again. Flying now, somewhere. They took only healthy men to fly. Damn them, why were there no planes here? Were they all afraid of the Germans?

Another sip from the tube. Ah, that was better. . . . . He wasn't done yet; he'd show them.

There was no sign of movement now, in the marsh. Had any of the patrol got back? Probably not. Well, he had something to tell. The attack would be there. They'd never have used such force on a mere patrol unless—Oh, God, this pain! He hardly dared to breathe. Why couldn't the darkness come?

Great heavens, what was that? Despite his pain, he gave a feeble chuckle. It was so comic and unexpected. A hundred yards below, on the white edge of the marsh, a small figure was running in crazy zigzags, like a wounded rabbit. It ran forward, then straight back; then right, then left.

Forgetting his wound, he watched intently. The man, if it was a man, had fallen and was beating the ground with his feet and hands. Sarrail sucked again at the tube. Was he delirious, or was the dusk playing tricks with his eyes? No, it was true; it was a man—in German uniform—running straight towards him, up the hill.

A sudden fear—could they have guessed, somehow? But no. He could see the blown red face and staring eyes.

The advancing figure stopped, and looked straight up at him. Perhaps, after all, he did guess. . . . . No. The man ran a few steps more, and flung himself upon his knees before the crucifix, underneath Sarrail.

AT first Sarrail could catch no meaning in the stream of words poured forth in a crazy falsetto babble. Then, gradually, he began to understand. Sin and terror were the burden of the pitiful tale. God had punished the suppliant. . . . . That night at mess, when they questioned God's mercy, he had not protested. He had sinned, and been punished.

The voice rose to a scream as it told of long nights when prayer was powerless to drive out fear, and days when men with torn bodies died blaspheming in filth and blood. He could bear no more. That Frenchman today on the marsh—his face as Schmidt stamped on his body to wrench the bayonet out. And tomorrow—oh, God, tomorrow! Killing again, smashing them under the wheels. Oh, God! Oh, Christ, have pity!

Sarrail's brain was burning. The marsh—the wheels—the wheels across the marsh! He was right, then!

He scarcely dared to breathe, for fear of the choking. He must not die yet. He must hold out until they came.

Surely it was darker. The German line was hidden, and the marsh a whitish blur. In an hour they must be coming. But this German—what would he do? Would he give the alarm? Was he—

The kneeling man began to speak again, less wildly now. Was it all a lie, his faith? No God in heaven, no hope, no mercy? Was God a lie? How could he tell or know?

He was silent for a time, then held up his hands in prayer. Speaking slowly, like a child, he began: "Our Father, which art in Heaven, I pray Thee, help me now. I have sinned in Thy sight, and been punished. It is Thy will. Only give me a sign that Thou art God—a sign to hold my faith."

He bowed until his forehead was touching the ground at the foot of the crucifix. Sarrail tried to lean forward to watch him, and his wound gave a sudden throb.

From below came a whisper of amazement. "It is blood—blood!" A space of silence, then a loud, ecstatic cry: "Thy blood upon my head! I thank Thee for this sign!"

He sprang to his feet, crossed himself, and said firmly: "It is enough." Then he turned and walked with resolute steps into the darkness towards the German lines.

Sarrail was weaker now, scarcely conscious. Had he dreamed all this? Would his comrades never come, and could he live to give them his message?

COLONEL VON STRON stood at the top of the stairs leading to his dugout, and sniffed the frosty air. "Good," he said. "Very good!"

He went down the stairs and tapped the barometer hanging on the wall. "Good," he repeated. "Set fair. The frost will hold."

He took a sheaf of papers from the table and began to check them off against the lines of little flags pinned into a map on the wall. Suddenly the telephone rang.

"Hello! . . . . Yes? . . . . Is that the Army? . . . . I was expect— What? Speak up, man! . . . . You know I'm busy. . . . . What? Father Holze? . . . . Well, tell him I can't. I'm too busy. . . . . What? . . . . Then stop him. . . . . Then you should have done." And he slammed the receiver back.

Frowning, the Colonel called to his aide. "Lieutenant Hilger, I've just had a message from the line that Father Holze is on his way to see me. You will meet him and explain that I'm too busy. Doesn't he know that we attack at dawn tomorrow? And I'm expecting a call from Headquarters. But—put it nicely. Ach, these Bavarians! Do you think one of our Prussian chaplains would bother his C. O. at a time like this?"

His subordinate smiled. "Certainly, sir, I'll attend to it." He saluted and was gone.

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Many modern dental ills and discolored teeth are simply the result of a coating science knows as mucin plaque (film on teeth). You must remove it scientifically.

Send for free 10-day supply

Posed by Miss Wilma Davis in the popular success "The Front Page."

DENTAL science has studied dull, discolored teeth and traced their cause to a cloudy film that covers them and clings.

Serious tooth and gum disorders — such as decay, pyorrhea, tender bleeding gums — have been investigated and their source, in a surprising number of cases, likewise was found to be this dingy film.

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Run your tongue across the teeth. If you feel a slippery, slimy coating —that is film. An ever-forming, ever-present evil in your mouth that endangers the health of the entire body.

It clings tightly to teeth and defies ordinary ways of brushing. It gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs stains from food and smoking and turns teeth dull and gray.

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Film cannot resist brushing the way it did before Pepsodent was discovered. This way first acts to curdle film. Then to remove it in gentle safety to enamel.

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Von Stron went back to his work. He took a piece of red chalk and drew a line across the map, scribbled at the end *"6 p. m.,"* and moved up a row of flags.

"If that's right," he muttered, "and it must be, we'll be at Arras in forty-eight hours. Now I'm ready for Headquarters."

He sat down. Everything was ready. At dawn the smashing blow—the French taken by surprise and breaking. . . . . Then, *General* von Stron! The youngest general in the Army!

Voices on the staircase disturbed him. The door flew open, and a small, red-faced man burst in.

The Colonel rose to his feet. "Father Holze," he said stiffly, "I am surprised—"

The priest put out his hand. "I know how busy you are, Colonel. But this is different. You must hear me."

Von Stron stared down at him. "You understand, sir, I gave orders I was not to be interrupted. Urgent affairs—"

The priest ignored the rebuff. "The affairs of God," he said, "come first. I am here with Lieutenant Grosner. You must see him."

The Colonel frowned. "Grosner? Grosner? You may not know, Father Holze, that Lieutenant Grosner deserted his men in action in a most—"

Again he was checked. "You shall judge for yourself," said the priest, "but you must see him. I insist."

FOR a moment Von Stron's eyes were dark with anger. Then he said curtly, "Very well. Bring him in."

Expressionless, the Colonel eyed the muddy, disheveled young officer. There was a smear of blood across his forehead. He did not salute.

The Colonel waited.

Grosner met his eyes. "I have come back," he said.

"Yes," said Von Stron, watching him.

"I have seen a miracle."

"Go on."

"They said there was no God, because He could not allow this war. There *is* a God. I saw the miracle."

"Go on," said the Colonel, watching his rapt eyes.

"I prayed at the chapel on the hill, because I had left my men, and lost God, and it was dark. I asked for a sign, and the blood fell on my head. Now I must tell my comrades."

Von Stron watched him.

"I shall show them His blood here," said Grosner, touching the stain across his forehead.

"What's that?" asked the Colonel sharply.

"I was praying to the crucifix, beneath the big saint on the wall, because I had lost my faith. I begged God for a sign, to save me. And His blood fell upon my head. So I came back to tell them. That is all."

"That is all?" repeated the Colonel.

"That is all."

The clock ticked on through an interminable silence.

Suddenly Von Stron's fist crashed on the desk. "It's true! Of course it's true! Now I see it," he shouted, and snatched the telephone.

"Give me the advance post—urgent! . . . . Hello! Is that Forstner? . . . . Yes, Von Stron speaking. Take a strong patrol immediately, without losing a moment, to the chapel on the hill. Examine the wall and the crucifix and the saint's statue. Look for blood signs on the ground. See if they're fresh. . . . . Just do as I tell you at once. And send back a runner to report."

He turned to the bewildered priest. "Your miracle is French," he said, "and his sign is French too. Take him away. I leave him in your charge."

He made a discouraged gesture, and added, as if thinking aloud: "I'm afraid it's that. Unless they get him, we're done. It's too late now to change the plan."

IN the darkness above the crucifix the lonely figure hung unmoving, fastened to the wall.

A clink of metal against stone. Dark, shuffling forms, and a soft French voice, *"Mon Capitaine,* we have come."

No reply. Silence. And on the frosty ground a broad stain.

They set the ladder against the wall and lowered the heavy figure to the ground.

A whisper: "Is he dead?"

"I don't know. Give me the cognac."

Sarrail's eyes opened. He gasped.

"Listen," he breathed.

The man put his ear close to the whitened lips.

"You hear me, yes? . . . . Tell General—attack—attack—"

"Yes, *mon Capitaine,* I hear you."

"Attack — across marsh — tomorrow — certain—"

The listener repeated: "Tell—General—attack—across—marsh—tomorrow—certain."

Sarrail's eyes closed; and opened again. They were carrying him carefully as he and Mercer had carried Rousseau; and soon a surgeon had him in care.

EXCITEMENT

(Continued from page 45)

got my fingers crossed. Angel's so uncertain about her weddings."

They all laughed, but for an instant Janis thought she saw an answer blaze swiftly in Angel's dark eyes and then die out, unspoken.

"If the weather holds, we'll pull it off," she answered. "Better keep that day free, Sally. It's going to be a good show. The bridesmaids' hats are so big that nothing of them shows above the waists. Wasn't that smart of me?"

"I hope you aren't having that grass-green color you started with," said Sally, "or your gang at the altar is going to look like shrubbery."

"Maud Gayley's having a dinner for you tonight, isn't she?" asked the other woman.

"Roast and boiled," said the wispy youth. "It's going to be very swell. They photographed the soup for one of the magazines."

"Maybe we wont go," said Angel meditatively.

Sally turned.

"You just better," she advised, "and make up your mind to spend the evening, too. Somebody told me that Mrs. Dresser was furious at the way you all rushed off yesterday noon."

"What did she want? To have us stay and wash the dishes?"

"They said you got there late, and that some of the party didn't turn up at all, and that you clamored for cocktails and didn't eat your crusts and generally acted the way you felt. She didn't like it at all. In fifty years of—" She lapsed with an oratorical wave of the hand.

"Mrs. Dresser likes a bride to be a bride," said the thin youth. "She says she always thinks of the time she and Mr. Dresser—"

"Don't embarrass me," protested Sally.

Angel laughed.

"I only went to her horrible luncheon because in some way that Bill didn't explain, she increases the family income. And it was like eating in a vault. I think they grow their vegetables in a corner of the dining-room where it's nice and moldy and damp. I know they do. I wish somebody'd do a good murder in that Dresser house. I'm surprised it never occurred to Mr. Dresser."

"Where's Clem?" asked the other man, speaking for the first time in a quiet, pleasant voice that Janis liked. It sounded more like the voices of men at home, middle-aged and stable.

"He's playing tennis with the champ. She may unfit him for marriage unless I hurry over. Come on, Janis."

THEY passed several people on the veranda without stopping for introductions, and Angel, leaving behind her a few stray remarks, shut the car door on herself and Janis, settled herself against the creamy leather seat and swung out of the drive.

"Like Sally?" she inquired.

"Should I?" asked Janis.

"It's optional," said Angel.

"Who is she?"

Angel turned her head and looked surprised.

"She's my father's wife," she answered. "At least *pro tem.* She's a lot smarter than she looks. And there are hardly any men left for her to conquer."

"I shouldn't think she could help that."

"She's been one of the big-time beauties, all right."

"Isn't she still?"

"She's reconditioned now," said Angel, "but there's a lot of wear in her looks yet. Oh, I don't blame her for knowing it."

And in the restless tolerance of her tone, Janis felt conscious of a situation that underlay the casual manners and curious relationships of these people whom she had come among, a situation more poignant and disturbing than their words would admit.

"They're just being funny about you, aren't they?" she asked unexpectedly even to herself. "You and Clem are going to be married a week from today really?"

"As far as I know. They kid me along, because I did leave a wedding flat once, and made a couple of other false starts. But I guess it's going through this time. I don't see why I should feel bound to, though, just because a few people have been asked to the party. It seems to me that it's a lot decenter to break it off before sunset than in the first few hours when most marriages do flop. Especially if you see it isn't any good and change your mind. Minds ought to be changed more often. It's only hygienic. You change your clothes."

"Don't change your mind about Clem."

"You don't think I'd better—now that you've looked me over?"

Angel's tone was light enough, but she meant that question.

"I think he's been looking for you all his life," said Janis. "You have all the things he wants."

Angel might have turned that off with a laugh. But she did not. She answered quite thoughtfully, her eyes straight ahead on the white road.

SAM HELLMAN

who has a story on bridge in this issue, takes *Breeze* and his bride and the rest of the party up in an airplane next month.

Here is the funniest story about flying yet, by Sam Hellman, in our next number.

Artist · Actress · Dancer · Author · Sculptor · Aviator

Brilliant Women with brilliant Hands

. . . keep them always exquisite with this flattering Cutex Liquid Polish

BILLIE BURKE at a Palm Beach fancy dress ball or at her stately country house, is just the golden-haired merry young wife of Florenz Ziegfeld. "I love the stage," says Billie Burke, "but I also love gardens, woods, tramps — dogs! What they do to one's hands!

"I find the new Cutex Liquid Polish protects the nails from stains and dirt and gives them such a flattering sparkle. In fact, I adore all the Cutex preparations — the Cuticle Cream and the Remover."

Billie Burke does these three simple things to keep her finger nails shapely and shining:

First—Cuticle Remover to remove dead cuticle, whiten tips and shape the cuticle.

Second—the Polish Remover, followed by the flattering Cutex Liquid Polish.

Third—Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil to soften cuticle.

LADY HEATH, famous flyer shown at the left, asked if caring for her own plane wasn't hard on her hands, said—"I put Cutex Nail White under my nails to keep out the grease. I use Cutex Cuticle Remover to shape the cuticle and the Cuticle Oil to feed it, and I'm quite devoted to the new Liquid Polish."

PAVLOWA takes the most exquisite care of her graceful hands. "Cutex Liquid Polish helps give my hands sparkle and vivacity," Pavlowa herself says. "I always use it to 'make-up' my hands, to keep each finger nail shining.

All the Cutex preparations are needed, however, to make the hand ready for this brilliant finish. Cuticle Remover and Cream to keep the ovals smooth and rounded and the under nail tips immaculately clean."

HELEN DRYDEN, smart and successful New York illustrator, whose interesting photograph appears at the right, works day in and day out with pencils, oils, and crayons. "Before I used the new Cutex Liquid Polish," explained Miss Dryden, "my nails were always in need of a manicure. Now just a thorough washing and they come out smart and shining. The Polish protects against stains and it stays on no matter how much I wash and scrub my hands."

CLARE SHERIDAN—sculptor, diarist, and society woman—shown in the photograph at the right in the native costume of Algiers.

"My nails become fearfully stained and grubby," says Miss Sheridan, "but the new Cutex Liquid Polish has saved me. It protects the nails from stain and dirt and the smart brilliance lasts miraculously. It certainly is a boon to busy hands."

ANITA LOOS, delightful young author of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," says: "The new Cutex Liquid Polish flatters the hands and I love flattery. A Cutex Manicure Set goes with me on all my trips."

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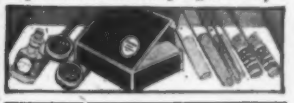

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"I'm not so good for steady work."

"He doesn't want steady work."

"That's what he says. But I have a cuckoo idea that it ought to be that, to get by. I don't like a lot of the marriages that you see lying around loose. They don't smash prettily. I never yet have seen a marriage neatly smashed. They're a good deal like eggs."

"Then I should think you'd feel safer because of that—because you don't like that kind of mess."

"Who wants to feel safe?" asked Angel in a kind of protest. "Do you?"

"Anything but," said Janis. "I've been safe all my life. I'm tired to death of it."

"We'll hunt up some danger for you. I've certainly been treating you to the maiden's hesitations on the brink. Don't mind me. I'm just getting ready for the wedding photographs, that's all, working up the frightened virgin expression."

THAT was as far as she meant to let Janis go. In that moment Janis wondered how far into her thoughts Angel let Clem go, how far she even admitted herself.

She wondered still more when she saw them together a few minutes later. The match was over when they reached the club grounds, and half a dozen people came up to tell Angel about it, when she stopped her car in the circular drive in front of the clubhouse Clem, it appeared, had distinguished himself. They did not see him at first.

"Where is the bridegroom?" asked Angel. "Robing himself? This is his very beautiful sister. Reading from left to right, Janis, it is Tom Wetherell, Rose Wetherell, who has brains for the two, Mary Sloane, and the elder and less handsome of the Parker boys. Also Ben Towne approaching. When did you come down, Ben?"

Janis, shy and exhilarated at being admired by half a dozen people who had no doubt seen nearly everything desirable, had already seen Ben Towne. He was the man who had looked at her on the train, as he said at once.

"You needn't introduce me," he told Angel. "I'm an old friend of hers. I saw her on the train and decided on that. I saw her first, and I want that understood all around."

Again his glance told Janis how lovely she was, and came back to Angel. And then Clem, brown as an Indian, handsome and with the old friendly amused smile, came across the lawn. Janis opened the car door and jumped out to meet him.

"It was rotten not to meet you," he said, taking both hands and kissing her. "Nothing but this international female we've got around here would have kept me from it. I was afraid it might start a war if I thwarted her. You look beyond price. Where did you get the clothes? Aunt Esther never picked those out."

They both laughed at the sudden incongruous picture of Aunt Esther, the most deplorable of all the relatives, that gaunt maiden lady who liked primary colors.

"It's so strange to be here," said Janis.

"Glad you came?" he asked eagerly.

"Are you?"

"You don't know how glad."

That was all they had time for. Then his voice, his whole manner, seemed to change from that note of reality into a different one as they reached Angel.

"Hello, little woman."

"Hello, sturdy oak. My man of iron!"

"He can't be both vegetable and mineral," said Mary Sloane, "no matter how amorous you are."

"He's animal," said Angel with an odd smile.

IT didn't matter if he mocked her or she him. They both did it all the time. Janis saw that, saw the way they held that banter up before themselves as if they guarded something from attack. But the electricity of their passion was like a strong charge among the feelings of the others, and their intense absorption in each other was something they could not conceal. It burned up their very mockery, swept their nonchalance away like so much trash. Every word that they said to each other seemed to mean more than the words any of the others spoke.

"You didn't have any trouble finding Janis?" he asked.

"I didn't go down. Otto found her."

Janis heard them. She was talking to Ben Towne. She wondered if he heard too.

"You promised to go. You said you would."

"I didn't, though."

It was almost a challenge. Clem was silent, but he was clearly angry. Janis had seen him in those stiff silences before.

"You're going to help around the altar, I suppose?" Ben Towne asked her.

"So they say."

"You'll certainly be all the decoration they need."

"A little slower," said Janis.

"That's just the way I start," he told her. "Wait until I get into high. Anyway, it's going to be a good party, according to advance notices. I'm going to stretch the rope down the aisle so that nobody can crash in with impediments." His eyes again went toward Angel, and he added: "Lise Sicard is on the ground, Angel. She came down this afternoon on the same train I did."

"West said she was coming. He was at the house this afternoon. He drove down yesterday, but Lise had some party on."

"In town? This time of year?"

"It was for somebody who writes. You know the one who wrote the bad book about the Chinese women."

"Has Lise gone literary now?"

"She was certainly reading a book," said Ben; "so it looks that way."

DOWN along the beach within sight Janis noticed a line of bathing *cabañas* bright with awnings, and beyond them the gray, superb ocean swung and rolled against the trivial beach. The clubhouse stood just across a green, shaven lawn, with tables set out along its wide porches; and girls in sleeveless tennis frocks, and women wearing imported dresses, and bareheaded bronzed men, were making up groups and being served with cool-looking drinks. It seemed to Janis as if this place and not the one she had come from was remote. She thought again of the quiet street at home, the city sprinkler going up and down, the woodbine on the porch, the dark silent house with the curved sofas in the living-room and the green window-shades half drawn down. To have come from that to this was too preposterous. She wondered where these other people went when they left here. They didn't go back to families and domestic things the way people did at home.

"Everybody's going to the Gayleys' tonight, I suppose?" asked Rose Wetherell. The group was breaking up.

"Sally says I must," said Angel, "and I always mind my mother."

Everybody laughed—except Clem, who was looking at the girl he was to marry as if he had forgotten the rest of the world and was trying to work out some puzzle. She caught his glance, answered it with sudden surrender, and they were lovers as openly as if they had been in each other's arms.

"Angel, you expose your emotions indecently," said one of the men.

"They're all the better for being aired," answered Angel. "Where do we go from here? It's only half-past five. Come on, drive over with us, Clem."

"I'd better bring my own car, then, so that I can get back."

"Take mine. Ben's coming. He'll drive you back."

"Who said I was coming?" asked Ben.

"I was the one," said Angel.

"Then I'll drive Clem's sister over."

"Call her Janis."

"I'll arrange for that," said Ben. "You leave that to me. We have manners, Janis and I."

The cream-colored roadster was out of sight almost immediately. Ben Towne maneuvered his own car out of the parking space and started out of the club grounds a few minutes later.

"Where shall we go?" he asked.

"Aren't we going back to the Baldwins? That's where Clem and Angel are going."

"Don't you believe it," said Ben. "She hasn't an idea of it."

"That's what she said."

"She had to start somewhere. But she'll go anywhere that strikes her fancy. I hope for the peace of the Gayleys it isn't to New York, for dinner. Suppose we gambol around a bit. There's a good road to Montauk now."

"What's Montauk?"

"You haven't been there? It's just more of everything. Public."

"I'd rather go back to the Baldwins."

HE did not argue but slouched down behind his wheel and turned the car in that direction, leaning far back in his seat so that he could watch her as he drove.

"I'd forgotten you've just come. You're probably tired after crossing half a continent."

"Not exactly tired. I'm out of breath, that's all."

"Why?"

"I don't know. I feel serious-minded and flat-footed—like daily bread and the Declaration of Independence. Heavy."

"What brought that on?"

"It's just the way I am," she insisted.

"It's not the way you look. You mean that we all seem like a pack of fools?"

"No. But I wonder if you bleed."

"Bleed and are bled," he answered; "you can be sure of that. Don't think we're all alike, though. There's all the difference in the world between Bud Parker, who's an institution for spending money, and a scrub lawyer like me."

"Is that what you are?"

"All I am. They just have me around week-ends like this to usher at weddings and mow the lawns and such light work."

"Now you're making fun of me."

"I'm not. I know what you're thinking. I came down to this sort of thing myself a couple of summers ago from a little place upstate where I'd always lived, where we had regular hours for meals and went to church and voted for school elections and all the rest of it."

"That's exactly what I mean," said Janis.

"It's another method here. But you get used to it. You'll like some of the people. They have pretty complete case histories. Take Mary Sloane, for example. You've heard about the Sloanes, even out West, haven't you?"

"That Sloane case, you mean?"

"Yes. She's the daughter of it."

"I only thought of her as a headline," said

"Lad" comes to us again next month, and goes to a wedding. Albert Payson Terhune has never written a better dog-story than—

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KOTEX

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Janis, remembering the thin, nervous-looking girl whom she had just met.

"There are a lot of headlines made by these people. They can't help it. It's either amusement or crash. They can't just get up and come down to breakfast every day."

"Because they're so rich?"

"Plenty of people who aren't rich act the same way. It's the taste for excitement, I suppose. But you have that where you come from."

"I never see it. Maybe it's there."

"If Angel gets out there she'll find it."

"Angel?"

"I heard that Clem was to be transferred to the Midwest branch of the Lefevre Company. That's in St. Anthony, isn't it?"

"Why, yes. And it's an awfully important place. I hadn't heard that."

"Clem's smart," said Ben shortly.

"But I don't know whether Angel would like it."

"She likes everything for a while. She doesn't care where or what. That's Angel. See the empty palaces over there? That's where the coal-mine millionaires tried to start a fashionable colony that didn't fashion."

He told Janis the story of the fiasco, and as she listened her mind went back to that first glimpse of him on the train. She was very content. It was like a turn of fate to be beside him now, rushing through the very country she had watched from the train.

"You were wrong," she said, as they stopped at length before the Baldwin house; "they did come back."

The empty cream-colored roadster announced that.

"I'm always wrong about Angel," rejoined Ben.

They found Clem and Angel in a green-tiled, ivy-hung room off the dining-room, drinking cocktails.

"Come in," said Angel. "We're talking about being married tonight. No, I'm not going to really, Janis. I'll hold out for a week."

"Not on my account," said Clem. "I can get a license tonight."

Angel, with that breath of laugh, kissed him. It seemed to Janis that Ben looked at Angel as she drew back her head from that kiss as if he disliked her. She had wondered about that when he had spoken before of Angel. There had been a kind of hardness. She guessed that it was because of friendship with Clem that he was in the wedding-party at all.

"Cocktails enough to go around?" asked Ben, lifting the shaker.

"Do you want one, Janis?" said Clem, looking doubtfully at her. "She isn't used to them, Angel. She's been brought up on Uncle Joe's fruit punch once a year. They put the alcohol into that with a medicine-dropper, and everybody gets excited even then."

"One can't hurt her," said Angel.

IT was yellow and cool; not sweet but refreshing. Of course it couldn't hurt her, thought Janis, drinking hers from the little silver goblet that she liked to feel against her lips. She let herself rest. Nothing could be more beautiful than these long ivy-framed windows looking on the ocean. She was glad she had come, exhilarated. Ben filled her glass again. He was looking away from her now as if he did not see her, watching the two who stood by the window, close together, as if realizing just a little of the joys that they intended to find.

"Ben, why don't you like Angel?" she asked suddenly, and her voice was not quite the same as usual. "How can you help liking her?"

Clem and Angel turned, and there seemed to be a swift glance that Janis couldn't break into, passing between the three others.

"I don't see why people shouldn't be

frank," said Janis, "if that's what you're looking at each other about."

"They should," said Angel, "especially about me."

"You see," said Clem.

"Oh, what difference? It's a lovely feeling to rip off a few inhibitions," answered Angel. "I wish it would do as much for me."

"You girls better call it an afternoon if you're going to be dressed for dinner," Clem said a little worriedly.

"All right. We're going to go down and take a look at the sea first, though. I want some air," said Angel. "You and Ben show up in about an hour and a half."

The air from the sea was bracing and almost chill. The two girls walked along the terraces at the back of the house, through a formal garden and down some steps to a little wooden shelter which overlooked the dunes with the ocean crashing against them. With the wind blowing through her loosened hair and her flushed cheeks cooling, Janis began to wonder.

"I shouldn't have talked like that in there."

"Say anything you like," Angel told her. "Why shouldn't you? I do, and they haven't killed me yet."

SALLY BALDWIN was in her room, one of the three she had set apart for herself. There was the sitting-room, that blend of pale colors and soft satins which the decorator always boasted of discreetly and confidentially in urging new orders on less important people than Mrs. William Palens Baldwin. There was the bedroom which carried out Sally's ideas of comfort, with its wide low bed, low slipper chairs and gracious lighting, and there was the dressing-room where Sally wandered impatiently among her mirrors, making herself content or discontent according to her mood. The door to her husband's room stood open, for she wanted to see him when he came in tonight.

Above the bed hung a small picture of a Madonna. It was twenty years since Sally had felt any urge of religion or devotion, but she kept the Madonna more or less for good luck, and had it put on the wall of every bedroom in which she slept for any length of time. It was a comfort to her because it seemed to give her a certain continuity in living, and she felt that by respecting it she earned a certain measure of virtue and right to good fortune. There was a queer, frightened streak in Sally which years and years of luxury had not been able to destroy. She could look straight back through twenty-seven years of excessive triumph, to a small board house on a mining location, to an oil-stove with two burners, to small wads of meat frying with a hot smell of grease in an iron skillet, to the circle of resentful, life-beaten women waiting around the mouth of the mine for the bodies to be brought up. Sally's first picture for the newspapers had been taken as she stood beside her mother in such a circle.

It was not that she feared any return to such a life. That chance had been entirely obliterated. They had never even recovered her father's body, and her mother had died during the next winter. Old Sam Shendon, inspecting his mines, had seen the beautiful child with baffled eyes, and stirred by sentiment, for it was near Christmas Day, he had taken her home, wiping even her true surname out of existence after a few years by adopting her. Fortune and power over men had never deserted Sally since she had first learned the way to cajole money out of Shendon. But sometimes she felt as if the whole business had been accidental, as if the real person underneath all the possessions and acquirements was still the deserted nobody in the mining location. It was not as if she had a family, brothers and sisters and paraphernalia of relatives who knew her well. She had only had husbands.

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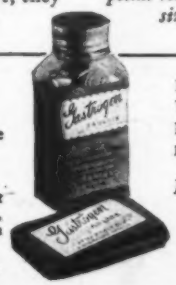

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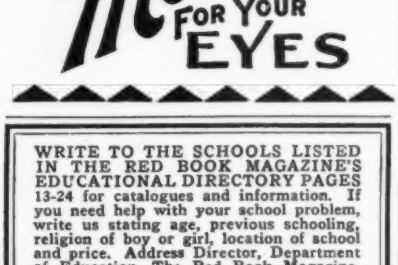

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YOU *can* keep your hair light, bright and lovely. You *can* bring back its gleaming golden beauty if it has become dull and dark. Simply use Blondex, the special shampoo for blondes only. Prevents darkening—gives new life and lustre to dull, faded hair. Safe—no dyes or harsh chemicals. Used by a million blondes. At all leading drug and department stores.

Technically they were husbands. They endowed her; they gave her name and place and power; and she had a genius for multiplying these things. But no man had ever had authority over Sally, nor comfort in her, nor peace with her. Her husbands had remained her tormented lovers. She was thirty-eight years old, and she had been married four times, but in all her man-ridden life she had never had a clandestine or illegal love-affair. She had no patience with adultery, which seemed to her a game without a stake. Women often liked her, and such finely bred intellectuals as Jane Kingsbury, who had been having tea with her that afternoon, found her clear, cold sense of reality very diverting. Men rarely saw her without being stirred, though she knew how to cool that first fever into friendship if she wanted to.

YET she knew that she could not go on forever—not for so many years longer. With cosmetics, sparingly used, with a diet like an athlete's, with hair that would gray gradually and late, she was safe enough for a while yet. But she knew that though beauty was left, youth had gone. It sometimes drove her mad with restlessness. She had no idea what to do with maturity or old age. Men were her business, and when she was forced to retire from that, she could see nothing ahead. She wondered what men had left to give her, and if another divorce would carry any discredit with it, especially if another divorce meant Lord March ultimately. England was still rather childish about divorces, but no doubt that would all change with a royal death or two. There were circles, anyway, in which it did not matter, and an English estate might be the setting that the next ten years of her life would find most becoming.

Lord March, working on peace-treaties in Washington and persuading himself that he did not think too much of the beautiful Sally Baldwin, and would probably not go up to Long Island for the wedding of her stepdaughter, had no idea how Sally thought of him, as she looked at herself hostilely in her own mirrors and figured on possible complications if she insisted on his coming.

IT was Angel who knocked on the door now, the outer one leading from the sitting-room to the hall. She was already dressed for dinner, and her sleek head looked as if it had been under a shower-bath, the hair molded in firm curves back from her forehead. A cape of formal golden stuff was folded about her in a way that made her look like a carved and gilded statue. She had a trick of finding the mood of the clothes she wore, and completing it; and tonight every line of her body was composed.

"That's very good on you," said Sally. "Where did you get it?"

"Callot's."

"I don't know where you're going to wear all these clothes if you're going to live in the Middle West."

"Oh, we'll have the neighbors in now and then."

"You're really going out there?"

"Clem thinks so. We've got to live somewhere."

"You'll be awfully bored."

"It isn't going to be that kind of a marriage," said Angel, reaching for one of Sally's cigarettes.

"The women out there don't smoke except when the doors are locked and the shades down. They play bridge for prizes or a twentieth of a cent. And they have flocks of babies, and take orders from the bankers' wives."

"Sounds very stirring."

"I lived there. I know."

"I've met girls from out there who break all those rules."

"Well, maybe it's changed."

"If it hasn't, there'll be work to do, anyhow, to change it. Is Bill home?"

"Not yet. He's driving himself down. What's on your mind?"

"I haven't seen much of him lately."

"Nobody has. They're consolidating some companies, and he has to watch the market."

"His breaks haven't been so good lately, have they?"

"I don't know."

"I wish you wouldn't urge your boy friend to come down for my party next week."

"What friend?"

"Don't be funny. The nobleman—March."

"Why not? He's very distinguished."

"The neighbors are talking."

"A little free publicity," remarked Sally, "never hurt anyone."

"It hurts Bill," said Angel. "He hates it. It gets under his skin. You know how he loathed that cigarette ad you starred in."

"He shouldn't be so medieval. That's quite a good picture of me."

"Are you going to ditch Bill, Sally?"

"Darling," answered Sally, still without heat, "why don't you run your own marriage and leave mine to me?"

ANGEL looked at the lovely picture of Sally, thrown from mirror to mirror. There was more appraisal than admiration in her dark eyes.

"With me out of the way," she said, "you can have the whole stage, you know."

"You aren't married yet."

"But I'm going to be this time, and you know it. And when I am, I'll stick. It's not going to be any game of go in and out the windows with me."

Sally only smiled as if she wondered.

"Did you see Clem's sister's face when I suggested you might call it off?" she asked.

"You might go slow with her, Sally. She's used to a different sort of thing. Lemonade and chaperons and curfews—though she's been about a lot too; she isn't country."

"I know more about her than you do," said Sally. "Didn't I feel inferior the moment she came into the room? My hair looked too yellow."

"Don't make fun of her. She's nice—and lovely looking."

"I'm not making fun of her. I tell you she made me feel inferior. People like her always do."

"Nobody around here does."

"Of course not. Why should they? But I went back twenty years when I looked at her. She's so exactly what I wasn't then. And never could be. West Sicard was raving about her after you went out. He says she's the first girl he's seen in years with real charm who looks untouched."

"He can't say that of his Lise, certainly."

"She'd be furious if he did. But that's not the point about Clem's sister."

"What is?"

"Oh, she believes in things."

"Sally, sometimes you're marvelous."

Sally looked at herself with lazy eyes. Yes, that was true enough.

Chapter Two

JANIS met her host as he came in. The cup of hot tea which had been sent to her room had entirely restored her balance, and she had come downstairs an hour later to a rather silent, empty house with the shadows slowly deepening in it as the sun sank out of sight. Two high crystal lamps were already lit in the hall. She found her way into another drawing-room, more informal than the peach-colored one, where there were a few books and chairs covered with figured linen and white birch logs in a fireplace bordered with whiter marble. The profusion of luxury, the ease of it, delighted her, and she stood admiring two ivory trees set against a wall painted vaguely green, when

she heard some one come in and cross the hallway. A well-kept man, with a narrow, silent face looked into the room. He was past middle-age, neatly gray at the temples, and his face had the almost pinched silhouette that aristocracy likes to claim. He was handsome with a permanent, steadied kind of good looks, and there was great courtesy in his manner and no expectancy in his eyes.

"Good evening," said Janis, answering his bow and guessing who he was.

He came toward her.

"I'll have to look twice. You girls mix me all up."

"I'm one you haven't seen before—Janis Ware. Clem's sister."

His manner warmed into great cordiality, and he took her hand.

"We're very glad to see you. How good of you to come all this distance!"

This was the welcome that Janis had been waiting for, the one she had missed at the train, missed even in the confused first greeting of Clem. He went on talking to her pleasantly, asking her about her journey, saying that they had been looking forward to her coming. She was at once at ease with him; instantly she knew he would like her.

"You've seen Angel, of course."

"Oh, yes."

"She's busy these days."

"I am not," said Angel. "I'm just killing time."

THERE she was, and restlessness came into the room with her, and all pleasant commonplaces drifted away as if suddenly shy. She laid her cheek against her father's for a second.

"You're late, Bill. Have they got you on the night shift now?"

"I didn't start from the city until late. Where are you bound for?"

"A dinner. You're coming too. Sally signed you up. It's one of those large hard-working parties. They'll pour champagne all over it, but it wont live. When we escape from there, I don't know where we'll go."

"Not home, by any chance?"

"We might. I'll take down the address."

"I wish you would. I'd like to see something of you."

"You wont be here, anyway. Sally has plans."

"She's upstairs?" he asked, and Janis had a quick impression that at the mention of his wife's name everything else was overlaid in Mr. Baldwin's mind.

"Yes—looking very elegant—feeling very philosophic."

"I'll see you both at dinner, then."

At dinner Janis saw him, whenever she looked through a little open avenue between the elaborately arranged flowers. There were two tables in the immense dining-room of these people whose house was like a hotel and whose faces Janis was not sure she had identified—two long tables spread with lace. Among the forty or fifty people at dinner she picked out several she had met in the afternoon, the wispy young man who had been having tea with Sally, the girls she had met at the club. Angel, her shoulders just touched by the shoestring straps of her dress, was at the end of the other table beside a fat, smiling young man who was no doubt the host. Across from Janis, but hidden most of the time behind the flowers, was the girl Janis had seen on the train. No one had introduced her, but in the confusion before dinner when they had been in the room where cocktails were served, she had come in late and taken her greetings as a stage star might. Her hair was like sculpture formed in twists and curves and flattened curls about a small round head and leaving quite exposed the almost pallid face that traded on its ugliness. She was much younger than her husband, but his pleasant, normal face seemed ingenuous beside hers—ingenuous and perhaps a little tired.

She still *looked* exquisite ~

but...!

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NEVER had she taken more pains with her toilette—the evening promised many things.

But before it was half over Peter's interest in her seemed to wane. Other people's, too! It had happened before and she could never understand why.

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"What do I do about her?" Janis asked Ben, who was beside her at dinner. He told her that he had shuffled some place-cards to manage that. She thought he seemed excited tonight, and she knew that every time she felt his breath upon her shoulder she caught the excitement from him.

"Leave her alone. She's the deadly nightshade, that girl," he answered.

"She looks interesting."

"That's how she gets by."

"You don't like her?"

"I keep my fingers crossed," he said. "But why should I like her when I can do so much better?"

The color swept into Janis' cheeks. She was vibrantly alive, happy, expectant. William Baldwin, his glance searching automatically for his wife, noticed Janis, and a second's pleasure came into his eyes.

Sober menservants poured the champagne, but they did not refill Janis' glass. Ben saw to that. The conversation rose and thickened. Lise Sicard asked some one who Janis was and stared at her insolently. Sally sat indifferently between her two partners, letting them talk, letting them admire her, while her mind wove like a shuttle between her past and her future. Angel Baldwin leaned on her elbow, her spirits already drooping, and wondered impatiently what they could do next; and Clem Ware, reading her boredom, said to himself that he must make her life more real, so that the lights wouldn't go out like this all the time for her, and that it would be a good thing for them to escape this crowd and go to a simpler place to live. He too looked toward Janis, as if for reassurance.

AFTERWARD there was dancing. There was gambling also, both at bridge and an amateur roulette-wheel. Angel, her body taut again, sat playing contract for five cents a point. Outside, the moon had risen from a tossing sea which could be seen from the terraces and above a lacelike fountain in the formal gardens. West Sicard took Janis out to see them as they finished a dance. The black leaves of the trees glistened against the paler darkness of the sky, and there were delicate, fairy shapes of flowers along the paths.

"Don't you feel helpless when things are as lovely as this?" she asked with a sigh of pleasure.

"I feel helpless often enough, but not when things are lovely. Much more often when they're not."

"But you can always do something about that."

"I wonder if you can."

"Angel makes me feel helpless," said Janis, after a second's pause.

"And herself most of all, I imagine."

"Why do you speak that way of her?"

"What way?"

"As if you were sorry for her."

"I'm devoted to Angel. So is everyone. But living isn't going to be easy for her."

"She's beautiful," said Janis defensively; "she's young; she has everything! And she loves Clem."

"No doubt of that."

"Then why pity her?"

"She uses up things pretty fast," Sicard answered reflectively. "Oh, don't imagine I'm calamity-howling. But she's been brought up among people who live for their play. She has the habit of parties. But they don't hold or satisfy her. The question is whether anything else will."

"Still, people do settle down, don't they?" Janis asked.

He smiled at her.

"People of wisdom do. People who can. But the one thing that most of these girls can't stand is repetition. How about you? Do you want to settle down?"

"It's what I'm running away from," she admitted.

"Don't run too fast," he said, rather gently. "There's more music. Shall we go back to the house?"

HE liked to dance. Janis knew that when he danced with her but later when she saw him with his wife she realized another of Lise Sicard's mesmeric attractions. She was almost like a professional, like rhythm and grace made human, and she and her husband were so perfectly matched that they seemed to be dancing half-consciously. Their bodies were lyric, their faces masks of silence.

Angel finished another rubber before she got up from the card-table pushing some bills into her purse.

"Very profitable," she said; "now we can pay the minister."

"Who's going to marry you?"

"Oh, we shopped around," answered Angel thriftily, "and picked out quite an inexpensive one."

She whistled to a great white collie lying on the rug and the next moment was romping with him like a child, rubbing his head and ears and pulling him about. Clem came over to her, and Janis guessed that Angel told him she had had enough, for almost immediately the group broke up. The older guests stayed at the bridge-tables, and a few kept on dancing, but the group which was coherent and seemed to comprise the wedding-party made other plans. They decided to ferry over to Westchester and go to a roadhouse where there was a negro orchestra and negro entertainers. There they found plenty of liquor, and the outlines of the party began to change and grow vaguer. Some of the men grew dull, some amusing; a few people disappeared. Lise Sicard was deadly white and Angel excessively gay. Ben Towne gave Janis a glass only tinged with yellow.

"That much wont hurt you," he said.

But Janis did not like the taste of whisky and left it there. She did not need it. She already felt delirious with excitement, watching the dancing and listening to the music, which was pure emotion and bent on seduction.

They did not stay long. Shortly after midnight they were on their way again. To Montauk, suggested some one. Back to the Sicards, suggested West, looking older and more tired. Six of them got into the Sicards' great car, and the chauffeur drove them through the sweet fragrant night. It was Angel who, as they passed a shuttered frame building on a lonely corner, with obscured lights peeping from behind the blinds, said that she had never been there and she thought it would be fun to go back.

"Let's do it," said Lise.

"What do you want to do that for?" asked Sicard. "It's only a bootleggers' dance-hall."

"All our friends," answered Lise, "will be there, then. Bootleggers are the only romantic men left. Let's go."

IN the end they turned and went back. It was a dusty dance-hall with shabby little latticed booths set about it. Girls in flimsy, gaudy dresses, boys and men of all ages, were dancing to a whining orchestra.

"It sounds as if some one were playing on a comb," said Lise. "They're too marvelous!"

The drinks were gin mixtures.

"Poison," said Clem. "Leave it alone, Angel."

"They all live through it," said Angel, taking a drink, "and I don't think it's polite not to."

"What's the matter with your sister, Clem?" asked Lise. "Is she temperance?"

"I'm no good at it," said Janis. "Don't know how to drink."

"You want to learn. It widens your horizon. You never know what you're really like until you've washed away a few inhibitions with gin. She'd be even prettier drunk, West—you'd be clear gone, then!"

"You'd better go home and go to bed," he said sulkily.

Angel stared at the crowd.

"I adore them," she said to Clem, "they're so real. They're having a good time, and they know it. We must get like that."

And she smiled straight at a thin boy who was passing, who turned and gave her a wise familiar look.

"Be yourself," said Clem, frowning. "He may think you mean it."

"I do mean it," answered Angel. "Come on. Let's dance with them. We can be like them if we have any luck."

That was why it was so astonishing to have her come back to the table ten minutes later, her glance intolerant, her head high.

"Oh, let's get out of this filthy place!" she exclaimed.

Chapter Three

THAT scene was difficult to credit the next morning when Janis woke and looked from her window to find the sun high, the gardeners working on the lawns and everything almost pastoral. She touched the bell by her bed, and a smiling maid brought her breakfast. There were strawberries piled high in a silver bowl, a couple of fresh roses in a glass vase, coffee and the thinnest of toast—the breakfast of a lady. She had only begun to eat it when Angel came in, dressed already in riding-clothes and looking as if she had been in bed since nine o'clock the night before.

"Do you want to ride with me—and swim later?" she asked.

"I'd like to ride," answered Janis, grateful for the months at camp when her mother had fretfully spared her and she had learned to swim and ride with skill.

"We're so ghastly poor we can't keep horses," said Angel, "but there are some good ones at the riding-club, so I'll telephone and have a couple brought around. Half an hour?"

"Less than that!"

It was a blithe morning, riding through country lanes which had kept their peace for hundreds of years, and coming back across the hard edge of the sea-washed sand where the horses picked their way and the salt air stung the girls' cheeks. A bell commenced to ring in the distance with a sweet shallow tone, and Janis remembered then that it was Sunday, and suddenly thought of her father, immaculately dressed for Sunday, walking down the cement sidewalk toward the church. He had always walked to church on Sunday. He had given the land on which the church was built and been chairman of the finance committee.

She must ask Clem if he remembered, thought Janis, but when she saw Clem, she forgot. There were so many other things to interest her and the time was packed so full. Dressing, driving to the beach, undressing again and swimming through the surf and coming back, wrapped in a beach coat of Angel's, to the little *cabaña* where the people she had seen the night before were partly gathered. There was a small bar inside, a couple of chairs, a *chaise-longue*, and the swimmers sat around and drank and did not get drunk.

"Getting along?" Clem inquired.

"Beautifully."

She was sitting on the sand when he asked her and he flung himself down beside her, his long body straight as an arrow, his fine blond head roughened into wet curls.

"Do you like my Angel?"

"Better every minute."

"So do I," he said. "I'm so far gone it scares me."

"Are you really coming West to live?"

"I guess so. I hadn't written you because they haven't made the thing definite."

"You're young for that position. Mr. Hart

Can a girl Smoke and still be lovely?

A Letter from a Girl who smokes

"Every woman realizes," writes Miss Marie Brehaut of Philadelphia, Pa., "that white teeth and a sweet breath are absolute essentials. When I started to smoke about a year ago, I noticed that my teeth began to look quite cloudy. I hated to forego the joy of smoking and decided to ask my dentist if he thought it would discolor them permanently.

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who had it last was middle-aged. It's responsible and important."

"I know. But I'm not too young. And that's a good place to live."

"Dull—after this."

"I don't think it's so bad. You've just been brought up in a cage. And anyway I'd like to have it slower. Something steadier than this. This isn't possible unless you've pots and pots of money. And even then I don't think it's so good."

"These people must be awfully rich."

"There's just as much money out where you are," said Clem. "It isn't so concentrated perhaps. Old Joe Adams down your street could buy and sell a few of these birds. But of course a lot of this is bluff. Poor Bill Baldwin is sailing awfully close to the wind, I guess."

"They live as if they had millions."

"Oh, they would. And Sally's rich, you know. There's plenty there. But it's not been so rosy for Angel."

"You mean," said Janis, "that you and Angel are just going to go out and take a house and settle down to three meals a day and the movies and all that sort of thing?"

"Sure we are. We're going to have a house and lot and a bunch of baby-carriages. Aren't we going to have a flock of kids, Angel?"

"Oh, quantities," said Angel, dropping down beside him. "Who doubts it? Boys and girls and twins!"

THAT was how it was, simple and complex, healthy and almost dissipated. It was hard to tell what would come next. Five days of it passed, then six. The men went to the city during the early part of the week but came back for a long week-end and drove down in the evenings for late dances and suppers. There were parties merging in an indefinite blur.

The wedding-party began to shape up, to stay together during those last days, to get more intimate and more weary. Janis realized that it was a spectacular group, but sometimes, with her very definite sense of values, she wondered if there were not people who drew away from it just a little. Once or twice at the club which they so often frequented she thought she saw disapproval, if not dislike, in the regard bent on Angel and her friends. It came usually from sober, middle-aged women or unattractive girls or elderly gentlemen with grave manners—and certainly Angel never noticed it.

If she had she would not have cared. She was so flagrant in doing what she pleased, in following her desires, her likes, her moods and in abandoning other things. She burned up party after party with her mad energy and sat over no dying fires. And social lines or hierarchies did not exist for her. They got up at four one morning and went fishing with an old sailor who had taken care of the boat-houses for years, and as they slid into the dawn he and Angel talked of the number of times they had been out together before, and Angel put her arm about his weathered, wrinkled neck with real affection.

There was the matter of the wedding presents. They came from everywhere apparently. Maids unpacked them and Sally's secretary kept a list and occasionally Angel and Janis surveyed the new things that had come. Sally found them very interesting.

"There's a magnificent silver set from the Costellos," she said. "That Danish jeweler made it specially."

"It's damned nerve," answered Angel, looking it over. "For two cents I'd wrap it up and send it back to them with a note asking if it wasn't sent to the wrong address. What right have they to endow me?"

But she felt differently about the sapphires that came from somebody called Updegraff, and put them instantly about her neck.

"He knew I'd love them," she said to Janis, and in a gentle, stirred way, added: "He's never missed a birthday or a Christmas since I was born. He was my mother's cousin, and he's wonderful. He lives in an old stern house in New York and has forgotten all about the world. Once when he asked me to dinner, he made me wash my face."

Clem fingered the sapphires.

"Lucky you got them from him. They'll have to last a spell. It will be some time before I'm buying you pebbles like that."

"I can always pawn them if we get hard up," said Angel.

That was clearly not a contingency that would disturb her. As she said further, she had never been in a pawnshop, and she'd certainly like to go.

They rode. They watched a polo match one day when West Sicard was riding in it. There was always liquor, unexcused, heightening every mood. Milliners came down from New York, and photographers and florists appeared to decorate the little church. It was the kind of simple country wedding that is first-page news for every society journal of importance. As for the church itself, Angel hardly remembered when she had last been in it but she thought it was at Martha Berry's wedding. However, she would not have a rehearsal.

"I want this wedding to be spontaneous," she told them with a certain touch of cynicism; "with the dew on it."

That in itself was news, as were the parties and the names of the bridesmaids and ushers and entourage. But there was one happening of which nobody knew but Janis, when the whole elaborately built-up edifice of luxury and expense and publicity tottered. She was alone in her room, and it was long after midnight, when she saw the door open and Angel come in. The moonlight was streaming into the room, and Janis recognized her at once. She sat up and pulled on a light.

"What's happening?" she asked.

"Nothing," said Angel, "and I don't think anything will."

She curled up on Janis' *chaise-longue* and lit the inevitable cigarette.

"Were you asleep?"

"No. I was still awake."

"You're awfully pretty in bed."

"You didn't come in to tell me that, did you?"

"No. That just rose sweetly to the lips."

"Can't you sleep?"

"I don't want to. You probably do. I'll go in a minute. I just wanted to say that I don't believe I'll go through with this business, after all."

Janis felt suddenly cold.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing—or perhaps I'm the matter."

"But what will you do?"

"Oh, I'll be a minor scandal. Somewhere between the last murder and the next divorce. I'll go to New York and get a job. Bill wont have to support me any longer. I told Sally I'd clear the decks, and I'll do that all right."

"But Clem—"

Angel's face tightened.

"Isn't he better off without me," she asked fiercely, "than having me let him down afterward? How do I know I'd like it or him? How do I know I wouldn't hate being married? Suppose it goes dead on me? Everything else does. Isn't it better to let him out now? Oh, they'll howl a little, but after all, it's what everyone expects of me. And Clem will get over it. He'll be thinking after a little while what a good break he had."

HER voice was full of defiance and edged with pain. Janis, listening to that threat, which was careless of herself most of all, suddenly knew why people loved Angel and why they pitied her so terribly. It was because of the bravery that took no account of consequences, because she so wanted to

be honest with living. And Janis knew what to say, knew what she must say and prove before this impulse hardened into one of Angel's brittle determinations, which always broke into disaster.

"Clem wont get over it," she answered; "he never would. I don't know or care what happened to the other men. But I know Clem. And when he loves people he doesn't change or forget. He loved his mother like that. I can remember, when I was a little girl, years after she had died and Father had married my mother, how Clem still used to suffer because she was gone and how he'd talk about her once in a while. He cares for you more than that. You might as well kill him as give him up now. At least you would kill the Clem there is now. I suppose there would still be a man, but it wouldn't be the same one. You can't do it! He's had such a lonely life and he's so happy now."

"But if I don't keep him happy?"

"Oh, take your chance," cried Janis. "And give him his—you're the only person who can!"

The defiant cigarette had fallen, burned out. And Angel had turned to throw her face into the pillows, sobbing in a tired, worn-out way. It was the only time Janis ever saw her cry.

Janis got up and put a quilted coverlet over her.

"Go to sleep here," she said quietly. "Only please tell me first that you'll marry Clem."

"I want to," answered Angel; "you don't know how I want to. I'll do it if you think it's all right."

"I know it is. I know you must."

That was all. Angel fell asleep after that, and Janis stood for a long time by the window looking at the sea, drifted with moonlight, wondering how she knew. How had she just learned that she would rather be with the man she loved even if she were shadowed by a thousand risks, than safely married to anyone else in the world? She thought of Ben Towne and his arm about her shoulders in the car that night and the way he could make her heart faint within her. Was that why she knew?

IN the morning Angel was gone before Janis wakened, and they saw each other next at the bridal dinner. Sally, who had given Angel any amount of rope in other ways, had insisted that there must be a bridal dinner, remarking that if they didn't have one, the marriage wouldn't be socially legal.

It was only a week since she had come but Janis was part of everything now. She understood the lingo they talked much better than she had at first and could move at the pace that was set, but it was because she was different from the others that they all featured her. Mr. Baldwin liked to talk to her and had wanted to ask all kinds of friendly things about her city and her family. Sally petted her in a semi-ironic way and had insisted, when she saw the cream satin dress that Janis was wearing the night before the wedding, on making her a present of a gold necklace, intricately carved into the shapes of flat flowers.

"That makes me look like something riding behind a steam calliope," said Sally, "but you do something for it. Take it along."

West Sicard had been often in the picture, kind, admiring, taking her to show her his stables and delighted as a boy when she was friendly with the horses and showed a real interest in his string of polo ponies. But he had not come to the bridal dinner, having refused to be one of the ushers at the wedding long ago and asking to be excused from this final celebration. He had said he was too old to usher and that he would stay outside the church and incite the mob to riot. So Lise had come to dinner

Do Your Friends Feel Sorry for Your Wife?

Like it or not, your friends and neighbors size you up by what you EARN—judged by your home and family. Why not surprise them by making good in a big way? Tell them nothing, but on the quiet fit yourself for a bigger place!

ONLY a woman knows how much a wife can suffer when her husband fails to "make the grade"—

When she dreads to meet her old school friends—when she skimps on her own appearance "so John can make a good showing at the office"—when she can't give her children things as good as the other children have, *and they ask her why.*

Brave, loyal woman, she would be the last to reproach her husband because he doesn't earn as much as other men whose wives she is thrown with constantly.

"Money isn't everything," she tells him—yet how she longs for his promotion—for that bigger salary that means better clothes, greater advantages for the children, a new car, *more of the comforts and luxuries of life!*

What can you, as an ambitious husband, do to help?

No need to ask your wife to put up a brave front—she's already doing that. No use to ask for a "raise" on the ground that you "need more money"—"raises" aren't secured that way. No big gain in devoting longer hours to your work—chances are you are already giving loyal and conscientious service.

Only one thing, then, for you to do—so important that it may prove the very turning point in your career: *you can and should compel those opportunities that quickly lead to bigger income, real success!*

But let's get down to cases—so that you may see exactly what we mean—

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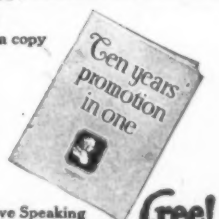

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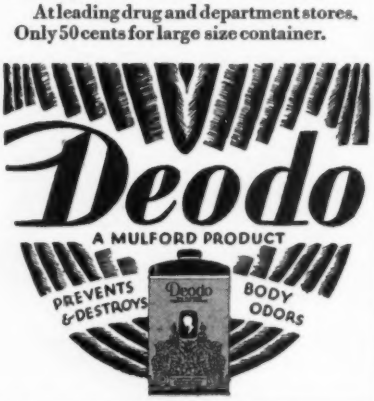

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with a slim youth whose eyes looked as if living had already become a monotone and whose family name had been attached to things of importance for several generations. In Lise, Janis felt a guarded hostility; there was mockery just back of her expression whenever she looked at Janis; and when she saw her husband's pleasure in Janis, she insisted on calling it to the general attention and pricking it into embarrassment. . . . .

Dinner had begun late, shortly after nine, and Janis was still tingling with a cocktail as she found her place at the table.

There was champagne. There usually was at the dinners, unless special wines, procured in some way that was interesting and made a good story, took its place. Janis had seen some of the men fuddled, but that usually came later in the evening and it was nearly always the same people who got in that state. Some of them would stay with a party less long than the others and a few became silly or fatuous. But she had seen no display of intoxication, nothing of the sort she thought of as drunkenness with a mental picture of sodden people reeling about. What she could feel was the charge of alcohol in the moods of the people around her, making the party move, baring the nerves, quickening the emotions. She was afraid of it, herself, and since the first day she had been careful not to take two cocktails in succession. She had an idea once or twice that she was being looked after in that respect—that Clem, Mr. Baldwin, Ben Towne, and even Angel were taking care of her. But nothing was ever said by any of them.

TONIGHT she was not seated beside Ben. There was a straw-colored youth who was very amusing on one side, and Jerry Arrant the golfer was on the other. She liked Jerry Arrant, who was making himself a gentleman's career at golf, since there was no need and never would be any need of his family's adding more to the wealth of the world. He himself had decided to try to add to its skill. She liked his hard, brown face and his abstemious healthy appetite and even his silences, which did not ignore her and were entirely courteous. She could see Ben, placed almost across from her by Lise Sicard and evidently being amused. His black head, firmly shaped, with the hair going smoothly back from its parting, with its easily amused, candid gray eyes, generous mouth and boyish smile was very handsome. Janis was continually aware of him, almost a little proprietary in her feeling, and wondering how he had escaped being married, what had kept him free until now. There must have been design, somewhere.

"How about a toast?" asked Lise. "That's what comes next. Do you remember the one Joe Warrington pulled at the dinner for the Queen? Come on, Ben—you make one."

Ben rose with his glass in his hand, his eyes on Angel. He didn't like her, thought Janis again, reading in that glance something else than compliment.

"To the bride," he said simply, "and the bride's greatest happiness!"

"She Asked of Life Two Things"

is a very remarkable story presenting a character so extraordinary that she will live in your memory. It will appear in an early issue of this magazine and was written,

by HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

Something quieted everybody for a second and a curious strain was in the air. Then as they lifted their glasses and pushed back their chairs, it was gone again. Absently, almost thirstily Janis drank her champagne. It was her first, or was it her second glass? She noticed as she sat down that the golfer had only tasted his, and she wondered why Lise Sicard looked at her that way, with that flicker of mockery. Was she acting queerly? No, she couldn't be, for after a moment Lise leaned across the table and began to talk of some friends of hers who owned an estate in the North Woods near Janis' home. She found herself answering clearly and easily, but she wished Ben would stop smoking, and look at her. He was so grave.

It was Lise who came up to her in the drawing-room and was talking as the butler passed a tray of cordials. Janis shook her head.

"You'd better," said Lise. "I always find they clear my head after a lot of champagne. Try this one."

Janis did feel her head a little light. She took the glass Lise suggested, a small glittering thing and tasted what was in it.

"Nice taste," she said.

"You'll like that," Lise insisted.

Janis felt that she had never really known Lise. She was just about to tell her that, when Ben came in and crossed the room to them.

"Everybody happy?" he asked, and then looked at Janis as if he saw her for the first time.

"What's wrong with me?" she questioned. "You look as if I had dirt on my face."

"You look swell," he said. "Let me taste the poison, will you?"

And taking the glass out of her hand he sipped it.

"Remember that's mine," protested Janis.

"Lise pour that for you?" He half grinned and looked at Lise. "Lay off that, Lise."

Janis reached for her glass, but it was empty and the butler had disappeared.

"It's nice outside," said Ben. "Let's go out for a minute, shall we, Janis?"

She knew her way among the paths now and they went, almost silently, down to a marble bench, backed against a clipped hedge of black yew and facing the ocean.

"Let's sit down. Are you warm enough?"

"Yes."

She wanted her head on his shoulder, and after a moment it was there.

"Sweet," he said gently.

Suddenly she wondered.

"Was I making a fool of myself in there?"

"No—but I wouldn't take what Lise drinks. She's made of metal and you're not. That stuff was pretty vivid. It's all right," he added tolerantly, "but it's just not your game."

"What is my game?" she asked, straightening and sitting with her hands clasped before her.

"Yours? To be yourself—fresh and sweet and exactly what we all need."

"What you need?"

She lifted her face and he looked down into it, exquisitely fair, with its parted lips and dreaming, expectant eyes.

"What I need most of all," he murmured, with his lips on hers.

IT was one of those half-hours of poetry that life loves to write when the rhythm of the world is perfect. To Janis this was what the moon was for and the darkness and the eternal motion of the ocean, as magnificent as her own rising sense of life. This answered the little aspirations that had haunted her for years, this completed them, not one by one but with one splendid explanation. And none of that she thought; she only felt, and the blood went swiftly through her body as if it were saying that

this was why it rushed too. She wanted to tell Ben a million things and only told him she loved him.

"Curious that you should have waited for me," she whispered.

She did not see the troubled confusion of his eyes, but his arms seemed to tighten about her.

When they went back to the house at length there was triumph in the way she held her head and a dream in her eyes. She felt as if she had changed, as if everybody must know that Ben loved her, and as if she did not care who knew. Perhaps something of that showed in her face. The gayety of the crowd, who were staying at the Baldwins' tonight and had found plenty of amusement provided there, caught them both up. They were separated almost instantly but Janis did not mind, for it was a meaningless separation. When their eyes met again, they would both know. She was happy, dancing with Jerry Arrant in the long hallway, standing alone for a moment, tasting her own joy, when Lise Sicard came up.

"Where's Ben?" she asked.

Janis smiled. "I don't know—for the moment," she said, with an unconscious ring in her voice. "I think he's with Angel."

"Even up to the end," said Lise. "You certainly have been grand to take him off Angel's hands, though, and keep him entertained."

"Off Angel's hands?"

"I don't know. I thought it was rather bad taste to have him in the wedding-party at all. Didn't you? Cigarette?"

"No, thanks." A still, controlled, "Why?"

"Why? It depends on how you look at those things, but when a man has been engaged to you, and you've ditched him, why keep him at the chariot-wheels? That's the way I look at it. Especially when, like Ben, he doesn't get over it. I made him toast her tonight at dinner—but did you see his face?"

And Lise laughed. Yes, Janis had seen his face. She had seen his face and now she knew. It wasn't that he disliked Angel. That wasn't why he looked that way! It was because he had cared for her, still cared for her. Because he had been Angel's lover—first.

"Give me a light," Lise was saying to some one.

JANIS went to the door of some room—the room with the ivory trees, she found when she was within it. There were most of the guests, in a huddled group, standing about some one who professed to tell fortunes. It was very riotous and unbelieving. She was telling Ben's fortune now.

"And a dark lady comes into your life."

Angel, a little over-gay, too greatly stimulated, laughed, one hand on Clem's arm, the other on Ben's.

"Wrong again. She's gone out."

Ben turned, that queer look again in his eyes, to look at her.

"Am I your favorite still, Ben?" she teased him.

He did not answer, but the fortune-teller said something else about his character and everybody started laughing.

"He's a good bridge-player, though."

"Oh, leave him something!"

"He can crack an egg."

Ben, smiling, breaking through the crowd, as some one else became the center of the nonsense, saw Janis. She turned and left the room, but not swiftly enough. By the great west staircase he caught up with her.

"Janis—what's the matter?"

"Don't you touch me," she said furiously. "I'm no proxy!"

The next installment of this engaging novel by the author of "Money of Her Own" will appear in our forthcoming June issue.

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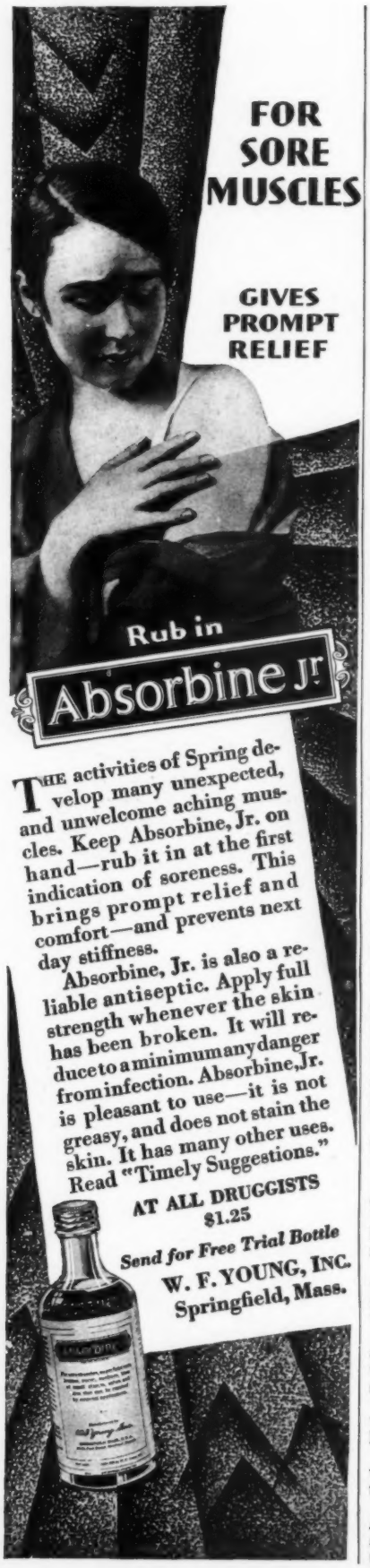
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THE MOON AND MUFFINS

(Continued from page 53)

listened intently to hear if his new cook was sobbing. He didn't believe he could stand that. Rather he would confess failure and turn back to San Pedro.

But to his astonishment the sounds that came from the galley were not those of grief at all. Instead the cook was singing a very jazz number which seemed mostly about a red-hot mother and a sugar father, and keeping time to the music with the clapping of hands and the stamping of feet.

Trevor peered around the corner of the door. The cook was doing steps that would have been a credit to Mons. Frisco himself; and Smear, the colored deck-hand, was trying desperately to learn some new stuff.

Trevor wished the Colonel could look in through that door, too. For the first time the young man began to believe that the plot was going to work.

What an attractive kid that was! Where did the Colonel get this spoiled child business? Why, Jack was as genuinely fresh and natural as a spring onion sprout.

But he felt that he ought to go on with the program, regardless; so that evening he got uproariously drunk—or pretended to. The liquor to which he helped himself so plentifully and also issued to the men was nothing but a solution of brown sugar and water, a drink which proved a bit sickish when taken in large quantities. The men nearly rebelled at it. But they sang, "Roll a Man Down" and "Yo-ho-ho and a Bottle of Rum" in hoarse and villainous fashion.

Jack surreptitiously sniffed at the Captain's tumbler and then poured out a stiff ration and drank it. This, after a few minutes, had a very exhilarating effect and added a pleasant contralto voice to the alleged quartet.

Then the newcomer borrowed a banjo from Smear. "This is a sad waltz ballad for strong, tearless men," Jack announced, strumming the vamp. "Them as can't stand it, stand by to jump overboard."

NEXT day Bill came to Trevor somewhat troubled. "Jack's gettin' up a mutiny."

"What for?"

"Nothin' particular. Just for excitement, I guess. Got tired of bein' cook, I expect, and wants to be captain or something."

"Oh, all right." Trevor smiled.

"What shall we do about it?"

"Nothing. Just go ahead with it and see how far you get. I've got all the arms there are on board, and I'll load 'em with blank cartridges so nobody will get damaged. While I think about it, make me a nice stuffed club so that if I have to hit any of you men over the head, it wont hurt much. When is this supposed to come off?"

"Tomorrow morning, I guess, just after breakfast."

"O. K. I'll be ready."

So the cat was going to show a set of claws! Nothing could please Trevor more. Up to now nothing had occurred to give him an opportunity to demonstrate his superiority.

Next morning he slipped a revolver, loaded with blanks, into his trousers' pocket, and made sure that his deceptively soft bludgeon was handy in the little chart-house.

He was at breakfast—and an exceptionally good breakfast it was, too—when the telltale compass in the ceiling of the little saloon announced a change of course.

"What's the idea?" demanded Trevor in a voice compatible with his formidable whiskers. "What's happening?"

Mac, the chief engineer, busily engaged with a golden-brown muffin, professed not to know.

Trevor left his seat and went up on deck. All the men were there, including the stokers and the new cook, in an idle group around the wheelhouse.

"Who ordered a change of course?" Trevor demanded.

No one answered, so he strode toward the charthouse. The men barred his way.

"You can't go in there, sir," declared Bill. "We've decided to take over the ship."

"What is this—a mutiny?"

"You might call it that."

"The hell you say!" Trevor drew his revolver and shot Bill in the heart—or about a foot to the left. Anyway, Bill dropped without a groan.

Trevor kicked his body to one side as he strode past the awed mutineers and got his club.

"Back to your jobs, you swabs!" he ordered menacingly.

They closed in on him, and he laid about him unmercifully with his stuffed club. One by one they fell more or less convincingly before the fury of his onslaught.

Only Jack was left.

"You're the ringleader," Trevor accused from behind his muffling whiskers. "And just to make sure there will be no repetition of this sort of nonsense, I'll just put you off the boat and you can swim back to shore."

He accompanied his threat by lifting his victim in his strong arms and striding to the rail.

The victim aforementioned struggled vainly in his grasp; then, as Trevor held his arms over the water, exclaimed: "I can't swim!"

Trevor laughed boisterously. "Can't swim? That's a good one. I'll tell that to Colonel Hutchinson. Anyway, we'll give you a chance to prove it."

He dropped the mutineer with a loud splash into the placid Pacific.

The engineer of his own accord had slowed down so that the *Sylph* did not leave the involuntary bather behind very fast. But the dark shingled head disappeared almost immediately, anyway.

Trevor thought it was merely the trick of a good swimmer proceeding under water, but when the face reappeared with an expression of gasping terror on it, he decided to play safe—even the best of swimmers sometimes get cramps; so he dived over the stern where the face had last disappeared, and after a thirty-second search, brought his mutinous cook to the surface. A boat from the yacht picked them up.

Carrying it up the landing ladder, there was no doubt in the mind of Trevor Moulds as to the sex of his burden. She fitted entirely too well in his arms to have been a boy. And she felt very right and comfortable there. Even she seemed to notice it herself, because it was with apparent reluctance that she opened her eyes and acknowledged that she was all right and able to stand on her own feet.

"You big bully!" she defied him, but without much conviction in her voice.

He ordered her to her quarters and locked her in.

"It's a wonder you wouldn't put me in irons," she sneered, and then added, "whatever they are!"

"Pass out your clothes through the porthole," Trevor commanded shortly, "and we'll dry 'em on deck while you're thinking over your sins."

The trousers and the jumper were forthwith passed out.

"Is this all?" Trevor asked.

"That's all I intend to part with for the present. Suppose there should be a fire or something?"

THE cook's cabin was strangely quiet all day. Trevor suspected that she was sleeping off the effects of the excitement.

At midnight he happened to be on deck when a blood-curdling shriek brought him to her door in a hurry.

"Let me out! Let me out, please!" she pleaded in response to his query as to what was the matter.

He unlocked the door, scarcely daring to picture what scene of carnage might greet the eye.

All there was, however, was his mutinous cook standing up on the bed with one hand over her mouth trying unsuccessfully to stifle her screams.

Her costume was the modern track-style athletic swimming suit—blue flaring trunks with a white belt and a white sleeveless shirt. Everybody wears 'em, boys and girls alike, but did you ever really have any trouble telling which was which? Neither did Trevor. But he kept up the pretense.

"What's the matter?"

"There's a rat, a great big rat, locked in here with me."

"That's nothing. There are always rats on ships, especially anywhere near the galley."

"Then I wont stay here any longer, not even if I am a prisoner. Shoot me if you want to, but I wont stay here with a rat. He was *this* big!" She measured after the fashion of fishermen.

Trevor finally relented after considerable argument, and assigned her to one of the staterooms ordinarily reserved for his guests.

"This is much nicer," she acknowledged, looking with approval at the fresh white paint and the mahogany trim and furniture.

Trevor grunted his confirmation of her judgment and went to find her clothes, which had been dried. But he did not bring the sailor suit back to her. He held it in his hands for a minute, and then, with a sigh, laid it aside. The game was sour. This girl was too unmistakably feminine for there to be any percentage in pretending that she was a boy, even to try to break her and to make her over into something different. Trevor suddenly discovered that he did not want her to be anything different. She was pretty much his ideal of what a girl should be already—gentle, gay and full of sweetness with a tang. He didn't know that girls like that happened nowadays even in the best regulated of families. The Hutchinsons must have made an awful botch of their parental responsibilities if they could not handle this one.

So instead of the jumper blouse and bell-bottom trousers, he returned with a grip full of Eunice's real clothes with which the Colonel had thoughtfully provided him.

He put the grip inside her stateroom door and said briefly: "Get dressed and come out on deck."

SMEAR had the wheel and Trevor told him to head back for San Pedro. They had been cruising around in circles about fifty miles off shore and could be at the harbor by morning. Then Trevor went to his own cabin and hastily hacked off about a peck of whiskers. One couldn't propose to a lady from behind a lot of Boston ivy, and Trevor certainly intended to propose if she would listen. Perhaps it was the moon which contributed to his madness—the moon and the way she made muffins.

At any rate, when he returned to the deck in white flannels, he was quite sentimental except in a few places where he had cut himself.

Her appearance in feminine attire did not tend to make him recover his customary common sense. By and large, but not very large, his victim, the gal he held in his power, was an eyeful. He had known that she was pretty, but not so much so.

"So," she greeted him with dimly lustrous eyes, "you knew all the time that I was a girl?"

"Yes."

"And oh, what have you done to yourself? You've come out of your winter hiding-place and shed your fur. Aren't we going to play pirates any more?"

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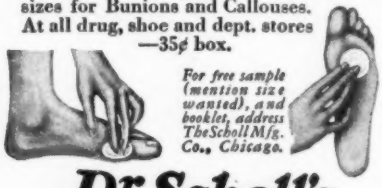

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"No."

"And it was such fun! All but the rat. What has happened? You can't answer that by saying 'Yes' or 'No.'"

But he could be silent, and he was. This girl was too precipitate. Trevor did not like to have the situation taken out of his hands that way. Give him time to make a few remarks about the beauty of the moon, the serenity of the silvered sea, and he would have been able to get into his stride.

But she would not have it that way. "Tell me," she insisted. "What's it all about?"

"Hell," he replied, "I've fallen in love with you. I was going to ask you to marry me."

"Oh. And now you're not?"

"Yes, I am. I hadn't intended it to be like this, but I'll stick to my purpose. Will you be my wife?"

She sighed. "Thanks."

"Will you?"

"I'm sorry, but I must answer, 'No'."

"But you can't."

"Can't? Why not?"

"Because you've been out here alone with me, or at least on a boat with no other woman on board for a chaperon, for several days; and to say the least you'll be terribly compromised. When we return, you'll have to be married."

She laughed. "Oh, if that's all, I can relieve your mind at once. I am married. I was married before we started out—the very morning you kidnaped me, in fact."

"What?" Romance fled from the situation as beauty from a mirror that has been shattered by a stone.

"Yes, indeed. I had run away from the wedding-party and was down on the beach saying farewell to my favorite ocean when your men shanghaied me."

"Well, I'll be damned!"

"Me too, although I don't often swear."

"Your father might have told me, I think."

"He might have if he had seen you."

He had forgotten she did not know who he really was, and that Colonel Hutchinson had planned this wild escapade himself.

"Well, that changes everything," he concluded glumly. "You may as well turn in. I'll put you ashore tomorrow."

She took him at his word and retired to her cabin door. After she had stepped inside, she held it open a minute.

"I suppose you'll be letting your whiskers grow once more?" she asked wistfully.

"Yes," he snapped. Something inside of him hurt too much to stand for kidding.

"All right. I like you just as much either way. Are you really quite a bit put out because I refused to marry you?"

"Yes."

"Oh. I'm fearfully sorry. Would it be any consolation to you if I told you that the fact that I'm already married is the reason that I did."

"The only one?" he demanded, stepping toward her.

"The only very good one." She shut the door very gently in his face, and locked it—almost regretfully, it seemed.

IT was dawn when Trevor finally turned in, and long after that before he went to sleep. You couldn't lose a girl like that without putting up a fight for her. And on the other hand, what could anyone do against a marriage certificate backed up by the law of the land?

He woke up to find the *Sylph* at her anchorage and the rest of the crew on board busily removing from her paint and fittings all traces of the week of neglect.

Without waiting for breakfast Trevor went to her door. There was no answer to his knock.

"The lady has went, sir," Bill told him. "She give me this for you."

"This" was a wisp of a note.

"Dear Captain Kidd," it read. *"Under the circumstances I think I am justified in deserting at this early opportunity. I hate to go. I'd rather be a pirate than what I am. As it is, I don't know how I shall explain my absence. It's a cinch I can't tell the truth, can I? No one would believe it. I don't myself, although I'd like to—all the rest of my life. Your Jack."* It had originally been *"Yours"* but the *"s"* had been partly erased so that you could take it or leave it just as you wished.

Well, the plot had failed, that was all there was to it. If only he had never seen her, his future would not look so much like a perpetual rainy day.

He supposed he ought to report to the Colonel, even congratulate him sarcastically on being such a wonderful Mr. Fix-it. So toward mid-afternoon Trevor went ashore morosely and called up. Colonel Hutchinson was not at his office but Trevor located him at the club. Something in his voice was a little Scotch—liquid. Anyway he seemed highly pleased with himself.

"Why, hello, Trevor my boy, I'm glad you're back," he said heartily. "Wish you'd been here in time for the wedding this morning."

"Wedding this morning? Whose wedding?"

"Why, Eunice and Prince—Prince Whatever-his-name-is. I'll have to memorize it. He's not such a bad sort after all, and I believe his Continental ideas on how to handle a woman are just what Eunice needs. I'm really glad our little scheme fell through. But come on over to the club and help me celebrate. I want you to tell me what happened."

It is doubtful if Trevor heard the last part of what Colonel Hutchinson was saying. At any rate he hung up the telephone receiver without making any reply.

So, she had lied to him, said she was married when she wasn't, just to keep him off! That was the final blow. It had been a sort of sweet sorrow to look forward to years without her, knowing that she might have been his except that they had met too late, but this was different. How could she, after last night, have gone practically from his own arms—well, almost practically—to those of another man? Were women like that?

TREVOR spent a restless hour walking the streets, and then at dusk went back to the *Sylph*.

"Captain Baldwin," he said to his sailing-master, "unless you know some good reason why not, let's fish up the hook and get out of here tonight."

"It looks a little like dirty weather outside," Captain Baldwin offered.

"All the better. I'd like to meet up with a small hurricane. It can't hurt the *Sylph* any. Let's go."

"Very well, sir. We'll weigh as soon as the shore boat comes back with the last load of supplies."

Dinner was announced before they had left the harbor. Trevor did not want anything to eat, but sat down at the table perfunctorily.

The evening paper lay beside his plate. He opened it just as the steward set a plate of soup before him.

After one look at the front-page headlines, he allowed the soup to turn cold.

Who wouldn't? Here they are:

"MISSING HEIRESS RETURNS.

"Arrives in Time for Ex-Husband's Wedding to Rival.

"The final chapter in the mysterious disappearance of Hope Bowman, recently Princess Petroffski and now Hope Bowman again, was written when the Santa Monica heiress and débutante returned just in time to attend the wedding of her ex-husband, Prince Petroffski, and Miss Eunice Hutchinson.

"Just a week ago Miss Bowman was married to Prince Petroffski herself. That same day she disappeared. It was strongly rumored that the young lady had not been as much in favor of the match as her mother. The Prince took the desertion at the altar with good nature like the gentleman that he is, and believing, with the rest of the world, that she would come out of hiding and allay the fears of her frantic parents if he were to remove himself from the situation, he secured an annulment of the marriage almost immediately.

"But it was not until the announcement of his betrothal to Miss Hutchinson that Miss Bowman reappeared—just in time to congratulate the bride and groom.

"So far, Miss Bowman has not made any statement to the press to account for her extraordinary behavior."

"A VERY h'interesting h'occurrence, sir, aint it?"

Now, Trevor Moulds' steward was an out-and-out Cockney, all right, but that was never his voice—not even a very good imitation of it.

Still, Trevor did not look around. His heart was behaving like a mad thing, and he was sure that his voice would not respond if he called upon it to speak. But he managed to retain a calm outward appearance.

"So you've joined on for this trip too, have you, Jack?" he asked casually.

"Yes sir."

"Why?"

"Well, H'i didn't 'ave nothink very h'important to do and—"

"Stop mixing up your aitches."

"I will h'in a minute, sir, but I've been practicing it for a couple of hours now, and it's hard to quit."

"Oh!"

The *Sylph* was under way. There was a considerable roll as they left the mouth of the harbor behind.

"I'll have to order the Captain to put about and land you. I'm all through with having women aboard this boat."

"Oh, but I'm not a woman—no sir. I'm a young college man selling subscriptions to magazines to pay my tuition. I took the leading female part in a Princeton Triangle show last year, and I thought it would be fun to—"

Trevor interrupted. "Don't lie to me, again, Hope Bowman."

"No sir."

"There's going to be a storm tonight, and you're apt to be frightened."

"Not if I'm with you, sir."

"But that's impossible."

"Captain Baldwin says not."

"Oh, you've been consulting him, have you? How far out do we have to be before he has any authority to conduct a—er—"

"Three miles out, sir. We're almost there now, sir."

Trevor turned around at last. She wasn't in the sailor costume as he had expected. Instead, she wore a kind of a shimmery dress, white wings and a misty smile like a halo. Or something like that.

Captain Baldwin was there too, in his best uniform; and on either side of Hope stood Bill and Smear, obviously bridesmaids, witnesses and flower-girls all rolled into one.

"But—" began Trevor.

Wham! A heavier swell sent the dishes across the table to the floor.

"You'll have to hurry," said the Captain. "I may have to be on the bridge all night. If I don't marry you now, I wont have time until tomorrow, or perhaps later, so—"

"All right."

"Then stand up and join hands."

Bill and Smear, evidently by prearrangement, began to sing "Oh, Promise Me" in two different keys, but were mercifully drowned out by the thunder, lightning and crash of breaking dishes.

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A Bell System Advertisement

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Round the World with the TITCOMBS

By Donald Ogden Stewart [Author of "Mr. and Mrs. Haddock Abroad"] Illustrated by L. T. Holton

No. 5—MONTE CARLO, SHOOT THE ROLL!

FERGUSON J. ("PEEWEE") TITCOMB, of Indianapolis, looked rather timidly around the gambling hall of the Casino at Monte Carlo. Everyone seemed so gloomily inhospitable.

"Now what do we do?" he asked his wife, a Mrs. Titcomb.

"We gamble," she replied somewhat contemptuously, as became the wealthy granddaughter of the inventor of Pearson's Vegetable Tonic.

Peewee looked down at the small stack of coins in his hand.

"Supposing," he suggested ominously, "I find that at heart I am a gambler. Supposing that the fever gets into my blood tonight and I toss away a fortune. Supposing I shoot myself—"

He shuddered.

"If you lose more than fifty dollars tonight," replied his wife, "I'll do the shooting."

Peewee laughed and they moved over to a long table around which gentlemen and ladies in evening dress were morbidly watching a fish-eyed croupier twirl a little ball into a flashing wire wheel. Mrs. Titcomb pushed herself aggressively through the crowd, and Peewee apologetically followed. The wife bent over the table and after a moment of careful deliberation placed a coin on Number 8.

"Why 8?" asked her husband.

"Shh," she replied. "I've got a system."

The croupier spun the ball and after several moments of suspense it dropped happily into Number 2. Mrs. Titcomb then took two coins and placed them on Number 6.

"Rien ne va plus," sang the croupier—and this time the ball landed in 4.

"That's quite a system of yours," commented Peewee.

"It's absolutely infallible," replied his wife, "over a period of time."

Peewee looked doubtful.

"I don't think I would like to stay here more than two or three years," he said, but his wife did not answer. She was busy marking down numbers into a small notebook. Finally she took four coins and placed them on 7. The ball jiggled, hesitated, and then dropped into 9. Peewee made no comment.

"Do you mind if I play," he asked, "even if I haven't a system?"

"You'll lose your shirt," was his wife's reply.

Peewee gazed at his shirt thoughtfully.

"I could probably borrow one," he remarked, "just to get back to the hotel in."

He waited until his wife had finished her computations and then, as she placed eight coins on Number 3, he swiftly leaned over and put his entire stack on 9. The wheel whirled and the ball dropped into 9. Mrs. Titcomb bit her lip and Peewee raked in the money.

"Faites vos jeux," droned the croupier—and the game went on. Mrs. Titcomb chose Number 4; Mr. Titcomb the 9 again. The ball stopped at 9.

"Well, well—" began Mr. Titcomb, affably.

"Shut up," remarked his wife, "and play the game."

Half an hour later the main attention of the Casino was centered on two Americans at the roulette table around whom a large crowd had gathered. In front of the gentleman—a Mr. Titcomb—was an almost unbelievably large stack of gold coins. In front of his wife were some ten or fifteen sheets of paper filled with figures. And those nearest the couple were quite unexpectedly thrown into confusion when the lady, who was considerably larger than her husband, suddenly jumped up and neatly parted the gentleman's thin hair with the croupier's rake. After a few moments of uproar the affair was quieted and the couple left, with profuse apologies from the gentleman, who was quite good humored over the whole affair, possibly as a result of the fact that he had gained in the course of the evening an amount corresponding to two thousand American dollars. At any rate, he followed his wife out into the Monte Carlo night—and the only explanation for her unfortunate conduct was the report of an English lady, who had been standing beside the couple at the time, to the effect that the American had evidently said something which had irritated his wife—something, as the English lady recalled, about a "system."

Next month, as Mr. Titcomb says, "Ah, Italy, Italy!"

The lady suddenly jumped up and parted the gentleman's thin hair with the croupier's rake

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WHAT WE GAIN FROM POLAR EXPLORATION

(Continued from page 61)

American, the late Admiral Robert E. Peary. As with Greely and many others, Peary's best work lay as much in destroying wrong ideas as in building right ones. A particularly hampering misconception had been the idea that the farther north you go, the more snow you find. The public still believes this, for the simple and picturesque dogmas we inherit from the Greeks are hard to kill. But the scientific world threw the belief aside when Peary reported that he had climbed to the top of the Greenland ice-cap and traveled north over it to a point where he came to the *north end* of the ice and the snow, finding spread out before him vast areas of snow-free land, green with grass in midsummer, and sprinkled with flowers. There were bumblebees and butterflies and herds of grazing animals. Peary had discovered the most northerly land on earth; we call it Peary Land today, after him. It is the largest ice-free section in Greenland.

As a country free of snow in summer, Peary Land has intrinsic value. But far greater is the value of the principle which his discovery established—that land may be good for producing food and for other human purposes, no matter how far north it is. The same reindeer that are now being cultivated north of the Arctic Circle in Alaska, with their meat sold in New York at a profit, will eventually be cultivated similarly in Peary Land, and their meat sold both in New York and London.

In a brief sketch like this we cannot go into all the many contributions that Peary made which have proved of money value. We do go into one of them later in our story, but refrain from the others because, as with most other explorers, his work justifies itself without any reference to financial return. No one who cheerfully pays taxes for education, or sends a son or daughter to college, will feel inclined to deny that knowledge for its own sake is worth while, entirely apart from whether you can cash in on it.

FRIDJOF NANSEN is still active among us. In the recent past he won the Nobel Prize for statesmanly work toward peace and rehabilitation in war-torn Europe. In the near future he is to fly the *Graf Zeppelin* on a research journey criss-crossing the Arctic several times. There is vitality in these polar men, for his career goes almost as far back as Greely's. In 1888, forty-one years ago, he made the first crossing of Greenland. In 1893 he thrust his ship into the drifting Arctic pack to test one of the most fruitful scientific theories of modern times.

The whole world saw in Nansen's daring enterprise a glamorous human adventure; the learned world saw in it, besides, a gigantic stride forward in the domain of pure science. But, without his particularly planning it or their particularly realizing it, he was to bring back with him conclusions of profound value to the commercial world. There were several of these. The one that most concerns the trend of the next few years and the development of flying in particular, was formulated by Nansen in the simple statement:

"The Arctic is less stormy, more placid, than any other equally large area of the world."

When Nansen gathered the facts upon which he based that statement, and when he published his conclusion from them, the Wrights had not yet invented the airplane, nor had Count Zeppelin made good his fundamental developments of the airship. Yet here was Nansen, a laborer in the field of pure science, laying down the condition which would bring the airplane and the airship to their most sensational usefulness, the

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opening of a safe and short route after four hundred years between the commercial centers of the Old World and the New.

Here we must step out of our chronological order for a moment to show how the Nansen formula of Arctic weather, which means Arctic flying conditions, has been verified by a series of expeditions.

The importance of my own contributions to this sequence is due largely to the accident that I had with me a practical flyer, the first who ever entered the polar regions, north or south. This was George Hubert Wilkins, now famous as Captain Sir Hubert Wilkins, who was born in the subtropics, came to us from the tropics, but who had learned flying in England from Grahame-White in 1910.

As Wilkins tramped with us over the moving Arctic pack, he studied his surroundings constantly from the flying point of view. He seized on everything in the past record of the six years I had been in the Arctic, and on everything he saw during three years he spent with us. He confirmed Nansen's findings about how favorable the placid northern air was for flying, and he supplemented these with observations of his own about how frequent and suitable for airplanes were the landing-places on the Arctic pack.

You can seem to prove whatever you like about the Arctic pack through photographs. Set up your camera in one place, and you can show it as a chaos of tumbled blocks about as suitable for airplane landing as a granite quarry. But it is equally possible to photograph every few miles a level stretch that makes an ideal aërodrome. "From above," said Wilkins, "you can see these when the weather is good; by flying two miles high, you can always have a chance to glide for a safe landing, even if your engine stops without warning."

With Nansen's good weather and Wilkins' innumerable landing-places, the Arctic became, so far as nature was concerned, the one reasonably safe flying ocean. Come down on the Arctic sea where gales are few, and there will be no heavy waves even in a gale, for it requires nothing more than scattered cakes of ice to prevent wave action. Descend into any other ocean, every one of which is more stormy than the Arctic, and you may have a disturbing swell coming in from a distance even if the vicinity of your descent is calm.

Wilkins foresaw then, six years before Alcock and Brown succeeded in flying the Atlantic, that in every southern ocean there was bound to be a heavy percentage of deaths from forced descents even on shipping lanes where steamers are more numerous. We have had distressing proof of this in recent years. Alcock and Brown did fly safely, and many flew with a safety that now looks accidental, during the eight years that intervened between Alcock-Brown and Lindbergh. But in the excitement that followed the Lindbergh publicity, nearly half of those who tried to cross the Atlantic by the Newfoundland route lost their lives, although that is the route of heavy steamship traffic.

THESE speculations of Wilkins in the Arctic in 1913 foretold the realization of a great dream. Since the Middle Ages the commercial world had been groping for a near route to the Far East. From New York, the Far East is very far, if you fly east, and the dangerous Atlantic is a handicap to flyers. The Far East is almost as far away to the west, and the flying handicaps are, if anything, greater—the difficult Rocky and Coast ranges, the wide sweep of the Pacific, and the fogs of British Columbia, south Alaska and the Aleutian Islands. More than two thousand miles can be saved by flying north from New York straight for Peking, instead of going around about either east or west.

And here was Wilkins, the first flyer in the Arctic, tramping about without mechanical wings, but the wings of his imagination taking the flights which were to bring to fruition at last the hopes of four centuries—a short road for ships to the Indies. These would not be the ships of the water as dreamed of by Francis Drake and James Cook, but ships of the air, the heavy and swift planes of the Wrights, the slower but steadier and lighter-power balloons of Zeppelin.

Wilkins seems to have been the first to conceive trans-Arctic traffic by air, at least first of those who planned to carry out the work themselves. Then came the War, and while Wilkins crossed to France and began to fly among the bursting shells of the Western Front, Peary, on the American side of the Atlantic, began to advocate air development as preparation for entry into the war, and began also to advocate the use of planes in the Arctic, but in discovery flights rather than in trans-Arctic commerce. He may have had the commercial idea at the back of his mind, but what he argued was polar exploration.

Amundsen, in a neutral country, began active work in raising money and preparing for discovery flights. He had no commercial view, for he later argued that regular use of airplanes in the North was impracticable and that the Arctic would permanently remain a difficult and dangerous flying sector. He opposed Wilkins, saying that landing-places were few or none on all the hundreds of thousands of square miles of drifting Arctic pack. He died by an Atlantic Ocean accident still holding that view, for he said in the account of his *Norge* flight: "We did not see a single landing-place" (for airplanes with skids) "on the long way from Svalbard (Spitzbergen) to Alaska. Not one."

The first step in the breaking down of the Arctic barrier was, then, taken by a man who did not believe that this barrier ever could be effectively leveled; for the Norwegian Amundsen, financed and accompanied by the American Ellsworth, flew in two flying boats north from Spitzbergen in 1925, landed in water after six hundred miles, lost one craft, loaded the two crews into the other, and came back safely to Spitzbergen.

Before the Amundsen-Ellsworth flight, several planes of several nations had tried their wings on the frontiers of the Arctic, but we do not list them because they did not contribute directly to the abolition of the polar sea as a barrier to air navigation. We mention, however, three Americans because they became great figures later—the Army lieutenant Ben Eielson, destined to pilot Wilkins; the Army pilot Floyd Bennett, destined to pilot Byrd; and the Naval commander Richard E. Byrd.

The first Wilkins-Eielson success was in the winter of 1926 when they flew from Fairbanks in the northern edge of the temperate zone in Alaska, heavily loaded, over unexplored mountains that proved to be ten thousand instead of five thousand feet high. To the ones who made it, this was probably the most spectacular and dangerous Arctic flight ever made, for few things can be more appalling than to discover of a sudden that you are traversing a narrow mountain valley at one hundred miles an hour when you thought you were above the peaks. They had, in fact, such a narrow escape in turning to avoid one of the cliffs that Wilkins, after feeling a slight jar, looked back, saw a mark in a snow-bank, and looking down saw one of his landing-wheels spinning.

But they made the six hundred miles to Barrow and flew without stopping one hundred and fifty miles out over the sea beyond. This was the first American exploration of the northern ocean by air, for they viewed about ten thousand square miles never seen by human eyes before. It was, too, the first time the American flag, as supreme on an expedition, had been carried out over the

polar sea. The Amundsen-Ellsworth expeditions carried the Norwegian flag.

After returning to Barrow from his discovery flight, Wilkins had trouble with his engines, and so it was Byrd and Bennett who made the next flight. This was from Spitzbergen to the North Pole and back, about fifteen hundred miles. The public cheered this as the second American visit to the North Pole and the first flight there, but the scientists praised it as a demonstration of the feasibility of Arctic air navigation.

The Byrd-Bennett narrative startled the public into a realization of Nansen's discoveries—though most of them did not know that Nansen had made them. For Byrd reported that on the entire flight they had experienced no temperatures colder than have been recorded by the weather bureau in New York City. To laity and scientists both, it was impressive that Byrd had done the fifteen hundred miles to the North Pole and back with the precision of a veteran captain bringing an ocean liner from Liverpool to New York.

A few days after Byrd came the Amundsen-Ellsworth-Nobile flight of the Italian-built but Norwegian-owned *Norge* from Rome to Nome. Now at last the scientific air navigation principles had a clinching demonstration, for the *Norge* had less trouble the farther north she was. She had serious difficulties between Rome and Leningrad, some difficulties between Leningrad and Spitzbergen; no difficulties at all from Spitzbergen till she had emerged from the Arctic—and a very difficult time indeed when she got into the temperate zone near Nome, Alaska. This was exactly what you would expect from the Nansen weather studies, exactly what the well-informed scientist foretold, but exactly the opposite of what the public still looked for, and therefore of inestimable value as publicity to convert them.

The pioneer value of the *Norge* flight was somewhat lessened by Amundsen's statement that he now knew from observation what he had previously known from theory, that safe landing-places did not exist on the drifting pack.

It was just the need to break down the conservative opinion represented by Amundsen which made the continuation of the Wilkins flights imperative. For difficulties handicap progress as long as they are real to the imagination, even if they are unreal on the face of the earth.

IT was an epoch-making flight, therefore, when Wilkins and Eielson took off on March 29, 1927, from Point Barrow, three hundred miles north of the Arctic Circle, intending to fly six hundred miles northwest, two hundred miles southwest, and then back to Barrow. After the first hundred miles they had left behind the farthest exploration done thirteen years before by our ship, the *Karluk*, aboard which Wilkins had been a member of the staff. For hour after hour they flew over an unknown ocean, which they suspected to be of great depth because the last *Karluk* sounding had been six thousand feet. Then, five hundred and fifty miles from land, the engine stopped. This was a dramatic trial of issues. If there were no landing-places, as Amundsen believed, there would be a fatal crash.

Wilkins took a quick but careful look, pointed a guiding finger, and Eielson brought the plane to a safe landing.

The weather had been clear that morning when they started, with a temperature of thirty degrees below zero. It was now cloudy, and a blizzard was starting. The soft falling snow made the take-off difficult, but they got away after several trials. Soon, however, the engine began to kick again. The second landing was more perilous, for the drift hid the rough spots in the ice. But they nevertheless came down successfully.

After a thorough overhauling of the engine and another take-off, the weather had turned

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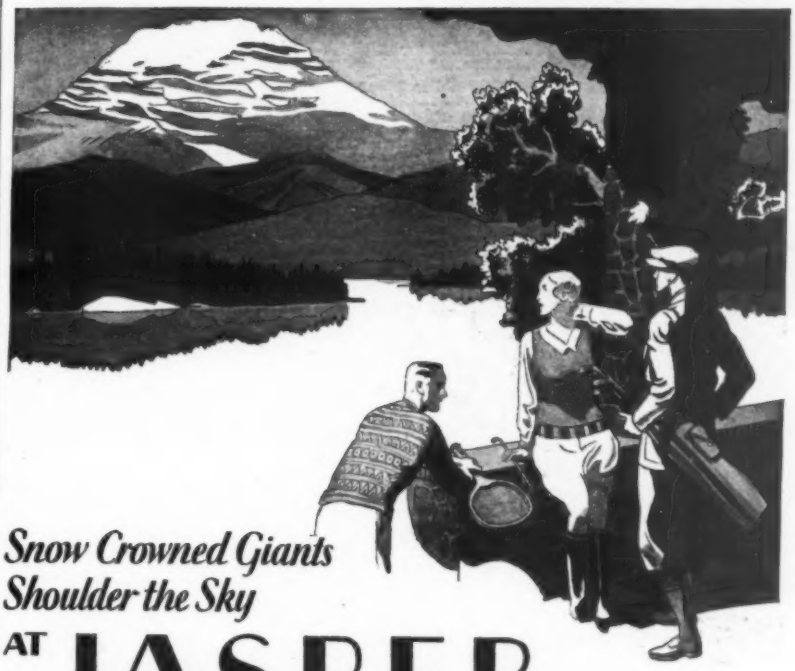

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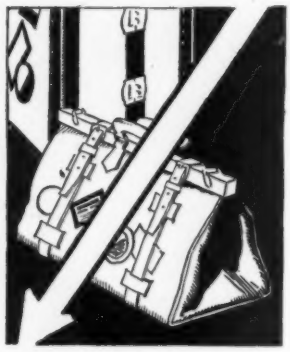

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about as bad as it ever gets in the Arctic. The wind was blowing forty or more miles an hour straight off the land; snow was flying thick, and darkness was coming on. At this stage they made their one mistake. They should have landed in daylight and waited for the storm to blow over. Instead, they tried to get ashore. The combined darkness of storm and night fell upon them. Then their engine stopped suddenly. The last drop of gas had been used up; the plane was helpless, with them a mile high.

The Wilkins theory that landing-places are numerous on the Arctic pack means only that if the weather is good and you are flying high you can usually see one or more ahead of you at any time, say fifty acres of level ice in every ten thousand of jagged chaos. But now they could see nothing, and the chances were small that they would find a level spot. Ben Eielson took that slender chance as coolly as if it had been a favorable certainty. With plane on even keel he came down as slowly as possible, straight into the wind, and made the third perfect landing. They got out, walked around the plane in the blizzard to get their blood in circulation. Then they went to bed comfortably in the cabin and slept till next morning, when they took an observation of the sun and found themselves a hundred miles from shore.

They were drifting now on a large ice-floe, for the wind had broken everything into greater or smaller fragments. During several days they were marooned on that ice island, passing the time by breaking up their machine and constructing sledges from it. When the wind stopped at last and the ice cemented itself together, they started walking toward shore, dragging the sledge behind them. They reached land in ten days.

Wilkins had now made good his contention that the Arctic is for the flyer the best of the oceans after he comes down as well as while he is still high in the air. For on what other ocean can you land safely, walk around while you tinker your plane, take off again, fly till your gasoline is exhausted, construct traveling equipment from your derelict machine, and then walk ashore a hundred miles?

ALL these achievements were in 1927, a year before the great sky journey from Alaska to Europe about which Amundsen said that it was, in his opinion, the greatest airplane flight made anywhere in the world at any time. On that journey, again piloted by Eielson, Wilkins flew twenty-two hundred miles in twenty and one-half hours, going one hundred and sixty miles out of his way to avoid the North Pole. For he is always the discoverer and teacher. As a discoverer he wanted to avoid the North Pole because it had been so frequently visited, and he chose the longer route so that he might traverse the greatest amount of unexplored territory. As a teacher he wanted to emphasize, too, what the scientists know but what the public does not seem to want to understand: that the North Pole is not particularly difficult to reach and does not have any quality that makes visiting or traversing that region specially important.

A few weeks after Wilkins landed in Europe from his flight across the polar sea, there happened north of Spitzbergen a series of accidents that were misreported and misinterpreted in the press until no one can tell just what to believe. But one thing is clear. Several Italians were thrown out upon the floating sea ice by an airship they had been riding, pitched headlong as if from a bucking bronco. If this had happened upon any iceless ocean, they would have drowned within a few minutes or at most a few hours. As it was, they puttered around on the ice for more than a week till they finally got a radio patched together and were able to send out a call for help. They were rescued after more than forty days, which goes a long way toward showing that while the Arctic is not fool-proof, it is a comparatively safe place for men of self-reliance and judgment. Had they been experienced, like Wilkins, they would have tramped ashore in less time than it took them to fix the radio.

The Russian operation toward the rescue of the Italians furnished as a by-product a superabundance of proof for the Wilkins theory that landing-places and take-off places are numerous on the Arctic pack. Sea ice is roughest in summer, for it is then corrugated and ditched by the trickle and flow of rain and thaw water. But even under these worst possible conditions, a single Russian flyer, Babushkin, made more than a dozen safe landings, half of them forced and in thick fog, and took off again safely in each case. When finally he injured his landing-gear, the damage was slight and only the sort that frequently occurs on prepared fields. With a machine-shop near, the plane could have been ready for service the next day.

THE work started by Nansen, then, had been finished by Wilkins and the Russians. The short route to the Indies had been demonstrated and merely awaits commercial development. Nothing shows the completeness of the demonstration more clearly than the mildness of public interest in Nansen's plan for an airship expedition in 1930. He says he is going to fly across the Arctic a half dozen times in various directions and no one doubts it. He says it will be easy, and we agree.

That being settled, it cannot be more than ten years or so until commercial lines are regularly established to ply weekly airships the whole year between such commercial centers as the American cities on one side and the Chinese and Japanese cities on the other. The increase of safety, the saving of time, will then repay in a few years the cost of every expedition from Nansen to Wilkins. The traffic is bound to increase rapidly, and many of us will see the day when it has repaid in addition the total expense of all expeditions that sought to establish a northern route to the East, from the time of Queen Elizabeth to that of Herbert Hoover.

We have been dealing with the Arctic but there are values in the Antarctic too. The early explorers reported, among other things, vast quantities of seals and whales. The Norwegians and others are cultivating those "fisheries" now with a success indicated by the complaint of a Scotchman which I have just found quoted in the life of the great Scottish Antarctic explorer, Dr. W. S. Bruce. It seems that the largest Norwegian Antarctic whaling company had been paying dividends of seventy per cent each year, and the profits gradually rose till one year they were one hundred and fifty per cent. This induced the Scotchman to buy some shares which, to his grief, have never since paid more than sixty per cent, with dividends some years as low as fifty per cent.

It is easy to show money value in southern waters. The same is not easy for the land. The Antarctic Continent is so isolated that no short flying route from any big city to any other lies across it. We cannot see now that it will ever be a crossroads in the sense the Arctic is bound to be. Similarly the types of resources that we have developed after discovering them in the North are either absent in the South or hedged there with peculiar difficulties.

But in saying this we had better remind ourselves that our prediction of the permanent worthiness of the Antarctic is not the first of its kind. Tacitus was sure that France would never amount to anything; Benjamin Franklin considered Ontario and Quebec too northerly for commercial development; the Republicans were ashamed of the Alaska purchase for the first thirty years. Possibly our wisdom may be no greater than that of Tacitus, Franklin, and the G. O. P.

ANONYMOUS LETTERS

(Continued from page 76)

because I prefer to use the crude classifications of the District Attorney's office rather than the involved and finely shaded meanings of the psychiatrists. Long before I named her husband as the writer of those letters, Mrs. V. knew, from some purely feminine reservoir of intelligence, who was the author. It is not uncommon to discover in poison-pen cases that the writer has sought to evade suspicion by addressing some of the letters to himself—"

"Or herself?" I suggested.

"Exactly so. It is most often a woman who indulges in this kind of spite-work."

THE horrible beginning of another anonymous affair made a great impression on me at the time. I remember that for once in my life I was really fearful to have Father pursue his profession. Ordinarily, in a murder case, or a great fraud, or some affair of like degree, he did not personally betray concern, but from the beginning of the episode of the Forresters he was upset; he was dealing with the most dreadful of all criminals.

In a row of cold and oddly assorted structures in the cemetery of a city in western Pennsylvania was one magnificent mausoleum on the lintel of which was carved in letters of stone the name of a man who had been one of the town's distinguished citizens, Kenneth M. Towne. Mr. Towne had been a railroad man of great wealth and influence. He had been a member of Congress and a friend of Grover Cleveland. Mr. Cleveland had been one of the pallbearers on the day that Mr. Towne's body was laid in the crypt. There rested also within that temple of death Mrs. Towne, her sister and her sister's husband, and two other members of the family.

The daughter of the Townes came often to this spot, which was for her a shrine, and placed there armloads of flowers. She was married, the wife of James T. Forrester of that Pennsylvania city.

It was a winter's day in 1911 when word was brought to Mrs. Forrester, at her home, of something that had happened, something so frightful that the messenger hardly could form the words with which to convey to her the news to be delivered. The family mausoleum had been entered by some unidentified persons and robbed.

(As in other instances, the names of all principals in this case have been intentionally altered to shield the victims of these crimes and also out of regard for those who, having served sentence, have reformed.)

After her first shock Mrs. Forrester determined to find the ghouls and punish them. She wanted to hire the best detectives she could get. So she telephoned to New York and consulted with the executors of her father's estate. They advised it would be best for her to hire the nearest detective agency so as to save time in beginning the hunt. Accordingly she retained a Pittsburgh concern. Immediately thereafter representatives of this organization began to arrive. One came from Pittsburgh, another from Indianapolis, and two from Philadelphia.

Several days passed and the detectives were unable to report anything of consequence —nothing, that is, which would suggest that they were likely to discover the identity of the vandals. However, one of the detectives predicted that Mrs. Forrester had not heard the last of the criminals. She could expect, any time, he said, to receive from them a threatening letter. This detective, Eli Hosmer, was a friend of my father. Mr. Hosmer was quite an elderly man and had been retained in a number of cases in which my father was employed.

Sure enough, as Mr. Hosmer had predicted, the threatening letter came. It was handed by the postman to the Forresters' maid.

In order to appreciate what feelings were evoked by this letter one should think of the nerve-racking days already experienced by the Forresters.

"Leave fifty thousand dollars," it began, "at 31st Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, on night of Feb. 28 at 12 P. M. or you will have your mausoleum blown up, and if you bring any police on 28th of February, my men will shoot them." This was signed, *"Black Hand."*

At the top of the sheet of paper was a postscript, *"Or your house will be blown up."*

That document was written on a piece of paper the left-hand edge of which had been torn off all the way down the page, leaving it ragged, uneven. A few days later the frightened family received another Black Hand communication. This one similarly torn, read as follows:

"You leave fifty thousand dollars at eleven p. m. Feb. 28, 1911, at 31st and Pennsilvanea Avenue, or you will have your branes blowed out. Either you or your wife. If you brung eny police along they will be shot and my men will take a strong battle."

This letter also was signed *"Black Hand."* Beneath that grim signature was a crude drawing of a skull and crossbones, and below that significant device was written: *"Deth."*

My father was called into the case by post-office inspectors. Immediately he was told of something illuminating that had occurred between the receipt of the first and of the second letters.

Eli Hosmer, the detective acquaintance of my father, had shown the first letter to the postmaster of the city, a gentleman named Sobel, with the comment that it appeared to be the work of an uneducated person.

"I think not," objected Mr. Sobel. "I do not think an uneducated person would have spelled correctly such words as 'Pennsylvania' and 'mausoleum.'" Hosmer held to his point, but when the next letter arrived, not only were the two words mentioned spelled incorrectly but other and easier words as well.

So it happened that post-office inspectors who were brought into the case arrested two detective agency men, Hosmer and Warren. A post-office inspector brought the letter and some specimens of the handwriting of the men under arrest to my father's office in New York. He was, as I have said, made unhappy by the case. Mr. Hosmer was an old man, and Father had known him a long time.

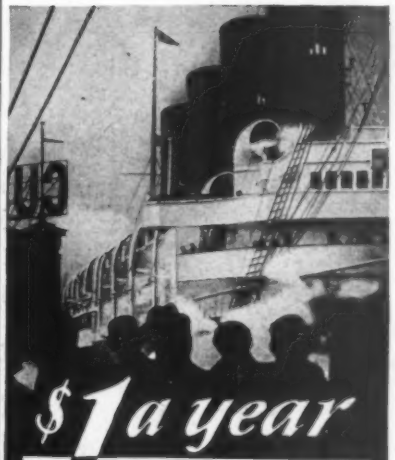
At the trial the defendant's lawyer thought he had cornered David N. Carvalho because of a certain hesitancy in the manner of this usually correct witness. So he pressed him hard about some of his responses to questions.

"Why," asked the lawyer, "did it take you so long to come to a conclusion as to the authorship of these letters?"

Once more Father hesitated. He had explained that he had interrupted his consideration of the disputed writings in order to make a trip into Canada. At last he said:

"Do you want to know the real answer to that question? It is this: One of the defendants is a personal friend of mine. I began work on the case and then dropped it as I studied further. I disliked the work; for I could not believe at first that a friend of mine would do it."

HE then gave testimony which showed that the Black Hand letters were written by the detective Warren. Hosmer, my father's friend, was completely trapped. He was the only person who had participated in the conversations about the letters with the postmaster and with Mr. and Mrs. Forrester. Warren was sent to the Federal penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas, for five years, and Hosmer was given a sentence of three years.



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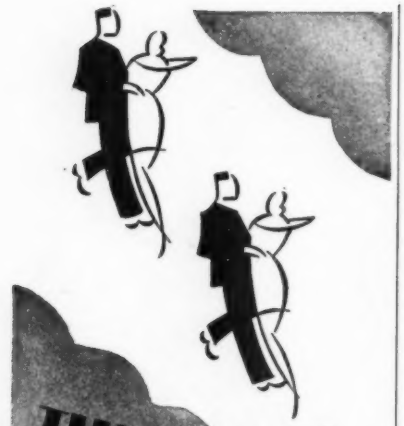

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Both appealed, but a higher court affirmed their conviction.

In telling me about that case one time my father said:

"I first selected out of the anonymous writing what I saw to be its real characteristics. I saw, for instance, that the *'ill'* when he wrote *'will'* always was perfectly made. I decided that those letters belonged to his true writing. Their formation showed, too, that they had been made by a man who had been well schooled in writing.

"I noted that his *'w'* was usually sprawled, but in one place he forgot and made a perfect *'w.'* This showed that he knew how. The loops of the *'g'* and *'y'* were unusually long. In the two missives he only once made another letter cross them. It was characteristic of him to avoid carefully, in the line just below, any entanglement of the two lines of writing. He would go so far in his avoidance of those dangling loops as to write a word clear to the edge of the sheet and so finish it before it reached the loop.

"This was a permanent habit with him, and he was unconscious of it. It was so abnormal in handwriting that I knew it to be his real and not his feigned penmanship.

"I had an abundance of the normal writing of both Warren and Hosmer. It was as easy to identify Warren as the writer of the Black Hand notes as it would be for you to identify one of my photographs; but there was another piece of evidence against Warren. In his pocket, when he was arrested in a far-distant city, the post-office inspectors found several torn strips of paper. The edges of two of these sheets matched perfectly the serrated edges of the two Black Hand notes. Why had he saved them? It may be that he planned to use this as proof later, or that he had found the writer of the letters.

"I can see a question in your eyes. You wish to know why these detectives could behave in such a fashion. My dear child, you must remember that some private detectives live by means of fears and jealous curiosity. Sometimes it pays them to stimulate the fears of their clients. That is what Hosmer and Warren wished to do. By frightening Mr. and Mrs. Forrester, they hoped to be continued in their service."

"That wasn't what I wished to know at all," I objected. "Who were the ghouls? What was their motive?"

"If Hosmer and Warren had been better detectives I might have been able to tell you the identity of the ghouls. That remains a mystery. As to the motive, that is something equally obscure. It is an offense that occurs only once in a great while. For its performance there was required a blend of insanity and cowardice that is compounded in human skulls infrequently. I can see that you feel a craving for revenge on such enemies of society. If you will just allow yourself to think what terrible dreams must haunt them, you will have that revenge."

From Mrs. Forrester we used to receive a delightful present every autumn, a token of her gratitude to my father for delivering her from the incubus of fear invoked by those Black Hand notes.

DISEASED minds were responsible for most of the poison-pen cases studied by David N. Carvalho. There was one in which a spinster caused a great deal of unhappiness in an Eastern city by means of unsigned letters which she wrote.

She was a lonely creature without the power to attract men. When the new minister of the church which she attended took a room in a house across the street from her home she took a great interest in his movements. He was a bachelor and good looking. The ordinary way of expressing what happened to her would be to say that she fell in love with him.

Out on the surface of the ocean conflicting winds encounter one another, and a storm results. Those storms can be predicted by meteorologists, but what kind of a scientist is able to warn mankind against the unseen emotional storms that are brewed within the skull-cases of defective men and women? This woman with all the hungers of a feminine soul crying out for gratification twisted those normal desires into a hideous mold. Probably the poor creature never has discovered that all of her vicious behavior which finally brought her family notoriety and intense humiliation would have been turned into something milder and finer if only she could have fallen in love with some one who might have loved her in return.

She began to watch the minister from behind the curtains of her windows. He could not come in so late at night, nor leave so early in the morning that she was not watching. With anger in her heart she saw him escorting young ladies of the parish to gay little parties. That was all right. The trouble was that this spinster's fancy kept on seeing after doors had been closed against her eyes.

What improper things she saw in fancy she began to write in the form of letters addressed to members of the church. As her fury mounted against the unconscious preacher she satisfied a growing appetite for revenge by increasing the amount of her writing and the wickedness of her charges.

Even though the minister married an entrancing beauty from another city, this curious love burned with a growing intensity. Perhaps it was a love turned to acid, but that does not alter the fact that it flowed from the same fountain from which comes love. One young woman of the parish received a hundred letters from the spinster. A number of individuals received scores. Naturally the people in the church were greatly stirred by the unceasing attack on their minister. Then the post-office inspectors were called into the case.

By a thoroughgoing examination of the envelopes of all of these so-called poison-pen letters they were able to establish to their own satisfaction that the spinster was mailing them. The post-office inspectors have at their disposal an interesting bag of tricks. They can cause a suspected person to buy marked stamps, among other things.

IN this case the woman betrayed herself by giving way to her emotions during unguarded moments. Once she leaned from her spy window and hissed as the clergyman passed her home. Several times she had uttered as gossip some of the fanciful matters that she was secretly spreading by means of the unsigned letters. When she was first taken into custody she was asked to write for the post-office inspectors. The standard of her writing thus obtained was then given to a handwriting expert,—a contemporary of Carvalho,—and he was satisfied that the right person had been arrested. Father also was sure the woman was the writer.

Because of a flaw in the Federal laws, one that has since been corrected, the woman was not convicted, but she was nevertheless punished. She was shunned by all in her town, which has never since been afflicted by letters such as she once wrote in profusion.

Many times my father was employed in such cases, sometimes by the authorities and sometimes privately. If the writers of such letters would be content to express themselves in this manner once and then stop, few of them would be caught; but most of them keep on and on until finally they betray themselves. When they become suspected, it is a simple matter to obtain, by some pretext, a sample of their handwriting. This, given to a handwriting expert along with some of the anonymous writing, is invariably sufficient to establish their guilt.

In the loom mills of the Draper Company at Hopedale, Massachusetts, in 1911, employees were kept in a state of nervous dread

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for weeks because of a series of threatening letters signed *"Black Hand."* In these predictions were made that the mills would be blown up, that the owners would be murdered, and that certain other dire things would occur. Former Governor Eben S. Draper of Massachusetts was one of the owners of this company. The unidentified writer demanded the discharge of certain foremen in the plant, and also directed the Drapers to increase wages in the bobbin department of their mills. Instead, the Drapers retained a private detective agency.

About this time certain acts of sabotage were committed in the mill. A belt, by means of which power was transmitted to the bobbin department, was cut. Several fires were started. There was no doubt in the minds of the Drapers that the name of their enemy was inscribed somewhere on their pay-rolls. Detectives were scattered through the mills. They were placed on the pay-rolls too, and punched time-clocks and followed the routine of the regular employees. Gradually they narrowed their list of suspected persons to a few names, and finally to one. This person, a young man employed in the bobbin department, was induced to do some writing.

These standards for comparison, and the two "Black Hand" letters were mailed to Father in New York. He determined that one hand had written both standards and the anonymous letters and gave that as his opinion in a written report. The suspect was then arrested and promptly confessed.

"If the anonymous writer of letters will just keep on writing long enough," my father used to say, "he will not long remain anonymous."

(Other actual episodes in the extraordinary career of David N. Carvalho will be narrated in an early issue.)

MERMAID AND CENTAUR

(Continued from page 84)

to Miz Greble—she's the wife of the president of the Midfield National Savings Bank, and her daughter was born the same day as Two Cents. You'd ought to see her—rich as all get-out, but ugly!

"Well, anyways, Two Cents don't seem to belong to the Tanners. And they all pick on her like sparrows pick on a bluebird. The three oldest girls are the only ones ever married, and they married farmhands—two of 'em had what we call shotgun weddings.

"Moe said the other sisters would 'a' had husbands too, only Pop Tanner ran out of powder and shot.

"Georgetta—she's the fourth one—got into trouble—"

Zarna broke in: "I know the story—except what became of the baby."

"What baby?"

"Pete's and Georgetta's."

"Oh. Why, Two Cents is bringin' that up. Georgetty kind of turned against it."

"Sounds to me as if Two Cents was a pretty white kid."

"You're right. She is."

"Funny! I've met ever'body in the country but her, seems-like. I suppose she don't come because she thinks I stole her property."

"What prop'ty of hers did you steal?"

"You, o' course."

"Aw, go on!"

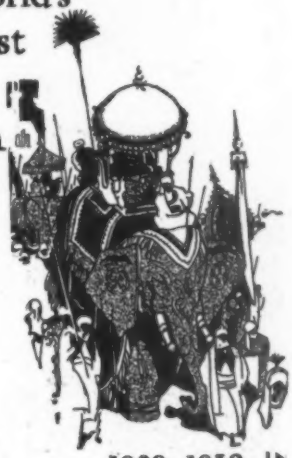
"If you'd married Two Cents, you'd have done two people a good turn and got a good wife instead of a misplaced acrobat."

"Aw, you!"

He reached out and drew her head to his shoulder, tipping her chair over and swooping her to his lap with gorilla strength.

She disentangled herself with forced laughter and sat up straight on the long runway of his legs, while he pawed her as if she were a pet animal.

What *would* the world's greatest travel system plan?



1929...1930 WINTER

CRUISES

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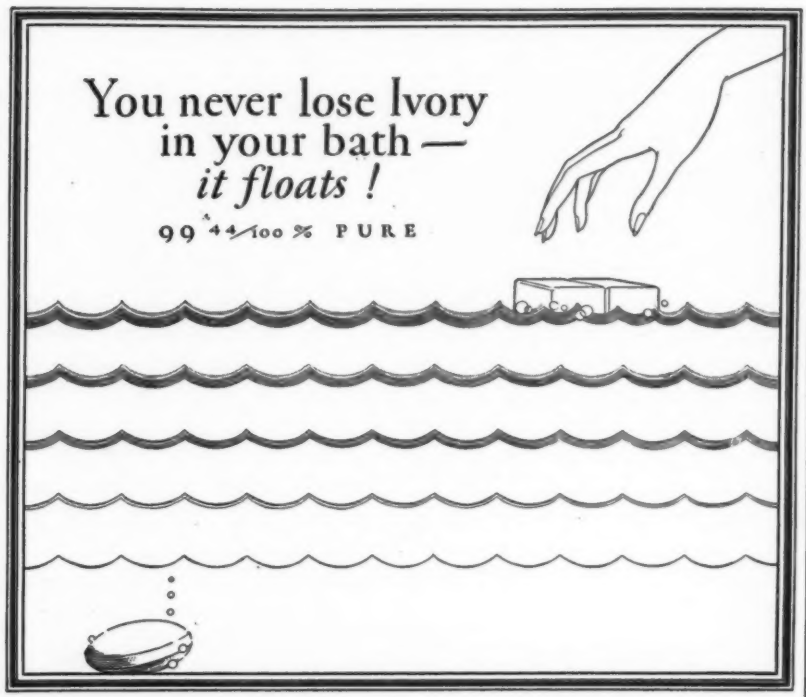

SELECTING *THE* SCHOOL

The training, association and environment experienced during school years lay the foundations for success or failure in future life. The selection of *the* school best suited to develop each individual therefore should be a matter of thought and thorough investigation. This is especially true of boarding schools which prepare for college and for life, but it also holds good for schools of professional and special training.

The Red Book Magazine publishes each month the largest and most representative list of school announcements to be found in any magazine. Consult our School Directory and write direct to the schools which interest you. The principals are, at all times, glad to send catalogues and answer letters of inquiry. If you do not find a school in pages 13-24 which seems to answer your requirements as to courses or location, ask our assistance.

The Red Book Magazine's Department of School Information has helped hundreds of parents select schools for their boys and girls. We have also helped many young people who appeal to us to find a school where they may procure just the training for a chosen occupation. The same service is at your disposal. Our service is based on personalized information obtained through visits to representative schools in all parts of the country. In order to be fully helpful we need data on the following: type of school—college preparatory or general academic (in the case of a boy, military or non-military), finishing, post-graduate, business, technical, secretarial, art, music, dramatic, dancing, etc., in what section of the country; approximate amount you plan to pay per year for board and tuition, or tuition only for schools of special training; exact age, religion, and previous education of prospective pupil. Enclose stamped return envelope and address

The Director, Department of Education

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

420 Lexington Avenue, New York City

She was rescued from this profound humiliation by Jason's groan of disgust:

"Aw, hell, they're makin' a break for our place!"

Keziah Tanner, having tried everything else, had discovered that one reason for the car's failure to move was the absence of gasoline in the tank. So he had summoned his flock to bolt for the Brafford house. They came with the rush of enormous wet hens and a few scrawny roosters.

There was nothing to do but let them in, and the whole house was filled with Tanners drenched and dripping, garrulous and intolerable. Even Rita's room was crowded, and the place was so noisy with the hubbub over her seal that Jason, after introducing Zarna to those that filled the parlor, went to Rita's room, found Two Cents there and took her aside to beg her to clear the others out before they exhausted Rita.

"Do you want me out too, Jason?" she asked, staring at him with the eyes of a beaten dog.

"Course not. You stay and keep her comp'ny." He said to the others: "Come on into the parlor and meet m' wife." There was a rush, at that, but Two Cents remained with Rita.

She was glad not to have to confront Zarna, but Rita would talk of no one else.

In the parlor Zarna thought only of Two Cents while she listened to all the others asking silly questions and giving wrong answers without waiting for her to reply. There was no escape for her, since there was a solid barricade between her and the door.

They were a rough and noisy family with tongues hung long and loose. Jason offered to take them to church in his car, but they were not to be moved. It dawned on Jason that they were actually preparing to stay on and on until he would be forced to invite them to the midday dinner.

THAT possibility was being discussed in the kitchen, and Mrs. Gumbert was hardly able to endure the thought. Moe, who was drying himself out by the kitchen stove, made a suggestion:

"Why don't you cook 'em a nice pie out o' that rat poison you got?"

"I would," said Mrs. Gumbert, "only they'd clutter up the place."

Moe held up the can for her to read: "Says here, *'They die outside the house.'* Come on, sprinkle on enough for the old man, anyway."

Mrs. Gumbert snatched the can from him and set it out of sight, as if to put temptation at a distance.

As the hours wore on, it was evident that the Tanners were not to be dislodged. The rain had slackened, and Jason had commented on the fact more than once without effect. So Zarna, realizing that the sooner they were fed the sooner they would be gone, took it upon herself to invite them to take pot-luck with the family.

They pretended to find the suggestion impossible, but they made no pretense of rising, so Zarna went to the kitchen door and called through:

"Mrs. Gumbert!"

"What?" snapped the cook, a big knife in hand.

Zarna smiled. "Put down that battle-ax or I wont tell you."

Mrs. Gumbert flung the blade aside, and Zarna went on: "You'll be pleased to hear that we got comp'ny—just a few Tanners. Count 'em—six—count 'em! I invited 'em to have pot-luck, and I hope it's bad."

"I'll see to that," said Mrs. Gumbert. But from sheer self-respect she set to work to teach them what a banquet might be.

On her way back to the parlor Zarna looked in at Rita's room. She found Two Cents there, recognized her from their first encounter, and saw, in a mingled jealousy and honesty, that the girl had beauty and

a mind and good character, or rather the suffocated beginnings of all of them. Cheap and ugly clothes, cheap and ugly company, cheap and ugly opportunities had starved all three possibilities so far that they were conspicuous only by their frustration.

Zarna felt again that strange troubling sense of guilt. She had usurped a place that belonged to somebody else. She had not tried to cheat; she had been dragged into her place; she had frankly mentioned that it belonged to Two Cents; yet the feeling remained that she was occupying the home and the bed and even the torments that had been meant for Two Cents.

AS she paused at the door, she was unheeded. Rita was exhibiting Prince but talking about Zarna. It seemed to Zarna that it was pretty tough for Two Cents to have to hear this from Jason's sister. If she had not been fagged with the glory of being Mrs. Brafford, she might have exulted over her defeated rival, but she felt sorry for her. She came forward, saying:

"This is Miss Tanner, I p'sume." Two Cents nodded, frightened. Zarna put out her hand: "I'm Mrs. Brafford."

Rita piped up: "Oh, I been tellin' her what a saint you are."

"I hope she knew better'n to believe you, you rascal."

"It's true—every word of it, and more words than I know," Rita insisted.

Zarna turned to Two Cents: "I hope you don't hate me too hard."

"Hate you?" faltered Two Cents with a sincerity that showed how unknown the emotion was to her.

"Yes," said Zarna. "When I hear a person praised to the skies, I always hate 'em in advance."

Two Cents smiled and flattered her by a look of disbelief, but did not quite dare contradict her.

Zarna sat down and did most of the talking. She was impelled somehow to make fun of herself, to tell anecdotes of her ridiculous blunders, to emphasize the mistake Jason had made in turning her loose on his farm.

The lamentable result, as Zarna saw, was that Two Cents discredited her self-slander and loved her for its modesty. The two women were drawn to each other by their oppositeness, by their lack of the same qualities and experiences.

Zarna had a flash of light in the back of her head. She realized why, in certain rare cases, polygamy has succeeded, and two wives have lived together with one husband more happily than in many homes one wife has lived with a husband and a suspicion.

It surprised her to have such a thought of any woman. Like all normal women, she had an instinctive hostility toward all other women. In her earlier, more flirtatious days, she had stolen their lovers ruthlessly and taken an added pleasure from their discomfiture. In her later years of struggle for a living she had learned to appreciate the hardships of other women struggling for a living and for a little love as honey for their bitter bread. She had found friendships among women, and in the sudden new spirit of the new day had come to feel that women had interests in common, common reasons for hostility against their ancient male despoilers of more than their virtue, robbers of their freedom, their opportunities, their higher duties.

Zarna despised groveling women; yet there was nothing contemptible in the meekness of Two Cents. She was courageous, she was efficient, she was a sister of charity in the degradation of her home. It was her lack of greed, of selfishness or ruthlessness that made her lovable somehow, even to the woman who should have hated her.

While she talked, Zarna was doing a vast amount of under-thinking. It did not fail to occur to her that she could not have regarded Two Cents either with such pity or such admiration if she herself had loved Jason as consumingly as she imagined that Two Cents loved him.

This troubled her deeply. She felt that the very ability to think such things was a treachery to Jason, and to love and to wifely devotion. But accusing herself of treachery did not absolve herself of it, nor end it, nor enable her to escape from herself.

A most uncomfortable confrontation, that: a wife who looked with helpless admiration on her rival and questioned her own right to her own husband; and a defeated rival, who found herself doomed to spinsterhood, deprived of her right to make happy the man of her choice, and was yet unable to feel anything but almost affectionate admiration for the thief of her life.

If they had both gone to church they would have lost the strange, the very rare sensation of obeying the very gospel that Mr. Powell was wasting on the few hard hearts gathered beneath him in his cold wet chapel; for he was indeed expounding what so many have heard and said and so few have practiced, least of all perhaps the loudest preachers of it:

"If ye do good to them which do good to you, what thank have ye? For sinners also love those that love them.

"And if ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thank have ye? For sinners also lend to sinners, to receive as much again.

"But love ye your enemies, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again, and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the Highest: for he is kind unto the unthankful and to the evil."

Zarna had never heard or read those infinitely repeated phrases, but her heart was troubled with their appeal. Yet she berated herself for that spirituality and took it as proof of her unworthiness to call herself a true wife; she was tormented with the inability to believe that one could love everybody without betraying somebody.

Her head was swimming with so much self-analysis during the conduct of so much polite chatter with a mutually discomfiting guest, when Delia stuck her head in to say:

"Dinner's on the table."

Two Cents wanted to hide from the mob and stay with Rita, but Zarna took her arm and led her to the crowded dining-room, to the undisguised amazement of the other Tanners, and of Jason. And Zarna saw that Two Cents was not crowded away from the trough by the rest of the Tanners, all gabbling and gobbling with no thought of separating the two activities.

After an appalling hour of gluttony, the family adjourned to the parlor again.

Jason had Moe fill the tank of their car with gasoline and demonstrate its resurrection, but they lingered on until Two Cents was driven to rescue Jason and Zarna by a sudden desperate protest:

"Ma—Pa—I think it's a perfect shame to break in on these folks, eat 'em out of house and home and then settle down for life!"

At this the squatters rose, and in apologizing for staying so long stayed far longer.

Finally they were gone, and Jason and Zarna fell into chairs exhausted.

NEARLY every day Zarna took the baby seal Prince into the pond for his lesson in swimming. Susanne swam too, and having discovered that her jealous attacks on her child brought only blows and abuse from Zarna, she learned to tolerate him and by example to stimulate his imagination and waken in his flippers a suppressed skill.

He tried his best, and when left in the shallow-edge water would venture beyond his depth, only to sink with gurgling croaks that brought Zarna to his salvation. But usually he would simply loll in the shallows and

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THE BLUE BOOK MAGAZINE

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play with weeds and bits of floating wood that he tossed in air and caught without instruction.

Once, when Zarna was sporting in the middle of the pond with Susanne, she heard Prince cry out for help. He had pushed out to follow, changed his mind and tried to flounder back; he was drowning, and Zarna was too far away to reach him in time.

Susanne was racing alongside. When Zarna cried to her: "Go in—go in, Susanne!" the mother seal suddenly felt in her heart something wakened by that bleating terror and those disappearing flippers. She leaped in air and looped across the surface of the pond at a speed that made the water whiten about her keel.

She dived, caught her son by the nape of his neck, whisked him from the mud to the air, raced him to shore, and was nosing him and coaxing him to live when Zarna fell down by his side panting.

Prince obeyed his mother, and he lived. After that, having broken through the perverse inhibitions of captivity, Susanne reverted to the habits of her kind.

Summoning Prince to follow her, she now gave him an exhibition of plain and fancy swimming in terms appropriate to the seal mind, and impossible to a human teacher so differently built and balanced and propelled.

The young seal seemed to catch the idea at last, and rushed to the pond with fine confidence. But as soon as he realized how deep the water was beneath him, his confidence deflated like a punctured life-preserver.

At his first whimper of terror Susanne slid under him, and came up. Spluttering and gasping, he gripped her with his foreflippers, and she took him for a ride.

When he began to revel in the speed, she submerged, leaving him to flap madly about a moment. Then she was there again. Gradually he came to expect her and to venture. Soon the secret came to him. Like a fledgling that totters on the brink of a nest, falls overboard into the air and is abruptly a bird, he became a seal in one inspired instant.

Thenceforward he had only to increase his strength and copy his mother's arts. And now Susanne had a companion, and the two spent hours in chasing fish, tossing driftwood, playing hide and seek and indulging in sham battles.

Prince now had a house of his own like his mother's, and like her, a private bath of water that Zarna kept salted and chilled for the sake of health and vigor.

Often, during Zarna's attempts to teach Prince to leave the land and become a water mammal, Jason had sat down on the shore and watched with envy. When Zarna begged him to join the class, he would shake his head and go away.

It shamed him to be unable to compete with a seal pup, and to be an ignoramus in a field where his wife was such a scholar. He realized that Zarna's pleas had a tender reason, and that she wanted his companionship in her other world as well as in his. But he could not bring himself to be ridiculous in her sight. He dared not let her see how hopelessly inferior he was to her Captain Querl. He teased himself with a dream of finding the time and a teacher, and a secret place in which he might practice until he should be expert. Then he would surprise Zarna by his mastery. But the dream was not even a hope.

ZARNA chanced to be trimming rosebushes near the gate one afternoon when the rural mail carrier dropped some letters in the box and hoisted the signal-flag. She sauntered out for the paper and was stunned to find among the letters one addressed to her. She recognized Harry Querl's flourishes.

The envelope burned her fingers. She was about to tear it open when she heard Jason's

voice. He had seen her and was coming toward her with an amiability that she hated to have spoiled by this intrusion of ancient history. She could not be sure what Querl had said; she could never be sure of him.

Harry Querl knew all the card tricks and had taught a few of them to Zarna. One of them was the art of palming. By the time Jason joined her, she had slipped the letter into her apron pocket beneath her handkerchief. Fortunately it was not a fat letter. The writing was labored. It had probably been written in the hospital bed, in pain.

She handed Jason the rest of the mail and he glanced at it with indifference. She hoped to steal away from him on some pretext, but Delia met them at the door with the word that supper was on the table in Miss Rita's room.

"I'll wash my hands," said Zarna.

"If this is goin' to be as swell as all that, I'll wash mine," said Jason.

He went with her to their room, and was as playful as a loving grizzly bear. He would be loving—with a contraband letter in her pocket!

She could tell that there was something on his mind too, but she was afraid to ask what it might be. He was in high spirits, as importantly hilarious as a boy with a Christmas present hidden somewhere.

Throughout the supper Jason was harrowingly happy. Afterward for a full hour he insisted on holding Zarna on his lap. She expected every moment that he would discover the letter in her pocket.

Suddenly he heard the clock strike and leaped to his feet:

"I got to go out to the barn and—and I got to go out to the barn."

Zarna knew that he had some other errand, but she was glad to let him have his secret. She went with him to the porch, kissed him, and stood waving to him.

SHE hated herself for pretending that this was a tribute of affection when it was really to make sure that he was at a safe distance. But her purpose was to save him distress and she forgave herself the deceit.

When she saw him enter the barn she hurried to her room, to the bathroom, locked the door and opened Querl's letter. She read it with a thrill of relief. Harry had done the right thing, the happy, tactful thing once more. It was a helpful letter meant to set her husband's mind at rest concerning him.

"Dear Zarna:

"I can't write very good yet with my bum hand, but I mustent wait any longer to thank you and your good husband for your telegram. It was very thoughtful of you both to send same and I sure appreciate it. I am comeing along fine and expect to join Uncle Tom soon but buisnes has been so rotten every week a bloomer you sure haven't missed much in quitting except a lot of hard luck. Hopeing you and your good husband are enjoying the best of health and all hapiness

"Your freind

H. Querl."

At first Zarna could only feel grateful to Harry for what he might have said and had not. Then she felt rising between the lines words that it must have been as hard not to write from his wounded heart as it was hard to write the words he wrote with his wounded hand.

Dear old Harry! He had his faults, but he had a way of his own. He could sure heap coals of fire on the head of a dame that did him dirt.

She wondered now how to show the letter to Jason without arousing his suspicion as to her reason for withholding it in the first place. She decided to save it until tomorrow, seal it up again and pretend to open it in his presence and read it for the first time.

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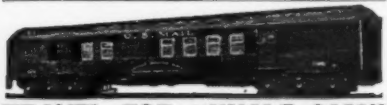

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She hid it under the carpet edge and felt safe. Now she could wonder what Jason's secret was. What was he up to, anyway?

She ran to the barn to find him. He was not there. She hurried from shed to ice-house to poultry-yard. The moon was bright and the stars blithe. But where was her husband?

AS she turned back to the house, she heard a loud splashing in the pond. She thought that Susanne must have escaped. But she was locked in her house.

Zarna went down to the pond to see what animal could be at large. She found her husband there. His coat and breeches and outer shirt were piled on his shoes and socks; himself was out in the pond in his underclothes trying to learn to swim.

He was so earnest about it that he did not see her as he floundered, kicked, sank, rose, coughed, spat, and went at it again.

She laughed till she staggered; then her heart burned with the meaning of his struggle. It was to please her.

An idea came to her. Stealing into the gloom of the trees, she slipped off everything she had on except her step-ins. Where the lofty poplars threw a fallen steeple of shadow across the pool, she stole in waist-deep, sidled up as near as she could, and then silently made of herself a javelin, thrust herself deep and swam under water until she caught Jason by the ankles and threw him forward on his face.

His yell of terror was cut off short, but he came up in a panic to find her laughing. She was unearthly beautiful in the moonlight, and he stared at her in awe.

His shame at being caught and at being so much the bungler where she was so nimble was forgotten in his delight at finding her grateful for his intention. Then she overawed him by the learning she displayed.

Her words were wonderful, her illustrations of what to do and what not were so vivid that it seemed impossible to fail when he tried to take her hints. But his hateful members would not obey his orders, and the water would not uphold him.

Leaving him to practice certain arm-strokes and leg-motions, she launched herself sidewise in the water for a little swim. She went so easily and buoyantly that he tried to mimic her and threw himself sidewise.

He was so tall and cast himself so far that he found his long limbs groping in vain for foothold. The earth seemed to sink away from him as fast as the water. Rage and fear kept him from crying out. Water forced itself into his nostrils and strangled him. Choking, he inhaled more.

The first Zarna knew of his peril was when she saw how far out he was and how purposeless his arms. She went to him with mighty overhand strokes, and forgetting all the warnings she had learned about approaching drowning people, she swam right into his arms.

Jason was no more capable of reasoning than a man falling off a skyscraper. The unreality of the water paralyzed his soul and left his muscles to their own instincts. Like all drowning men, he was a maniac.

One hand caught in Zarna's hair and clenched it, driving her head down. The other embraced her arms and crowded them against her body.

As they sank together it broke her heart more than it frightened her to think of Jason killing her so hideously in such infamous selfishness so little realized.

In the ooze and weeds they fought, he in a mere explosion of muscular energy destroying itself, she in a frenzied wriggling and twisting. Then the ghost of Harry Querl came to her aid. She remembered what he had taught her about the art of staying under water. She saved her breath and her strength and tried to remember what he had told her about the fights he had had with drowning men.

One thing was to knock them senseless. But how could she strike Jason in the jaw when her arms were pinioned?

A disgust with life, a weariness that began to resemble a contentment with death crept over her. She lost count of how many times they came to the surface, how many glimpses she caught of the placid moon and the blithe stars through drenched eyes, how many little gulps for air she took, before Jason buried her again in the swoon of the depths.

(The climax of this remarkable novel occurs in the following installment—in the next, the June, issue.)

ENTER THE PRINCE

(Continued from page 65)

brass beds back! Nowadays Americans prefer mustiness—what would you do about that? Aren't half our palaces already emptied out into the States?"

He grinned but she looked cross. She said she had given up the decorating idea for a career, anyway; she'd rather go into motion pictures.

"The cinemas!" His tone held such amazed consternation that she looked at him in astonishment. "Why, don't you like the cinemas?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, I like 'em—but to be *in* them! Millions of people staring at you!"

"Not at *me*. Only at my picture."

"Exactly. And you'd like that? Oh, my Lord!" He groaned, and she laughed. But he said, positively: "I shouldn't like you in pictures at all."

"Why?"

"You're too pretty."

Her eyes fell again. She dug a hole in the sand, and poured sand over her motion-picture magazine. "So that's settled," she said, a little unsteadily. "The book's buried. However, it was already settled." She laughed, grimly. "My father's old-fashioned. He thinks 'careers' are unwomanly—that a woman's career is marriage."

"Why—don't you want to get married?"

She suddenly lifted eyes direct and blazing. "I do! But not to be trafficked, sold! Not to somebody my father picks for me! I want to choose my own mate!"

The Prince drew a deep breath. For a second his eyes clung to hers. "I—understand." He was not sure whether he spoke the words.

She went on rapidly, passionately: "He's picked out two or three already! They were—unspeakable! I wouldn't have it, I *wont* have it!"

The Prince was now not looking at her. He said slowly: "I had no idea—I thought Americans were different. I would have supposed you—a free agent."

She gave an angry snort of a laugh. But almost at once she laughed again, less tensely, so that he dared look at her again. Never had he seen eyes which could so sweep from storm to sunshine—never eyes so blue!

"But I'll do something," she said with confidence and determination. "I have several gifts," she added with no notable modesty. "I wouldn't mind being a dressmaker; one of those cracking, bang-up ones—'creations,' you know. I like to design and sew. I made this dress I have on—how d'you like it?"

IT was a simple, slender, scant garment showing slender silken legs to the knees and slender satiny arms to the shoulder. It was colored vividly and abominably russet-and-orange-and-red, smashing you square

between the eyes, and yet, on her, strangely beautiful.

"I like it, but,"—hesitating,—"I'd like to see you in blue."

She laughed again, a laugh different from the others, and the nicest. "No wonder the women are all mad about you," she said.

The Prince blushed and made a noise in his throat. "Poppycock," he muttered.

"Every place you go they make a dead rush for you and you know it!"

"Please," he said.

"Oh, you needn't feel badly, for I suppose you can't help it. But they make fools of themselves just the same. Why, I know a girl, and she's never laid eyes on you, and she keeps a scrap-book about you! She clips every scrap of print she can find, and pastes it in. And photographs! She's preserved you in uniform, in mufti, in your airplane, on horseback, on shipboard—almost in the cradle; she even has you as a baby!"

"Oh, I say—*please*," he begged. "What can I say? Of course I appreciate meeting people, and chatting with them a bit; everyone's so awful decent to me. And I like to dance, to have a good time—I'd love to dance with *you*."

THIS *finale* was another thing that came out without premeditation; he regretted it sharply the instant he had uttered it

But she merely said: "I suppose there are tremendous goings-on over at the Palace. I've been wasting precious time—tell me all!"

His face clouded. "Must I?"

"Why not? Don't you like the people?"

"Oh, they're corking people, awfully decent and kind and all that—but if you knew what it means to get away for a free breath. Like this!"

She gazed at him attentively; a certain gentle commiseration dawned in her eyes. "You really hate it, don't you?"

"I've a job I'd rather not have," he answered quietly, "if I could have my own way."

She seemed to study his handsome, pleasant young face, which had gone rather stern again. "What would you like to do, if you could pick your own job?" she asked.

"How do I know? I've been trained to nothing—nothing useful one could earn a living with. But I'd like to be a tram-conductor, policeman—anything I could earn my living at, and call my soul my own!"

She looked very sober. Perhaps she saw what it meant to be a prince.

"You could be an aviator," she suggested. "I don't believe there's anybody braver than you in the air—not even Lindy."

"Ah, Lindy!"—kindling to enthusiasm. "There's a real fellow! A peach—a prince!"

"He's no better at his job than you are," she insisted. "He's had more chance, that's all. I know that's treason from an American, but it's what I think."

"Lindy's a good chap."

"He seems as nice as he's courageous," she agreed. "Nothing seems able to turn his head. They say he loathes being mobbed and pedestaled, and that he jumps at the click of a camera."

The Prince permitted himself a moment's bitter frankness. "Any time he *can't* stand it, he can simply clear out and fly away. 'He flies alone!'—how'd he like to travel with a bodyguard?" And again he gave that short laugh. "Can you fancy *me* winging out alone across the Atlantic? What chance!"

"Did you bring your airplane here?" she asked.

"No. They wouldn't let me. But I've got a corking car. Goes like the wind, and smooth as velvet." He glanced at her. "I'd like to take you for a ride in my car."

But he didn't actually ask her. She didn't expect him to; he couldn't if he had really wanted to—the publicity. But before he rose to go, he asked again: "Where are you staying? Could I come to see you?"

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She gave a little ejaculation of astonishment and dismay. "Well—Your Highness!"

"I'd like to," he pleaded, flushing.

Her eyes were mischievous, but her lips rather strained. "Think it over," she said. "It's published around the world that you're here to see a charming princess—with possible views toward matrimony—and then you go calling on *me.*"

Under her merriment, mischief, and something like bright disdain, his eyes fell.

"I want to," he said doggedly.

"Are your intentions honorable?" she mocked.

He glanced up quickly at that. "Please," he said, "don't joke about it."

Her own eyes fell, and the pulse in her throat beat visibly. But she forced a smile. "The next time you mightn't be so lucky—*click-click* goes the camera! I mightn't be averse to having my picture printed alongside a prince—and again I might."

He looked grave and unhappy. "You're right. I shouldn't ask it. But I'm having such a beastly time—and you've been so nice."

She said dryly: "I suppose I should feel set up—chosen in preference to all the grand thingumbobs."

He said again: "Don't joke." A little pause. Then: "Am I never to see you again? Never know even your name?"

For a second her eyes twinkled. "I've got a nickname—'Baby.' You might always think of me by that."

His eyes met hers, held them compellingly, darkened; they were very stern. "Couldn't you be here again tomorrow?"

Again her ejaculation. "Your Highness! I ask you—"

"I'm asking you. I want to see you again. Just once more. Is that so much to ask?"

She didn't reply, and he repeated: "Will you come?"

"Of course not." She tried to speak lightly. "You'll find you're too busy—they wont let you slip off again."

He glanced unwillingly at his wrist-watch, then exclaimed: "Great scat! Do you know what time it is? I'm late for an engagement by fifty minutes!"

She giggled. "Run and take your scolding like a good little boy."

He flushed angrily. "I'm glad I'm amusing to you! So you wont be here tomorrow?"

"I'm afraid it will be impossible."

"Well, then—I suppose it's good-by."

"Good-by!"—coolly.

"Wont you shake hands?"

"Of course! I'm proud to!" She extended her own, and they shook hands as they sat; neither of the hands was quite steady. "Shouldn't I get up and curtsy?" she asked.

"Please!" was all he said.

He rose abruptly. Very erect, shoulders squared, he walked briskly away, up the beach.

The girl remained concealed by the umbrella. Her face was hidden behind her hands. "Fool—*fool*—FOOL!" Her monologue was bitter, vicious—broken.

She did not see the Prince when he picked up a fluttering bit of paper from the sands. It looked so insignificant that the wonder is he saw it, much less stooped to pick it up. It was a newspaper clipping: a printed duplicate of his princely self, with an attached statement that His Royal Highness was about to pay a visit to the parents of the Princess Mathilde Marie, with intentions possibly matrimonial.

NEXT morning, at the same hour, the Prince came walking again along the same deserted beach—but looking not so bored, merely anxious—and saw again the same hideously striped beach umbrella—and the same girl.

She greeted him with no enthusiasm. She seemed in a repressed, almost sullen mood.

"Well," she greeted the Prince, "I see you've managed to give them the slip again."

He sat down cross-legged on the sand, facing her. "I haven't much time. Are you going to start in like that, first thing?"

"Like what? I merely intimated my surprise that you bothered. I'm feeling more and more flattered." Her smile was dangerous.

He did not smile. "All right. Go ahead. Stick pins in me if you want to."

"Stick pins in you?" Her look was of pure amazement. Then she shrugged. "I'm sorry if I'm displeasing to you, but I didn't invite you to come. And I was on this beach first, wasn't I, and you don't own it!"

He picked up a handful of sand and watched the grains fall as he let them slowly trickle through his fingers. "I came," he said slowly, "because I go away tomorrow."

SHE didn't speak. He lifted his eyes from the trickling sand and saw her looking out at the endless vista of the sea. Her brows were knitted; he supposed it was because she was angry. He would never see her again, and she was angry because he wanted to see her at all.

He cleared his throat. "I can't stay very long. I gave old Horrensmith my promise—I told him I simply had to clear out for a half-hour."

"Who's old Horrensmith?" A flicker, at least, of interest.

"The old boy who travels with me. Looks hard as a rivet, and is pretty tough to handle sometimes, but he's a corker. I don't know how I'd get along without him."

"I see. A cross between keeper, *confidant,* and nurse."

"Need you have said that?" he asked, quietly.

Suddenly she brought her eyes to his. "Why do you go on with it if you hate it so much? Why don't you simply chuck it? Any man could do that."

"My God, don't you suppose I've thought that out?" His sudden vehemence was explosive, startling. "One can't chuck responsibility, duty! One wouldn't even want to!"

Abruptly she reached across and gave one swift pat on his hand. Her ill-humor had mysteriously vanished, and he was poignantly grateful, but he did not try to capture her hand. He sat looking at the spot on his brown fist where her touch had fleetingly rested, and there was a long minute of silence before she asked: "Is that why you've never married?"

His look met hers; held it as it had done once or twice previously, but now almost defiantly. "I've never married," he said, "because I never found the right girl."

"But,"—her assurance seemed to have fled with her vexation,—"but you'll have to marry sometime. Before long. All those duties and obligations, you know."

"I know," he assented gravely. "Before very long."

Another pause—which she broke, almost diffidently. "One hears so many stories—they're ridiculous, of course; but I've often wondered; it would make it so much harder for you. Were you ever in love?"

Again that queer defiance. "I've fancied so, once or twice—that's all."

Her eyes had fallen. "I'm glad; otherwise it would have been so much harder for you."

He said: "I've always dodged it—had to. I was afraid that if I ever found the—right girl, she'd be—wrong."

"I see."

Another pause—that clutched and quivered and rang. Both were rather white. The girl gazed far out at the endless vista of the sea; the Prince sifted sand through his brown fingers, watching it trickle, trickle down upon the ground. The wind came in soft rushes and gusts. The swell and break of the surf sounded unnaturally loud.

Abruptly the Prince threw away a handful of sand and looked at his wrist-watch. "Time's up—I've got to go." He jumped briskly to his feet and smiled down at her—

the charming, boyish smile so beloved of camera-men and readers of print, and showing only the least ghost of pain. She smiled back, and started to scramble to her feet, and he reached down to help her up. He didn't let go her hand instantly.

They stood there a moment, neither breathing quite evenly. Wind and sun and sand and sea, and a boy and a girl.

"Well—good-by!"—the girl speaking. "Lots of luck with the airships."

"Will you go with me for a ride in my car tonight?" His lips were tight and his voice husky. "One ride?"

She simply stared back at him.

"Of course I shouldn't ask it! But tomorrow I'm going away. I'm miserable. I can meet you here—or my car'll be parked outside the east gate of the Palace—Horrensmith'll arrange it. At eleven, say. One ride out of a lifetime—will you come?"

She still stared, her eyes unbelieving and stricken. "You—you're asking me to meet you at eleven at night—by stealth—in the dark?"

"Don't be a fool!" he snapped sharply. "But no—on second thought, you'd better not come." Turning, he stood with his back to her, his hands clutched together behind his back, gazing apparently out to sea.

She was free to look at him or not as she chose; she looked at him—the very erect head, the rigidly squared shoulders, the slim straight back in its exceptionally tailored tweed, the tightly gripped hands—the slight, tense figure of the most beloved prince in the world. Her blurred eyes traveled downward to where the flapping wind disclosed a peep of delicately azure socks—oh, those socks!

She could have laughed—she could have sobbed. What she did was to say in a choking voice: "I'll come!"

THAT night, in the Palace, Mathilde Marie made her appearance at last. She appeared at dinner, at which many dignitaries were assembled—a formal occasion. She had evidently shaken off her influenza, although she still looked pale. She was an uncommonly pretty girl, actually a beauty, although her manner, unfortunately, was stiff to iciness. She was slim and dark and extremely *chic*, but this wasn't what counted. Despite her frigidity she looked so vital that you wondered at any microbe's temerity. And self-confident—afraid of nothing in this world! And cruel, too—as if she wouldn't at all mind sticking pins in you. But she would know how to make up for that—sweet, so sweet!

Her remote eyes were blue as the deepest depths of sea or sky, and she was wearing the loveliest frock ever seen, and it exactly matched her eyes.

The Prince expended his best stock of courteous tact and affability—was never more charming, and the guests fell more and more in love with him—but the dinner did not go off very well. The food was elaborate and excellent—the old Duchess had not stinted!—the service was ornate, and the buzz of the diners unceasing; but despite all this, through all this, the heavy throb of disquiet was in the air. The old Duke was never more benevolent or courtly. He was a handsome old Duke, with a beak of a nose, a stubborn chin, gray mutton-chops, cheeks like winter apples, and the bluest, kindest eyes you'd find in a year's search.

But tonight he was obviously not at ease. He darted frequently furtive glances, beseeching or admonitory, at his pretty daughter, who never saw them at all. And his plump, motherly wife, the nice old Duchess, was under such a strain that she never noticed she ate her salad with a spoon.

The Prince was sitting beside the old Duchess. Mathilde Marie was sitting not ten feet away, and she might better have been ten billion miles. Inside he was feeling pretty sick.

Later the old Duke asked his daughter to tell their guest something of the history of the tapestries, and of the fluttering, tattered banners; they were in the great *salon*, the celebrated Hall of Triumph.

"I doubt whether I could tell him anything of interest to him," she replied disagreeably. "He already knows the most important thing—that they're moth-eaten and dusty."

"Mathilde!" breathed her mother, and "Baby!"—in an undertone from her sire—a furtive adjuration half between a threat and a prayer.

The Prince began declaring his eagerness to hear all about the relics, but Mathilde Marie cut him short by rising in the middle of his speech. "This place is full of draughts," she complained, casting a look of disfavor about her—quite inclusive. "I feel a chill coming on." And actually she shivered as she leaned against the tall carved back of a throne-like chair. "And I think I'm feverish—I think I'll go to my room."

Both parents dived forward, as regally as they might—but she was too quick. She was almost out of the room before the Prince came to his senses—or perhaps lost them utterly—for, forgetting etiquette, appearances, and everything except what is really important in this world, he made a lunge toward the stately crimson hangings of the door through which she had vanished.

By running, he caught up with her around a dim corner.

"Please—*please!* I know I've been an ass—but I'm down in the dust—oh, hell, I don't mean *dust!* You know what I mean!"

He was holding her clutched by the wrist; she surveyed him coldly. "I don't know what you mean—you sound rather imbecilic to me. However, I'm not particularly interested."

"I beg you—why do you treat me this way? Wont you let me try to explain—I'd spend my whole life trying!"

Suddenly the ice melted; she flared into flame. "Explain!" she repeated stormily. "I suppose you're very good at that—not that it matters. I'm simply not interested. You can keep going around blandly on your inspection trips—published everywhere, everybody reading and tittering—will *she* land him?"

"You're crazy!" he cut in, shaking her furiously. "You know you're not just! I sha'n't let you talk like that! I—"

But how was he to dictate how Mathilde Marie should talk or not talk? Her own father, who had known her well for twenty years, might have told him a thing or two on this point. She continued, even more passionately: "What a position for the girl! Did you ever stop to think of that? Of course not—you're too wrapped up in your own egotistical complexes! You're too busy being bored and annoyed because you must look over a girl you don't want to see! Too busy sneaking off to see some other girl—any girl'd do just so long as she was another girl! You think—"

"Stop!" said the Prince fiercely. "I wont have you—"

She interrupted: "I wont have *you!* I wouldn't, under any consideration! I told my father I'd make him sorry if he dragged me out!"

She ended on a kind of squeak, wrenched herself free, and was off around another dim corner. He was instantly after her; but she knew the old palace better than he did.

IT was a couple of hours later that a note was brought to the rooms of Mathilde Marie. The Princess received it under the door of her sitting-room, the door being locked. The room was bizarre, rather startling, but not unattractive—done after the manner of a popular American motion-picture star's *boudoir*, if magazine photographs are to be trusted; Mathilde Marie admired things American intensely, and had done a great deal of intensive reading. But the out-

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standing and most intriguing object in her sitting-room, just now, was a huge scrap-book which the Princess had been studying, while groaning, whether to herself or to the very engaging-looking young man whose printed features embellished nearly every page of the scrap-book, "Fool—*fool*—FOOL!"

She had been groaning thus, at intervals, for two hours. Her purpose, for two hours, had been to destroy this volume and annihilate its reiterant hero, but she had not yet quite begun. Her eyes were swollen and inflamed; she had to blink as she read the note.

She read:

"What can I say or do? Anything, I'll do it. Only let me see you. Don't make me live on tacks all night—I beg you. Horrensmith has the car ready—it's by the east gate. The ride—you promised. I want to take you for a ride—*you*. She's a daisy, like wind and silk—you'll love her—we'll be there waiting. I know you're angry, but you don't break promises. And I'm so wretched."

SHORTLY past eleven that night a low, huge, powerful motor-car slipped silently from the vicinity of the east gate of the Palace. In it were two people, a man and a girl. After some time, a quite considerable time, they decided to return to the Palace. This was not the culmination their minds had first arrived at—after circlings, flights, transitions, plunges, and soarings of mood too dizzy and dazzling to be captured into any print. The first fairly definite plan that shaped itself to them had been so mad, so sweet, it caught the breath in one's throat.

"I tell you,"—the girl speaking, on an inspiration,—"we wont go back to the Palace! Let's just drive on and on, until in the morning we can stop somewhere and be married. I'm not sure how they do it, that simple way, but it can be done, for they do it every day—all the sweethearts that just go off by themselves, very quietly, and simply take each other for better or for worse."

"Sweetheart!" breathed the Prince. Temporarily he stopped driving.

But the plan was too beautiful to be possible, to come true. It was the Prince who reminded her, convinced her.

"My darling, if I could simply carry you off like that, out of the world and the devil take the world, I'd be so happy I'd probably die. But we can't get away with it. The hounds'd be after us—they'd have us plastered over every front page in Christendom. They'd smell us out before we ever got the knot tied; even if *we* could get it tied, and I'm not sure, for it never occurred to me to look into this marriage business. Anyway, they'd be there, crowding and baying, and with their damned cameras—I can't and wont submit *you* to that."

The Prince's metaphors became mixed when his feelings were intense, but the Princess grasped his logic. It's hard to be a prince. Likewise a princess; so Mathilde tried to console herself by thinking how dumfounded her parents would be when she should announce her stupendous news.

A SHORT while before the low, powerful, silent motor-car came slipping back through the east gate, the Duchess entered her husband's bedroom. He was snatching a nap on the bed, truly an enormous bed, and blinked drowsily as she reported:

"No news yet. But I saw Horrensmith again, and he assured me the car was in perfect order and that the boy's a matchless driver. So nothing could have happened to them."

"Of course nothing's happened to them—we'd have heard immediately," grunted the old Duke. "Besides, the Baby's equipped to handle any emergency, and if she couldn't,"—he laughed,—"I'd gamble that the boy'd be able to handle it for her. Did you notice that clean bolt he made out of the *salon?*"

"He's such a lovely boy; I'll love him like an own son," said the maternal old Duchess, a little wistfully.

"Wonderful chap; I never hoped to do quite so well for the Baby," conceded her husband. The old Duke seemed in high good humor, although relaxed and sleepy. "But no one could resist the Baby,"—proudly—"once he saw her. It was she I was afraid of. She's been a problem, that minx!"

"The restrictions and supervision it's been necessary to impose on Mathilde is hard on girls," said the mother extenuatingly.

"Restrictions—my faith! We've given her too much freedom! We all but ruined her and her prospects. And you let her read too much—all that American trash! Young girls shouldn't be allowed to read—it puts ideas in their heads."

"True, Mathilde's ideas have made her more difficult to manage, but I'm not sure that they have made her less interesting," said the mother, mildly. "I doubt whether the Prince would be attracted to a mere pretty-faced doll. You know how many have tried for him, and failed."

"Ho-hum—he seems attracted well enough," yawned the old Duke. "But the Baby had to do it her own way." All at once he chortled. "The little scalawag! Did those foolish children actually imagine they were carrying on all that mooning unobserved?"

The mother shook her head vaguely and smiled. She was romantic, the old Duchess. "But I wish they'd come home now," she said.

"I'm anxious to get to bed myself; I could sleep around the clock. But let's not fret. Why don't you lie down and have a little nap, my dear?"

"No, I want to wait until they come in, so I can put up my hair for the night."

"As you like. Horrensmith said the boy promised to be back within two hours, and that he never breaks his promise. They'll be back any moment now—and you must remember that the Prince's equerry will never for a moment let their car out of sight."

Yes, it's hard to be a prince.

THE POACHERS

(Continued from page 58)

own inaction he made a grass ring for his head, tied his gun across it to keep it out of water, kicked off his boots and slung them, with his topi, over his back from a cord about his shoulders, and with a wary eye for floating logs that might materialize into crocs, he stepped down into the water.

Once in, the difficulties of swimming and maintaining any sort of balance of that head load kept his thoughts on the work cut out for him, and the current was so fierce that with all his efforts he had to make a long diagonal to gain the other shore.

Finally over, he strode hurriedly back along the river, shouting as soon as he neared the place; then, getting no answer, he turned inland on the trail.

In ten minutes he had found the camping place; there was the trampled grass, the leveled spot where Byfield's tent had stood, the holes for the tent pegs. There were the porters' grass huts, the cold ashes of dead fires. But the place was deserted.

What did it mean? Evidently Byfield had got under way before light, meaning to breakfast later.

Bewilderment exploded into anger. Then he caught sight of a paper pinned to a conspicuous tree and read the straggling lines: "Expect you will follow your side of river,

but beans and biscuit buried under this tree in case you cross."

A reaction of good feeling warmed him like the sun as he dug up and into the beans. Byfield was a good fellow after all—he hadn't forgotten to put out some grub, on the off chance. But why should he think Nick would follow his side of the river?

Ravenously he ate; then, a new man, he got up to follow the trail that headed north along the river. He wondered at its direction—towards the guarded crossing. Perhaps the Major meant to keep the tusks under cover and try getting them over in the night under the noses of the native guard—perhaps he meant to bribe the guard. Well—Byfield was resourceful. He'd probably thought it out. Nicky had no better plan to offer, but the risks of this one filled him with squirming qualms.

A gay life, the poacher's! What were those verses he used to sing?

The time very pleasantly passes,
And money is easy to make;
I suppose we're the "criminal classes,"
But that doesn't keep us awake. . . . .
Our profits are piling up daily.
(We're thinking of buying a farm)
We wangle our ivory gayly
From Congo to Dar-Es-Salam.

Not for him, after this! "Wangle our ivory gayly"—like hell! But those big tusks were his—half of them—he had earned them by every right of work and risk.

He had expected to catch up with the safari in an hour or two at least, but they must have been keeping up a smart pace, for he saw no signs of them. Sometimes he missed the trail altogether, where the men had left what path there was and struck through the bush, and he wasted time in getting on the right tracks of them again. Amazing how little trace fifteen men made in sliding through the scenery! The sun burned hotter and hotter; he had no water bottle and he lost time in going down to the river for drinks.

MIDDAY—and he had not caught up with them! The heat was choking; the sweat ran blindly down into his eyes; his khaki shirt clung darkly to him. His temples throbbed; his head was heavy. He told himself he was seedy from fever and a bad night and he gave himself a few minutes doze, under a tree, that ran into an hour. Then up and on again.

Ordinarily he was a mild-natured chap, but he tramped the last hours in sullen anger and his gorge was high when he mounted a rise and caught at last, through the quivering rays of heat, a glimpse of dark-skinned men against the green. Making camp they were—there was a tent up. And there was Byfield, looking on.

He strode forward, and the Major turned, his voice booming out genially:

"Nick—you old beggar! Never thought you'd cross! How'd you make it—swim?"

"What did you think I'd do?" Nick snapped back, his sense of resentment getting the upper hand.

"Why, follow your side of the river to the ferry."

"And live on what—water?"

"Must be villages—natives somewhere. But this is fine. Did you get the beans?"

"And damned glad of them." Nick was ashamed of his ill temper, at least of its betrayal. "I could do with some more. *Mpishi, lete chai, pesi, pesi,*" he called out to the cook; then his resentment flared again as Byfield seconded the order heartily with his own repetition of the command.

"Making camp here?" Nick asked.

"Yes. We can make the ferry easily now by tomorrow sundown."

"The ferry? What's the idea? What are you going to do about the tusks? Do you expect to hide them?"

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"The tusks?" Major Byfield was staring steadily at him, his gray eyes expressionless. They were eyes that, in their guarded concentration, gave no hint of what was going on behind them. When he spoke his voice was almost sympathetic.

"My God, boy, don't you know the tusks are gone?"

It seemed to be a conversation in which they stood and echoed each other.

Nick said "Gone?" after him in stupid bewilderment.

"In the canoe. They went over with you. . . . . Didn't you *know?*"

NICK just stood there, his hands twitching. Then he blurted harshly: "They were not in the canoe."

"Steady on there! I saw them put in myself. . . . . I dare say the bags were over them before you got down."

"But—but why didn't you tell me?"

"Thought you knew. The men did—the ones that loaded. You could have seen if you'd looked."

Nick's ears took it in. And he could not gainsay the man. But something in him was curiously unconvinced.

The tusks gone? The great points they had brought from the forest—that he'd risked his neck to gain—the ivory that was to make life supportable once more—gone like a dream?

"You take it bloody easy," he shot out.

Byfield gave him a hard look. His eyes seemed to bulge a little; the drooping mustache gave no hint of any tightening of the mouth behind it, but his tone had a metallic warning.

"What else can I do? I'm not mewling like a baby—but I'm not any too damned pleased, if you want to know. Do you want me to curse you for toppling over the canoe like a greenhorn? I'd rather not say things I'd be sorry for."

That was unnatural, Nick felt. It wasn't in the man to take things so decently—or was it? Perhaps Nick was doing him a sour injustice. But he had a deep, persistent feeling that this companion of his would have had other things to say if the tusks were really lost. . . . . But perhaps he had said them to himself in the night. Byfield had had time to get his second wind.

Nick was too hard hit to be fair-minded. He was tired and hungry and dazed with the shock.

All their hope gone for nothing. Those great tusks—

He couldn't feel them gone. That was the queer thing about it.

"Any chance of getting them up?" he thought to ask.

The Major laughed. "With that current? Of course we might send back to the Army and Navy Stores and get a grappling-hook sent out! No, my lad, what's done is done and no use wasting tears. We let our luck slip through our fingers. We might as well be men about it."

He was positively genial in his heartening. Almost relieved, he seemed, that Nick had at last accepted the fact. . . . . Why didn't he suggest turning back for another chance? He'd been keen enough for that, once, but Nick had vetoed it. . . . . But perhaps he was as fed up with their companionship as Nick was.

His voice heavy with defeat, the young man asked: "Where's Scrap?"

He caught the other's hesitancy at that, and turned back sharply. Byfield's expression was guarded, his tone measured.

"More bad news for you, my boy," he said. "Your dog went in after you. Pulled under—so the men say. I didn't see it myself."

Nick's voice was flat with shock. "Pulled under?"

"Current or crocs. You were lucky to get across twice."

There was a noise in Nick's ears like the beginning of a landslide. Rumblings and gratings. Thickly, "You're a liar, Byfield!" he choked out. "I heard my dog in the night."

The Major faced him, boring into him with his hard glance.

"See here, Nick my lad, you are tired, and you are hard hit—twice hit; but you can't call me a liar. It's not my idea of conversation. Pull yourself together. What d'you mean, anyway?"

"I heard a dog in the night," said Nick slowly.

"Oh, you heard a dog in the night! Well, what does that prove? There are dogs in Africa, plenty of them at the villages back of us—"

"Who saw him pulled under?"

Byfield looked about. "Some of the men, I dare say. It was Hassan told me."

"I'll talk to Hassan."

"He's gone—I sent him on to Irumu with a *barua* to the Belgian officials there. Since this was no go, I thought I'd have a try at prospecting, if the Belgians will stake me to safari—told them they could catch me at the crossing if they wanted to take me on."

"Irumu is four days from the crossing."

"Mboga is only one—for a native—and Hassan was to have the official there—Le Roo, isn't it?—telephone on my request. They might not be able to make up their minds in time, but no harm in trying."

"I see." Nick mumbled the words and walked away. He told himself that it was plausible enough, probably was true, but he couldn't bring himself to apologize to Byfield. Every nerve was on edge. He scented a falsity there, a guardedness. Yet he might be mistaken. He might be off his head with heat and anger. He hadn't a shred of evidence to go on—only that dog's cry in the night. But he was convinced, in every fiber of his feeling, that Hassan had been up to some dirty trick—had vented his spite in some way before leaving.

Scrap dead. . . . . It didn't bear thinking about. The most loyal companion a man ever had!

DINNER was a sorry business of stiff civility on his part, of restrained forbearance in the other's manner. It was not till the end of it that he noticed Byfield's use of his fork, and appreciated the presence of a bandage about his left hand.

"How'd you hurt yourself?" he inquired.

The Major looked casually down at his hand. "That? Cut myself with a beastly tin—you know how those infernal things bleed."

"Looks to me as if it was infected." Nick noticed now the puffiness of the hand and streaks of redness showing through the dark brown of the skin. "Isn't your wrist swelling?"

"Seems to be, a little. . . . . Soaked it in hot water awhile before dinner and think I'll try again. No use taking chances."

"Any permanganate?"

"None. Hot water will do the trick."

While the cook was bringing the basin the Major unwound the bandage and studied his hand—a sharp shallow cut ran across it. Nick saw now the whole hand was badly swelled, and the flesh red and sullen-looking. His distrust of the man seemed to annihilate any true sympathy and he was too sincere to attempt to feign a concern he did not feel, but he forced himself to a decent speech.

"I think it's poisoned—you ought to have some antiseptic. Does it throb?"

"Has all day. I'm probably in for a bad night."

He took it pluckily—Nick never denied the man's nerve. As if dismissing it Byfield went on: "You'll have to share my tent—yours was in the canoe, unluckily for you. Good thing your cot was not."

To have to share the tent with him, cooped up in hateful proximity, breathing the same air! But there was no way out of it. Nothing for it but to stretch out, with the other across from him—to listen to his heavy breathing, feel his presence like a palpable thing, poisoning the place.

A curious instinct in Nick kept him from undressing. He accounted for it by the need of getting up in the night, if the other's hand grew worse.

WORSE it undeniably grew. Across the narrow space that separated them he could hear Byfield turning and tossing. On the box that served as table between the cots a candle in a bottle burned beside the basin of water in which Byfield plunged his hand from time to time, and when he raised himself to do this Nick could see his shadow like a giant crawling up the tent wall.

Sometimes he himself got up to heat more water and renew the wet bandages on the hand. He saw that the arm was swelling.

It was when he was up for this that he asked for his raincoat and learned that it too was gone. He made no comment. He was sure that Hassan had helped himself to it—with or without Byfield's consent.

He lay down again, but did not sleep. His eyes burned against his closed lids; there was a hammering in his temples; all the blood in his body seemed to be in his head.

Was he going mad and fancying things—or were his black suspicions true? . . . . Was Hassan streaking it through the forests, shepherding two porters with the tusks upon their heads, to the Hindu trader at Irumu? Had Byfield played him this dirty trick—or was he a blackguard for imagining it?

He tried not to think about Scrap, but he could not fight the thoughts away. He lay on his cot, his hands clenched, going over and over the bitter business. . . . . And then he heard a sound that brought him upright. A dog's howl. Faint and far away.

His move had roused Byfield. "What's that?"

"A dog. A dog howling." Intently Nick listened, but it did not come again.

"You're crazy." Byfield was contemptuous. "You're off your nut on that dog question."

Maybe he was. Nick lay down again, but he listened. And as he lay there, tense and stiff, he was aware that the man across from him was listening too, and was occupied with secret brooding thoughts that were like his own. . . . . Two men, hating each other, there in the dimness. . . . . He wondered if Byfield—the Byfield who had stolen the tusks—was planning to get rid of him. That would be the next step, surely, now he had shown his distrust and suspicion. The Major must have looked for more easy credulity. But the story about the dog had stirred forces in Nick. . . . .

There was something—something outside the tent. A low whine—a scratching at the tied flaps. The young Englishman was off the cot and at the entrance in one motion. He was kneeling down, and forty pounds of bull terrier was hurling itself on his chest, licking his face, whining, wiggling with the rapture of reunion.

"What's that?" Byfield was sitting up.

Nick rose, the terrier in his arms. "It's Scrap."

"Rot—can't be." Byfield was speaking thickly, as if in fever. "He—"

At the voice the dog in Nick's arms growled savagely. And in the candle-light he saw a wide gash across the dog's head.

Red fury flared in him. He glared at the man who was sitting up now on the cot.

"You swine, you tried to kill my dog!"

"What? Listen to reason, Nick." Byfield's voice had lost its thickness; he was sharply focused now. "Here's the truth—I didn't tell you for fear you'd fly off the handle like this. Your damn' dog tried to

kill me—that's where I got this cut—and Hassan knocked him back. I thought he was dead. . . . . Now you have it and you can shut up about it." Byfield lay back suddenly upon his cot. "Such a fuss about a damn' dog!" he muttered.

Nick walked out of the tent. It was like walking from darkness into light. The moon, which the low-hanging clouds had obscured from him the last night, was out now, at its full, flinging down a white, unearthly tropic brilliance. The light lay like snow upon the level ground; the porters' huts were domes of silver; the scattered thorn and acacias were etched in sharpest black and white. As he crossed to the cook tent his shadow was a dark blot that went skulking under his feet.

He took water and bathed his dog's head; the cut was not deep but there was an ugly swelling at the back of the head. He got out food and found there was nothing the matter with Scrap's appetite. Then he made a roll of food, tied a small water-bottle to his belt, slung his gun over his shoulder and started away from camp.

Time would have to elapse before he could trust himself to face Byfield again. He meant to walk on to the ferry. It was a night for marching.

Scrap had other plans. The brindle dog ran quickly forward on the way that he had come, losing himself in the shadows of the path, then came back towards his master, with soft explosive barks of remonstrance and hurried off again.

"The leopards will get you, you fool!" said Nick, and started off after his dog. Instantly Scrap fell back just ahead of him and Nick let him lead the way. He wanted to know what Scrap was leading him to. A wild hope sprang up that the tusks were not on their way to Irumu, but that Hassan had been sent alone to the trader and the ivory was buried somewhere near camp. That would account for Byfield's eagerness to get them all out of the place.

Of course, he reminded himself, he might be on a fool's journey. . . . . At any rate he was putting the miles between him and Byfield, getting out into clean solitudes.

He wondered if Byfield had watched him going. He was harshly indifferent to anything that Byfield might do or think. Even if he was wrong about the tusks he hated the man for his attitude about the dog. He had done something nasty to make Scrap fly at him and give him that slash. Scrap was a friendly old dub, like himself, not easily stirred to wrath or revenge.

THE night had been young when he started, and the moon stood still overhead while the miles swung away behind his long strides. The endless way over which he had trekked so painfully in the brazen heat of the day seemed no distance at all by night; a welcome breeze had blown away the heavy heat of the valley and his excitement winged his feet.

It was not the first time that he and Scrap had swung along a trail by moonlight; now, as always, he kept up a sharp look-out for leopards, who will rush to a man's very feet for a choice morsel of a dog. The dog was wary too, keeping but a few inches ahead of him.

In the moon's bright clarity he could see in the trail the markings of other night wanderers, the shallow outline of a lion's pug, now some hours old, for it was brimmed with the dew of the first nightfall, and the deep hoof-prints of buffalo, coming down to the river to drink.

There was madness in that moonlight. He felt light-headed, a different man from his everyday self. A man capable of sharper resolve, harder action. He was conscious of no tiredness; his body was like some machine that has ceased to send out distress signals, and when he sat down to rest, it

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swim,
He had no tail nor pickerel fin;
So father firmly collared him
And sent him to a camp!
Now agile Buster swims a mile,
And of camp food he eats a pile;
Indeed, young Buster's quite
worthwhile—
Since he's been to a camp!

There are announcements of 187 good camps on pages 8 to 13. Write for catalogues now and make a happy choice. If you require assistance in finding the *right* camp use our free Camp Information Service. Write giving full details to The Director, Department of Education, The Red Book Magazine, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

was for the dog's sake, though the hardy bull terrier was eager to press forward.

Familiar signs at last, the trampled grass, the cleared space of the old camping-ground that he had left that morning. Scrap was not stopping there; with his nose close to the ground, snuffing and whining a little with eagerness, he ran forward upon a trail known only to himself through the light brush into the deep grass, and then out into scrub and thickets again.

He stopped, growling, the hair on his neck rising. Nick went slowly forward. He saw a hummocky circle of marshland, and jutting into it a crooked witch of a thorn tree extending eerie arms. The dog, advancing, stiff-legged, began sniffing at the earth and the man saw that the ground there was covered with broken branches, to hide, he discovered, as he kicked them aside, a recent digging.

Nick had no tools but his knife and his hands, but the ground was not hard packed; it was pressed together in great sticky gobs, and he clawed up huge clumps of it in his desperate haste; his hands were tingling for the touch of the hard ivory that he felt lay hidden there awaiting its discovery. His great tusks—the ivory that would answer his mother's need and his, the secret that would solve the enigma of his doubt and suspicion!

What he touched was not ivory, but cloth, widespread, weighted with earth. He pulled a corner, clearing it away; it began to come into the moonlight.

His old raincoat, by all that was holy! Spread out like a covering.

And then he saw what it covered. A man's body, face down. . . . . A black, with boots, puttees, European clothes—Hassan, a bullet in his back.

Shot in the back as he had bent over the tusks he had helped Byfield carry here and bury!

CROUCHING, Nick stared, not at what he had disclosed, but at the scene that had been enacted here, that night when he had waited across the river. . . . . The two men, with the tusks, the choosing of the thorn tree that would mark the lonely spot, the hasty digging, the burial of the tusks. . . . . That was the point of one jutting up through the earth now. . . . .

Then the shot. No man but Byfield was to know where those tusks waited. Then he must have cast the raincoat hastily above the body—perhaps to hide it from his sight. Undoubtedly Hassan had annexed the raincoat, getting it away from Scrap, and bringing it with him to guard it from other purloining blacks.

It must have been at the burial of the coat that the dog sprang, resenting the outrage to his master's property. Byfield had warded off the attack with his left fist, and struck down the dog with the spade in his right hand.

Nick could see it all as if before his eyes.

"Hands up—you fool!"

Slowly Nick turned and straightened. Slowly his hands, empty of weapons, rose above his head. Byfield was standing in the moon-white clearing, his gun leveled unwaveringly. Nick looked into the black mouth of it. . . . .

"Left me to rot, did you? Thought you were the better man?"

Indomitable, the man must have got off his cot, dressed, and followed, striding those miles behind him, the gun ready. . . . . His injured left hand gave no sign of weakness now; it held the barrel steadily. Byfield's stiff finger was crooked about the trigger. At that distance he could trust his shooting.

He waited only for one more taunt.

"Had your look, had you? Well, there's room there for one more."

He fired.

But before the roar of the gun had shattered the stillness of that night, something hard and fierce had leaped like a bolt at his chest. The shot went wild; the gun clattered from the man's hands and he was down, the dog at his throat.

He had said one true thing. There was room there for one more.

THE GIRL FROM GOD'S MERCIE

(Continued from page 71)

knife-blade carefully along Stanley's cheek, he cut the strip of blanket and removed the gag.

"Stanley!" His voice was sharp with anxiety. "You aren't hurt? They didn't hurt you?" And when Stanley shook his head: "I heard you thrashing around—that's what let us know where you were. . . . . When I heard that, I thought—God, I thought they'd done for you, Stanley!"

Stanley sat up. He glanced at St. Cyr and old Winter Sun, and then looked into Harl's eyes.

He said: "*You* came—and stopped them?" And he repeated: "*You?*"

Harl looked at him. "I *told* you to watch your step around here! If old Winter Sun hadn't followed you and brought us after 'em, they'd sure as hell have rolled you under a log tonight! I say, Stanley," he asked again, "you aren't hurt; they didn't hurt you?"

"No, Harl."

"Then what's the matter?" And he reached down to help Stanley to his feet.

Stanley pushed his hand away and rose.

As he looked at the unconscious Indian at his feet, and glanced around at the black woods, and then stared again at Harl, he was dazed again—not physically but from the wild confusion of his feelings.

Chapter Twelve

STANLEY passed into the dark tent alone. Outside, there were voices. He heard Harl say to old Winter Sun: "You go back over there by the fur-press and watch the cabin. Mam'selle is alone there." And he heard Radisson St. Cyr say that he would return now to the dance and keep order there in place of Harl.

In the darkness Stanley sat down on a pack of blankets and waited calmly for Harl to come in. Through the open flap-front he looked across the terrace, lit now by almost incessant flashes of lightning, and saw a cabin window and the garden edge where he had paced up and down.

As he waited, Stanley pressed his fingers against his face to shut out the sight of that cabin window and of that haunting place by the morning-glories where he had stood with Frances in the darkness.

As he listened to the voice of the river, he began to look upon this incident yonder in the woods not as an unmeaning accident—a chance capture and a chance lucky rescue—but as a part of all these circumstances which were flowing on to their goal irresistibly. It seemed to him, since that goal was destined, that those minutes in the woods when death brushed him and Harl bare-fisted knocked it away—that those minutes had been God-sent as a balm and comfort for something otherwise unbearable, and that the memory of them would be a strong arm to help him through the next half-hour.

Harl came into the tent, stooping a little because he was so tall; he seemed to make this tent, which he had bought and fitted up with rug and chair for Frances, appear ridiculously small—like a child's plaything. Hanging the torch from the ridgepole, he

glanced at Stanley; and then, turning to the box which had been his and Stanley's supper-table, he mixed a cup of brandy and black coffee.

"Here, Stanley," he bade cheeringly, in the manner of their sturdy comradeship, "this will help out."

Stanley refused. "I don't need it, Harl; thanks." His head still ached, but his strong body and steady, disciplined nerves had shaken off the worst effects of his experience.

HE noticed, for the first time, that Harl's hand had been cut when he struck the Indian; blood was trickling down to the finger-tips. He suggested: "You'd better let me fix that for you, Harl; I've got my kit right here."

Harl started a little. "Well! You're certainly a cool one!" He knew the difference between bravery and the pretense of it. In admiration, in open tribute, he exclaimed: "You surprise me! Going through a thing like that! I thought—"

"It would cut *me* to pieces?"

"I didn't mean that, Stanley. It was enough to cut *anyone* to pieces. I've bumped against that sort of thing a lot more than you ever did, but you take it a damned sight cooler than I'd have."

Stanley turned to his pack and secured gauze and tape and antiseptic. Harl sat down obediently and held out his hand, grimacing a little when Stanley poured the iodine over his raw wound.

As he bandaged the cut expertly, Stanley felt a tension growing sharp and taut between him and Harl. For the last few minutes the great issue between them had been swept aside by the swirl of hectic action; and now it seemed that Harl could not force himself to speak about this one thing which mattered. He desperately tried to push it away by talking of lesser affairs. He asked:

"Stanley, are you sure Méti Paul was the leader of those four? I didn't get a good glimpse of the fourth man."

"I heard him speak. I couldn't mistake his voice."

"Well, that settles it. I'm going to turn him over to Sergeant English."

"You think he'll come back—after what happened tonight?"

"He'll be with the brigade in the morning, and he'll have a perfect alibi. He'll keep his eyes open, and if he suspects what I intend to do, *then* he'll fade out of the picture." Harl added frankly, but still guarding the secret of why he employed the treacherous 'breed: "You see, Stanley, he's just about got to stick with me. It would be *fini* for him if he breaks away, and he knows it."

Stanley thought for a few moments. Finally he said: "Harl, if he does come back, I suggest that you act as though nothing's happened. Let him be just as before with you. He's a valuable man on your ranch. He's an efficient devil, worth four or five ordinary men. You seem to be able to handle him; why not keep him?"

Harl admitted: "I'd like to; I need him. But I can't—good Lord, I wont let him run loose after what he just tried to do to you!"

Feeling his way carefully, Stanley saw the opportunity he had been waiting for. He said with studied assurance:

"But he wont try it again."

"How do you know he wont? Stanley, what's that 'breed got against you?"

Stanley brushed the question aside. "He wont have any chance to try it again. Not after—tomorrow."

Harl started. Stanley felt his arm go rigid and his whole body tauten. Fearfully, a little hoarsely, he questioned: "After tomorrow? What do you mean?"

Stanley finished the bandage and then looked up. Harl was staring at him with a fierce intensity. Stanley was aware that if he failed to meet Harl's eyes or answer steadily now, he would lose.

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Cool and inexorable, he said: "Yes, tomorrow. Or the day after—at the latest."

"Why?" Harl shot at him. "What makes you say that?"

"I'm not going on with the brigade. I'm not going on to the White Wolf Hills. I'm turning back."

Harl leaned forward a little, his eyes burning and fixed on Stanley's face. Stanley watched the terrible question form in his fear: "Is she going—is Frances—*with you?*" but Harl was unable to voice it; he was unable to speak at all.

Stanley said: "Don't you see it's impossible for us to go on as we have been?"

Still Harl did not speak, but merely could stare at him with that question burning in his eyes.

Rising, Stanley methodically replaced the kit, and said: "Harl, I'm going down to the trading-store. I want to see Avery—before he goes away from here. There's a matter I want to see him about."

And leaving Harl sitting there still with that dazed bewilderment on his face but with the light of a renewed hope in his eyes, Stanley went out.

THE rain was beginning now. Great heavy drops splattered in gusts across the terrace, but the wind was dying. The hour seemed very strange, almost unnatural, to Stanley; gray dawn should have come, but black clouds blanketed the entire heavens, and the dark was still intense.

He started down toward the trading-store; Harl thought he was returning there, and he must keep Harl from knowing where he was going. He did mean to see Avery, but that would be later. It was a thing which did not matter.

A safe distance from the tent, he turned and went out along the terrace. At the furpress he came upon old Chief Winter Sun, squatting in the shelter of it, a blanket drawn over his head and shoulders. The St. Cyr cabin was still dark; Frances was alone there; and not even the driven rain-storm could make the old Indian slacken in his duty. Stanley crouched down beside him for a moment or two; but while he spoke a few words of gratitude to old Winter Sun, he gazed at the window, revealed by a flash of lightning.

The cabin in front of him brought back to Stanley a memory of Radisson springing in with rifle clubbed against his enemies. He thought:

"Radisson did that for me, although I was hardly a friend of his—I was barely acquainted with him. He put his life in danger for me. He has wife and children dependent solely on him. If he'd been killed in helping me, what about them?" He thought how much Radisson was like Harl—strong and courageous and in all ways dependable. He remembered fleetingly the St. Cyr home as he had seen it yesterday—neat and clean, but bare to the point of poverty; and like a digression from the purpose that filled his mind, Stanley said to himself that Radisson St. Cyr's pathetic dream of a trading-post of his own somewhere along the Mother of Rivers would be substantiated tomorrow.

Presently he rose and went on to the cabin.

WHEN he opened the door into her room, he heard Frances stir and rise quickly as though frightened. He spoke:

"Frances! You're not asleep? May I come in? You'll forgive my coming now?"

She seemed to realize that something cataclysmic had happened which brought him to her at this time.

In alarm, in fear, she brushed his question away. "Stanley! What is it?"

He went across the room toward her voice, and touched the bed and stood there beside it.

"I had to come here—now, Frances. There's something I've got to tell you."

"Stanley! Did he go away? Did Harl—before you could—"

There was anguish in her question. As he had known it would be, her first thought was of Harl. To her there could be no tragedy like that of Harl going on alone to the White Wolf Hills—like that of her broken faith, her denial of the missionary's right.

Her question only confirmed and steeled Stanley's purpose.

"He didn't leave, Frances. I just came from him. In our tent. He's there."

Frances must have noticed his strange tones. She cried: "Stanley—what happened—to you?"

The room was lit up for an instant; by the lightning-flash Stanley saw, on the other side of her, little Françoise St. Cyr, her black curls all tousled and her winsome little face half-buried in the soft pillow, sleeping there because of the scant room in the cabin. The storm had not wakened her, but in childish fear of the thunder-crashes she had nestled close against Frances.

And he had a brief glimpse of Frances, who was looking up at him, of her black hair disheveled and her tightly clasped hands on the coverlet. She had only partly undressed; she had been lying awake, waiting for the dawn, and he saw that since he left her half an hour ago, she had been crying. Stanley felt, he *knew*, that in this half-hour Frances had been thinking of her mother, who had wanted love, had made that want her utmost law—and had fallen to an Indian tepee in the Great Barrens.

In quiet, even tones, Stanley told her of Méti Paul and the Indians capturing him. The details of those last ghastly moments in the woods he omitted. Then, not quite so steadily, he told her of Harl coming and saving him.

Unnoticed, the rain came—in wavelike inundations that swept the terrace and lashed and beat upon the cabin, and filled the room with its cool sweet breath. Stanley knew, as he waited, that now Frances was beginning to understand what had brought him here to her.

The window was flooded with a white glare. Stanley saw Frances then, not looking at him but staring straight in front of her, staring at nothing except the darkness of the room. In the passion of the storm he seemed to hear again the low, insistent voice of the river that flowed to God's Mercie and to the White Wolf Hills on beyond.

Still Frances did not speak to him. The silence was a prisoner, sustained by his innocence, walking up the scaffold planks; and the slow, heavy moments were his steps.

After a space, when the rain had settled to a steady downpour, he said: "You know now."

"Yes, I know now."

Her voice was almost a whisper, but it was unfaltering. He had known it would be so with Frances.

A moment or two afterward she said, in tones out of which all the spirit had been crushed: "At times—even tonight, even after you left me, Stanley—I thought it could be." Frances paused a moment, while a lightning-bolt crackled above the cabin and split into jarring thunder. "But it can't be; Stanley, it can't be."

He repeated dully: "It can't be. This—this I told you—merely showed us it can't."

After a little while Stanley asked her: "What shall I tell Harl, Frances? He knows, he must have seen, that you've been—reluctant. I don't dare tell him the truth, Frances; he'd go on to God's Mercie alone. But I've got to tell him something—some explanation."

"Not you, Stanley! I'll do that. I know him better than you do. I'll make him believe; I'll make him *want* to believe me."

Then the silence again—the silence that was the end of things between him and her. There was nothing more to be said.

Stanley moved away. "I'll go now, Frances. There's one thing yet for me to do. . . . I'll see Avery now—"

In the darkness Frances found his hand, and her fingers twined with his. "You'll see Avery? Stanley! Why?" It seemed that not until then did she fully realize he was going out of her life.

He answered: "It doesn't matter much, Frances. It can't matter now."

He meant that it did not matter where he went or what he did when he left the cabin tonight. Nothing that lay ahead mattered as her hand did in his, or as her gasp when he had moved to leave her. . . . .

That morning, looking across the terrace, Stanley saw Frances in the garden with little Françoise St. Cyr.

Harl went across to her.

She met him, very calm and self-possessed. Watching, Stanley saw them talk together a few moments.

Harl came back for rods and rifle, and they went away together.

Stanley did not know what Frances told Harl that morning—except as he read it, when they returned, in Harl's tenderly possessive manner toward her.

Stanley made pretense that day to work at his collecting at the timber-edge. But now and then he raised his eyes and looked across the terrace and saw the two of them there in the flower-garden together.

Beyond a casual word, he did not speak to Frances that day.

When the brigade started on, late that afternoon, she went in Harl's canoe.

The next evening, at God's Mercie, Harl married Frances.

Chapter Thirteen

STANLEY did not attend the ceremony, which was held in the Anglican mission-house at lonely God's Mercie. It was a sufficient taste of hell for him to look up the slope at the gaunt frame building where Frances had gone with Harl, and to realize the irrevocable nature of what was happening beyond that door.

Harl had asked him to be present, but had not insisted.

In a drogue of black spruce on the river-bank, Stanley was pitching the tent, with old Winter Sun helping him. The weather, following the heavy rains, was gloomy and cold. A northeast wind blew damp and chill from Hudson Bay. The hungry dogs that prowled through the drogue were keening; the brigade men, glum and surly, had built "long fires" and had rolled up plenty of logs for the night.

This isolated post of God's Mercie, the last trace whatsoever of civilization before entering the great barrens of Keewatin, consisted of the mission-house, shacks of three half-breeds and a few leather tepees of wandering Indians. Frances' foster-father, the good

ARTHUR
K. AKERS

The humor of life is precious indeed; and the writer who adds to the gayety of a nation is certainly one of its best citizens. We therefore rejoice to report that Mr. Akers, through the medium of a story to appear in our next issue, will again demonstrate that he deserves well of the Republic. The story will be called:

"Samson Collects
—Or Cripples!"

"Bishop" Barton, had wisely located it at a great *fourchette* where two large streams, coming in from the Strong Woods to join the Mère aux Rivières, would serve as highways for his dusky parishioners. In his days this tiny post had been of immense influence, and the House had been a school, hospital, church and an *asile de nuit;* but Barton was dead these two years, and his successor, a soured, youngish, indifferent man, was of the type who spent his funds buying converts at five dollars a head to make a passable showing with the Home Board. The whole post had an air of desolate decay; to Stanley it seemed that the second growth creeping out from the woods, and the bear-grass that choked the clearing, were tares and thorns overrunning what had once been God's vineyard.

He thought that in those former days this place where Frances had been raised, though ugly and soulless now, must have had a spirit which quickened it and so must have been beautiful, in a wild lonely kind of beauty. For all its present dreariness the post had a breath of sacredness to him. Here Frances had been a child; here she had grown to young womanhood. She must have played in this drogue of trees and picked colored stones along this river beach and gathered Arctic poppies on that knoll yonder.

Stanley thought of his own childhood home in Indianapolis: of the terraced lawns, the servants' quarters, the symmetrical gardens, and of his tutors and trips abroad. And then he thought of Frances reared here on Barton's charity, of her bold little expeditions into these pine hills, of the blind swirling blizzard nights when that house had sheltered her; of Frances, as a young girl, looking wistfully at this river by which men came and went to the South—to the wondrous land of cities, which she knew only from story books.

And he could understand better now Harl's splendid motive in sending her out, if only for a brief while, to that different kind of life.

AS he worked mechanically at pegging down the tent, Stanley asked himself what grim, sardonic mood had impelled him to come on to God's Mercie instead of returning south. It seemed to him that if he were only back at his laboratories, back at his hard purposive work, his ramified researches, his austere daily regimen, he would resume his old life where he had left it off, and this fateful trip into the North would become to him a thing dreamed about—an interlude—a dream poignant and beautiful, but without the power to torture him.

Old Winter Sun brought him an armful of fragrant balsam twigs and flung them down in the tent and went for more. Like a knife-stab, and the knife turned in the wound, Stanley realized what they were for and what he must do with them. That seemed a task beyond his power—a jest, a cruel and fiendishly ironic jest flung squarely into his face. But he knelt down on one knee and began weaving the twigs into a bed; he made it wider than usual, and spread over it Harl's blankets and those which had been Frances'.

When he finished his task and went out of the tent, he felt the helplessness of nothing to do, nothing to busy himself with. After a glance at the mission-house, he set to work aiding Winter Sun build a little windbreak of boughs where he and the old Indian would spread their blankets.

One of the brigade Indians, stepping away from the nearest fire, came up to help with the windbreak. It was a strange act; it puzzled Stanley, for not an hour ago this very Indian, Going-to-Bear, had flatly refused to carry his collecting outfit from the canoe. Now he was lopping branches and

Don't neglect

nature's warnings— headaches, tired digestion, bad breath

—are signs of danger from within

OUR days *are* crowded. Every minute is important. That is probably the reason why so many of us neglect headaches, fatigue, tired digestion, bad breath —those warnings of danger from within.

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ENO
THE WORLD-FAMED
EFFERVESCENT
SALINE

helping energetically. The oddness of it broke into Stanley's other thoughts.

A little after the windbreak was finished, he walked over to old Winter Sun, who was sitting on his heels against a tree. For a moment, crouching down, he curiously studied a small chunk of metal at which the old Indian was carving. It looked like gold, a nugget of virgin gold; but surely it was not that, Stanley thought. And what was he making of it?

Presently Stanley asked: "That man, Going-to-Bear—what made him want to help us?"

"Him want be friend."

"Why?"

"He 'fraid," old Winter Sun grunted.

"Afraid? Of what?"

"You."

"Of me? Afraid of *me?*"

Old Winter Sun gestured toward the other men at the fires.

"Them 'fraid too. No want *you* be enemy them."

"That outfit—afraid of *me?*" Stanley was both incredulous and mystified.

The old Tinneh seemed to be groping for English words to explain. In that moment or two Stanley remembered that the men, especially the Indians, had indeed acted very queerly toward him in the last few days. Now his interest quickened.

OLD Winter Sun finally explained. "They whisper each other: 'That man got *kanana*. He no trader, no hunter; he not talk much; he strange; he got *kanana*. Tyee Harl got strong arm, deadly rifle—huh, yes; but that man got *kanana*.' When Going-to-Bear very sick, that man say: 'Tomorrow morning your eyeball will be yellow; then you be well again.'" And the old head-man went on to explain that the Indians thought Stanley possessed of *shaman* powers. They had overheard him talking of stopping insect scourges by importing parasitic insects; and they interpreted it to mean he could summon legions of friendly insects to fight for him. His account about the use of a poison gas had become, around their midnight fires, a fearsome story about the Green Wind of Death which he could set loose. They believed those jars and drums contained devil-devils, and would on no account touch them. When Stanley turned stones in the shallows, he was talking to his familiars, the *Winteesippi*—the water spirits which upset canoes and were known to afflict swimmers with strange deadly seizures.

At first as he listened Stanley could only smile at this contorted reflection of himself in a primitive, darkly superstitious soul. But presently he no longer smiled. He thought of Frances going farther and farther into this sub-Arctic wilderness where Bull Back-fat and his bucks were a hideous lurking threat; of Harl entirely upon his own and more or less blind to danger; of himself, unwittingly given this *kanana*-fear over the Indians, and thus now far more their master than Harl. . . . .

As Stanley saw deeper into the possibilities of what old Winter Sun had told him, he was remembering that tomorrow he would return to Fort Kinlay, and Avery would come for him and whirl him back south to Kez-Etawney, out of this tragic North and away from its haunting memories, to the beginning of forgetfulness. And as he stared soberly through the gloomy spruces at the purpling Mother of Rivers, a thought slowly unfolded in his mind—a thought from which his whole nature shrank but which now he was obliged to weigh, regardless of the consequence or cost to himself.

Old Winter Sun touched his arm. Turning, glancing fearfully up the slope, Stanley saw that Radisson St. Cyr and Isobel his wife—witnesses to the marriage—were coming down the terrace from the mission-house; and he realized the ceremony was ended, that Frances had stepped across that invisible line into wifehood and that she was Harl's now.

Radisson shook Stanley's hand, and the dark-eyed Isobel, a pretty young woman with a sweet matronliness about her, hugged his arm. Stanley felt that his poor gift to them was a miracle in their eyes.

Then Harl and Frances came out of the mission-house. Harl's arm was around Frances' waist; he was talking to her; as they stopped a few moments outside the door, Harl pointed on down north, down the Mother of Rivers, and Stanley knew he was telling her of some plan, of something which the future held for them at their home in the White Wolf Hills.

When they had come a little farther down the terrace, Stanley went forward to meet them.

Harl took his arm from about her—an unconscious act of consideration for Stanley.

Stanley shook hands with him and congratulated him. Then he gave his hand to Frances.

It was a brief, formal clasp between them—brief and impersonal as a salute. But as she put her small hand into his, Stanley felt the tremble of her fingers; and as their eyes met, he saw something which shut Harl away from her like a stranger; that thing which had come, unbidden, to bind Frances Barton and Stanley Clarke, and which had survived that service just now spoken in the chapel; which they both might deny but which nevertheless endured, though she was now the wife of Harl Armstrong.

Chapter Fourteen

STANLEY and Isobel St. Cyr were preparing supper. The fire which he had built before pitching the tent had burned down to red coals that threw off a grateful warmth and were cheerful under the gloom of the black spruces.

At a little distance Harl was talking to Radisson St. Cyr, trying to dissuade him from sinking his money in a fur-trading post. Missionary Smythe, who had come down and joined the group, stood with Frances at the edge of the flickering shadows.

As he crouched beside the coals, browning the breasts of six willow ptarmigan which old Winter Sun had procured that afternoon, Stanley's humble task became invested with the dignity and solemnity of a rite. This was Frances' wedding supper; he was preparing her wedding supper with his own hands. Looking around him at the fantastic shadows, the black storm-gnarled trees, the mighty river, he knew that when this fire was sodden ashes and he was half a continent away, he would, he must, come back here in spirit and see Frances there by the fire-glow edge and live over again this last service to her.

Already it seemed as though he were closing out this trip and seeing this Northland from a perspective. Through his mind names were running—Resolution, God's Mercie, Good Hope, Despair. . . . . What names were those! Names commemorative of human courage and faith and dauntless fortitude. Stanley felt that he too could name two certain places; that for Frances and him, in their secret hearts, Fort Kinlay would always be Renunciation, and God's Mercie would be not the mercy of God but God's Will.

Against the tree yonder old Winter Sun still sat on his heels carving with infinite patience at the queer lump of metal. He was fashioning something, Stanley knew; perhaps some charm or amulet to ward off evil. Stanley sensed that the old Indian expected trouble down the river. Stanley had questioned him, trusting his judgment even a little more than Harl's. Old Winter Sun believed emphatically that Bull Back-fat would never attack Tyee Harl. But he harbored some other dread, something which he kept to himself probably for fear he would be thought a coward; and Stanley knew this amulet was in some way connected with this dread.

At the nearest fire Méti Paul was crouched down, watching with narrowed eyes all that went on. Exactly as Harl predicted, the morning after the dance he had come around and spun an alibi, without seeming to do so. Stanley thought: "That 'breed is aware that Harl knows and I know who led those Antler-Hare bucks that night. I think he suspects that Harl may turn him over to Sergeant English. But he doesn't seem worried about that! Why isn't he? Does he think he can stave it off? Does he know something that Harl and I don't know?"

Stanley remembered Groudin's snarling, mocking laugh of triumph when Harl and Frances came out of the mission-house. That marriage was something which the 'breed for some unknown reason had wanted—wanted so desperately that he had tried to commit murder to further it. But he felt that the 'breed's hostility toward him had vanished, now that Harl had married Frances.

On some errand Isobel left Stanley for a short while; and a moment later he was aware that Frances was coming to him. Glancing up, he saw Smythe walking over to Harl and Radisson.

Frances stooped and spread out her hands to the warmth of the fire. While she gazed down at the coals, Stanley studied her dreamy lashes, her black hair, the reflection of the fire in her eyes, the rounded softness of her arms and bosom that suggested her readiness for motherhood. She was all that was precious to him in life; he tried to feel that knowing her, loving her, had brought a richness and a profundity into his life, that his brief soaring relation with her had been lyric, not tragic—a beautiful impassioned poem which they two had lived together.

The darting fires of her engagement ring drew his eyes, and now beside it he saw that other one which she had put on in this last hour.

She said to him: "When you came up the slope a little while ago and met Harl and me—that was fine of you, Stanley. I wanted you to do just that."

He did not speak. In a few moments she asked him gently: "You're going back south with Radisson and Isobel tomorrow, Stanley?"

"Yes. Avery is to come for me at Fort Kinlay and take me to Kez-Etawney."

After a little space Frances said: "Before you go away, Stanley, there's something, a small gift . . . . I asked Harl if I could give it to you, and he wanted me to. You'll take this—from me?"

She unclasped her sorority pin. "This afternoon I—I was going to drop it into the river. You know why, Stanley—because it stands for something which I can't ever go back to. I was bitter then—this afternoon. I was wicked. But I couldn't—I couldn't part with it for all it hurt me. Wont you keep it, Stanley?"

He took the emblem from her hand, not trusting himself to speak. She was telling him good-by; she had taken this means to bid him good-by. For a moment or two they looked at one another steadily, realizing this was the end of things between them. Then Frances rose and went over to Harl.

THE next morning, a few hours after Harl and Frances and the brigade had left God's Mercie and started on north down the river, Stanley made a staggering discovery that upset all his plans to return that day to Fort Kinlay and meet Avery.

While Radisson was looking over this mission post as a location for his trading-store, Stanley walked up the terraced slope to the *méti* cabins. He had a certain purpose in mind—a last service to Harl and Frances.

Three or four of the *métis* here and two Chippewyan Indians impressed him as trustworthy and dependable men. It was his intention to hire them and have them follow the brigade down the river, quietly shadowing Harl's party clear to the White Wolf Hills. If Harl should get into trouble with the treacherous river 'breeds or Bull Backfat's Indians, he would then have half a dozen rifles to help him protect Frances and fight his way through.

But this plan of Stanley's was unexpectedly, completely wrecked. Not one of the *métis* or Chippewyans would consent to go. As he went from cabin to tepee, the men one by one refused. He offered them double, triple wages. They shook their heads. To test them, he offered the party a flat thousand dollars to make the trip. They shrugged their shoulders and turned away from him, reluctantly but none the less decisively.

A suspicion mounted to a certainty in Stanley. These men must have some overwhelming reason for refusing. To them a thousand dollars was an inconceivably large sum. Their evasive answers, when he probed for reasons, let him know that they were aware something deadly was hanging over Harl.

Taking one of the older *métis* aside he produced a roll of bank-notes that made the 'breed's eyes bulge, and bribed the man and got him started to talking.

Radisson came up while the 'breed was still telling Stanley the startling and ominous news. When the 'breed finished and pocketed the money and went away, Stanley and Radisson stood looking at one another, a little pale, desperately trying to think what they must do.

Radisson finally said: "We've got to get this news to Harl—can't reach him too soon."

"I've got to persuade him to turn back," Stanley mused aloud.

"Either that," said Radisson, "or else—You know, the Indians think you have *kanana*. Their *kanana*-fear of you might help a lot. Anyhow—" He broke off and pointed down at the landing, at the light motor-canoe he had borrowed from Factor Hubbell. "We can use that and catch them at their camp tonight. I'll have to turn right around and hustle back here tonight—Hubbell has to have this boat, and I've just got to get back to Fort Kinlay; but Harl is towing a spare canoe he'll let you take if you can't persuade him to turn back, and you don't go on with him."

Stanley's thought whipped back to the dawn when he had bade Harl and Frances good-by. And now to overtake them! But it was that or—exactly what he dared not definitely imagine.

Radisson went down to the canoe; and the Indian who had sold the secret, and another, approached him. Stanley could not hear their words, but clearly they were threatening. Fear of consequences from Bull Back-fat was coming over them. Stanley strode boldly up and they slunk away. Stanley tossed into the canoe his rifle and belongings; Radisson delayed only to leave word with Isobel of their errand. They pushed off, swung away from God's Mercie, down the swift current of the river.

Chapter Fifteen

WITH Harl a shadowy figure near him in the darkness, Stanley was sitting at the tip of a tongue of rock which thrust out from shore like a great arrowhead. Swirling currents boiled and gurgled against the granite jut. In the shafts of light streaming across the dark waters from the camp-fires, Stanley saw the long V-wake of a swimming muskrat, and a pair of little scaup ducks allured by the light.

Radisson had regretfully started back on his hard lone night journey to God's Mercie and Isobel, and for a second time Stanley was

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FOR THE GUMS

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telling Harl the ominous news which the *méti* at God's Mercie had disclosed to him.

"Harl, there is no doubt that these 'breeds of your brigade are plotting with Bull Back-fat and his band. They've got some scheme afoot between them. They mean to lead you into a trap and blot you out. That man at God's Mercie wasn't lying. You know he wasn't—when he and those others refused a thousand dollars to come along."

Harl did not answer at once. Finally he said: "I'm grateful for your making this trip, Stanley. But I don't think this situation is as dangerous as you believe. They've plotted together before, but nothing ever came of it. When the time comes, they always lose their nerve.

"You suggest I return to Fort Kinlay. If I do that, it means my ranch'll be wiped out. I've been away from it too long now. Bull Back-fat would whip on down north; he'd set my Indians against me; he'd make a clean sweep of everything."

Stanley saw that this was true. Harl was caught in a fearful dilemma, and this danger might well seem to him the lesser alternative. Stanley was remembering a talk with Harl about his ranch a few evenings ago, and remembering the strange pictures Harl drew of that strange life. Of those lazy weeks in midsummer when the sun, never setting, made a blazing circle in the apple-green sky. Of those tense days in spring and fall when the wild caribou *foule* passed and Harl's herd was in danger of being swallowed to the last hoof by the marching columns. Of his herders, during the autumn moons before heavy snows came, using skates to traverse the intricate waterways in rounding up and caring for the bands. Of his dun herds in winter time pawing down through snow to the cladonia moss and Eskimo grass and pasturing, sleek and fat, under the flash and play of the borealis at sixty below. Of the white wolf packs that swept down with blinding storms from Boothia and the Coppermine coast, and forayed murderously among the bands till they were hunted down and shot. Of calving time in March when Skuli the Lapp prayed to his Norse gods to stay the icy breath of the blizzard. Of the first hint of spring returning and of the shouts that went up when the first wild goose was seen again.

"Stanley, I must seem to be returning you poor thanks for what you've done for me—and Frances. The fact is, I appreciate it more than anything any other man ever did for me. I'll try to show you that. . . . . We can't think this thing out tonight, Stanley. The night maybe makes it seem blacker than it is. Tomorrow morning maybe we'll see it clearly. You'll camp with me tonight."

AS they talked, Stanley's eyes were drawn to the campfires ashore, and he saw an Indian walking in silhouette in front of the red flames. The half-naked, primitive figure startled him. It seemed to represent all the wild loneliness of the country where Frances was going, and the savagery of the nomad bands who lived there. And again he was seized with the fatalistic notion that Frances, who had come from and been saved from one of those primitive tribes, was going into the north again.

He put a sword-sharp question at himself: "Can I go on with them to the White Wolf Hills? I could go then across to Avery's place and start back south. Am I man enough to help Harl take Frances through to his home?"

Stanley thought of the covenant he had made with himself, and in spirit with Frances too, that night on the shore of Lac Cœur d'Or—to be a guide and a help to her. Now he was seeing how prophetic that covenant had been. He saw now that it had been meant for him to go with her through this difficult time of her life. That was to be the sum and total of his relation with her. If he could go on with her and Harl to the White Wolf Hills, then his purpose would be finished; then the design of his acquaintance with her would be rounded out.

Harl rose and knocked the ashes from his pipe. As they walked back to camp together Stanley at last answered, once and finally, the question he had put up to himself. He was thinking of Frances, and through his mind ran the words of the covenant:

"I will go with thee and be thy guide
In thy most need. . . . ."

FRANCES awoke earlier than the others that calamitous dawn. As on the other mornings just passed, the heavy-heartedness which her deep, dreamless sleep could drive away for a few hours, came flooding back upon her. With her first waking breath she always thought of Stanley, and it was like a reaching out of her arms to him; but then came the memory of God's Mercie, and for moments she would lie fighting against a terrible desolation, fighting against a renewed acceptance of what was and must be.

The two o'clock sun, slanting over the pine hills, was beating upon her tent. Outside she heard the familiar calls of waterfowl flackering up and down the river. But Frances was aware of an unwonted quiet otherwise. She missed the *"Levez! Levez!* Come alive!" of Méti Paul, the barking of Indian "crackies," the stir and bustle of morning camp.

For a little while Frances lay very quiet, looking back over the short time since leaving God's Mercie. As she thought of the evening campfire, of Stanley talking across the bed of coals to her and Harl or calmly writing down his scientific notes of that day, it seemed to Frances contrary to all she had read and heard and herself seen of men, that Stanley could still be Harl's most loyal friend on earth. It seemed still more impossible that Stanley should have come to them at all—after God's Mercie. For he had come in order to insure that she would get safely through to the White Wolf Hills—to Harl's home for her.

Grateful for the sun which had warmed the interior of the tent, Frances threw aside the blankets covering her and sat up and put on her stockings and laced boots. Flinging back her long hair, she stood up and slipped into her belted woods-suit. Then with towel and soap and comb she stepped outside the tent.

A brisk cold wind struck her, but she relished the invigorating chill of it. Just ahead of her a little ridge of boulders and scrubby banksian cut off view of the brigade's camp. A few steps away Harl and Stanley, who had talked late into the night, were still asleep, though Stanley was tossing restlessly.

Almost at her feet her quick eyes saw the impress on the sand where old Winter Sun had lain last night at the flap-front of her tent, guarding her like a faithful old dog. But he had awakened long since—if he had slept at all. For already he had re-kindled the fire and cooked breakfast. In the hot ashes stood a pot of coffee, a pan of trout, scones, and roasted duck eggs. Now he was sitting on his heels against a little boulder, carving at something which looked like a lump of metal.

As she went toward him Frances was thinking of how he, by his loyalty to Tyee Harl, had made himself an outcast among the Indians and *métis*. And she remembered, in the dimmest sort of way, that years and years ago in that camp on the shore of a Great Barrens lake, he had been a kind headman. She seemed to recall that it had been he who once had given her a little *netseek* or shirt-coat of duck-skins and a warm *parka* of rabbit-fur.

When she poured herself a cup of coffee, Frances poured one for him too and took it to him. As she patted his gnarled old hand, she thought that he was looking at her very oddly; that his face seemed more wrinkled and worn than usual. But he said nothing to her about whatever troubled him.

He grunted: "You wake quicker Winter Sun expected, little White Seal. I make water warm, huh?"

"No, no," Frances refused, noticing he addressed her by her babyhood name among his tribe. "I'll go to the river edge. I like cold water. You mustn't bring warm water to my tent any more."

She meant that his many winters had made him venerable and that he should not minister to her. But that was a thing which the old Tinneh, hide-bound in the customs of his race, did not understand. Frances remembered occasions in those dim years when, on moving camp, an old worn-out man was given a handful of food and a bundle of willow sticks and left behind to die; and she wondered whether old Winter Sun was expecting Harl and her to do that to him.

She went on down to the water edge where the motor canoe was drawn ashore, and bathed her face and hands, and started combing out her long beautiful hair. In a creek mouth across the river a pair of swans, wariest of all the migrants, flushed and rose over the trees and vanished into the boundless west. Old-squaws and graceful pintails and mergansers with wings flashing white in the sun, flew past her in pairs—always in pairs.

As she smoothed the crumples out of her dress and looked at her reflection in the water, Frances was suddenly aware that she was doing this not for Harl's but for Stanley's eyes. She was aware that Stanley's admiration, the tribute of his glance, was infinitely precious to her—and that no one else's mattered so much, or ever would.

PRESENTLY, turning, she saw Stanley talking with old Winter Sun. Something in his pose startled her; she heard his sharp *"What? What?"*—as though he could not believe what the old Indian was saying to him. Watching, Frances began to sense that something had gone terribly wrong; old Winter Sun had not told her of it, but he was telling Stanley now.

For a moment or two afterwards Stanley stared down across the sands at her; but he made no gesture, did not start toward her. Instead he turned on his heel and strode up the little boulder ridge and stood there on the crest of it. With a sense of disaster clutching her, Frances dropped comb and towel and ran down the landwash and hurried up the little ridge to join him. When he heard her and turned his head, she saw that he was frightened; she saw the fright in his eyes. And in the way he looked at her, Frances knew that his fears were for her.

She cried, "Stanley, what's happened?"

He gestured at the beach beyond the ridge.

At her first glance Frances thought the brigade must have already started on, for she saw no stir of life. But in another instant she noted that the freight was littered all up and down the landwash and that two of the rogans were upturned at the water's edge with their bottoms smashed to splinters.

"Stanley!" She grasped his arm. "That—that—what does that mean? What's happened, Stanley?"

He said slowly, reluctant to tell her: "I thought they intended to get in a blow at Harl. There's how they did it! They're gone, Frances."

"Gone?"

"Yes. Last night. They sneaked away. They led us into a trap, led us here where we can't get help, and then—*then* they deserted us."

When he had gone back to the campfire with Frances, Stanley left her and went over past the tent to wake Harl. He understood and profoundly sympathized with Harl's de-

sire to get back to his ranch, for all Harl had on earth was threatened.

Crouching by Harl, Stanley woke him, and briefly told him what had happened.

He saw that the news hit Harl hard. For the first time on all this trip Harl's confidence was a little shaken. He had been relying upon the 'breeds and Indians, not indeed upon their help so much as their presence—a large party. Now they were gone. This desertion was something he had not counted on; something which no man could have foreseen.

Harl commented grimly: "Damned neat, wasn't it, Stanley?" And he meant the deliberate cunning of the deserters in leading him into a situation of terrible danger and then vanishing. "Did you get any of the details from old Winter Sun?"

"Yes. He says they had planned to smash your canoe in a rapids, but they were afraid of—well, of me. So they schemed to hit you by deserting—when they had you in a trap. Old Winter Sun saw it all, last night, Harl. He knew they were leaving and knew it wasn't any use trying to stop them. So he merely guarded us. Harl, he said Bull Back-fat came into camp last night and talked with them. He said Back-fat is trailing us, shadowing us, down the river. The 'breeds went back up south in the one rogan, but the Indians joined Back-fat's band. He doesn't know what happened to Méti Paul."

HARL was silent a moment. Then he said: "So Bull Back-fat is shadowing us. I've had the feeling that he was." He tried not to betray his secret fears. "Well, we've got our rifles, Stanley. It's up to you and me, I guess." His eyes met Stanley's; they were saying: "It's up to you and me now to get her out of this."

Stanley asked: "Have you any idea what we ought to do?"

"I'll have to think about that. We'll have to talk about that, Stanley." His face hardened in sober lines. "We don't dare plan anything hasty now. We've got to step careful. After we've eaten breakfast, we'll talk it all over and see what's best to be done."

Stanley did not go back to the fire with him, but walked up the little ridge of boulders. He saw Frances go with Harl down to the river edge where she had left her comb and towel. And he noticed that old Winter Sun kept glancing around, keeping a sharp lookout on the woods and buckbrush beyond the sand and boulders.

Stanley too felt the presence of a hovering enemy. He felt that Bull Back-fat's eyes were upon them, watching from some covert beyond rifle-shot, watching every move of the two white men and the white girl.

Which way could they go, Stanley wondered. What could they do? They must follow the river—either back south or on into the north. He thought of the portages they must make where their hovering enemies could lie in ambush; and those portages seemed to him as so many death-traps, as so many gantlets of death which they must run.

As he gazed around him at the lone pine hills, at the river stretching on into the north, at the savage wilderness in which they were buried hundreds of miles deep, a sense of awful isolation came over Stanley. The vast loneliness of this country seemed to swallow up a little stricken party of four humans.

And as he sat there, glancing at Frances, looking around at the forbidding, limitless wilderness, Stanley remembered, saw again in the vision of memory, that symbol of wild savagery—a half-naked Indian walking in front of red flames.

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Stimulants, Sedatives or Food ~

from a Health Standpoint

THE desire for extreme slenderness is bringing serious consequences. When stimulants, sedatives or drugs are substituted for the food needed to build health and strength, the penalty is certain and severe—frequently broken health and sometimes death.

Half-truths are often more dangerous than falsehoods. While it is true that an excess of fat is undesirable and frequently dangerous in the later years of life, it is not true that young people—under thirty years of age—can ordinarily expect to have good health if they avoid wholesome body-building foods and persist in a rigid "reducing" diet. There are certainly more cases of tuberculosis among young "underweights" than there are among those of normal weight.

During childhood and the early adult years, Nature demands a bodily reserve upon which she can draw in time of need to fight disease. In youth a few pounds of excess weight are a valuable protection against physical breakdown. The sacrifice of this needed tissue may result in permanent injury, although the accounting may not come until years later.

Despite the claims of faddists and selfish interests, there is no mystery today in what constitutes an intelligent diet. The doctor who would not hesitate to prescribe a stimulant or a sedative in case of emergency, would forbid their use in place of needed foods.

A famous health expert was asked bluntly, "Do you think stimulants are harmful to everybody, no matter in what degree the stimulants are used?" He said, "Not always, but everyone should try to put himself in such fit physical condition that he will not need or desire artificial stimulation. The hunger for stimulants is an indication of weakness and evidence of improper diet or other incorrect living habits."

Certain practices trick the appetite and dull the desire for nourishing food. When the demands of a normal appetite are too frequently denied, the appetite may be lost and food be made repugnant.

Perhaps it is too late to talk to older people stubbornly set in wrong habits, but if the fathers and mothers of tomorrow will eat properly, exercise properly, work properly, sleep, breathe, stand, walk—yes—and *think* properly, they and their children will have better health and longer lives.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has the privilege of consulting famous specialists on important questions of health. While the Metropolitan wishes to point out most emphatically the danger of too strenuous dieting at the earlier ages, it also wishes to stress, no less emphatically, the danger of overweight at the older ages.

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